THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

AUGUST 31, 1912 — 5cts. THE COPY

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

Rambler Rambler

To the American Woman!

The Cross Country

$1700

The Gasoline and Electric Sedan

$2500

Merely press button under left foot to start the gasoline and electric motor.

EVERY woman has longed to drive her own gasoline car, but it was not easy nor pleasant to crank. Now, you can step into the Cross Country, press the starting button, and you are on your way. You can start and stop when you please.

You can take your husband to his business in the morning, and enjoy the car all day for shopping, calling and pleasure drives. Your daughter can load up the car with her friends and take them out to the Country Club or for a picnic.

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Wear the most delicate gown that you choose. The forward compartment is clean. There is no oil and grease; no dirty parts to be handled.

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This is the car to delight a woman's eye. To her rare good taste will appeal its perfect proportions, the sweeping grace of the body lines and the symmetry of the guards.

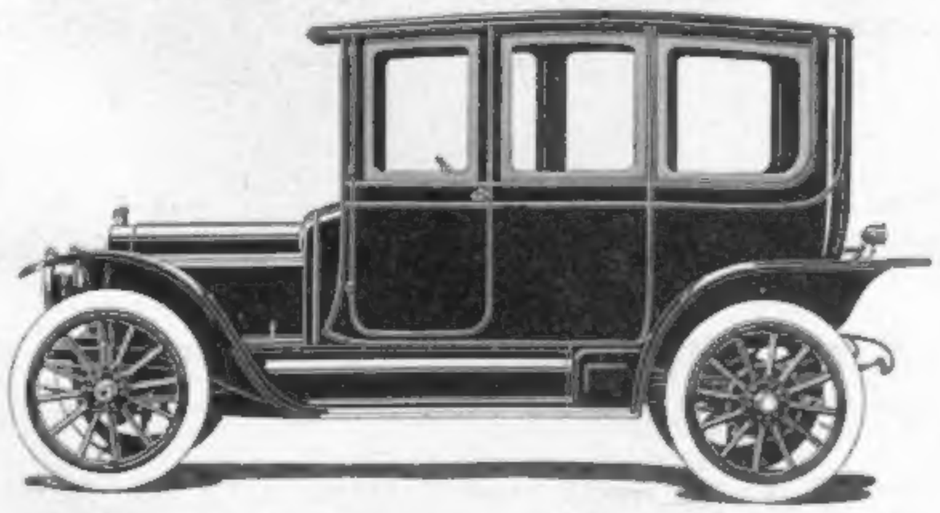
Coming or going, the Cross Country is an aristocrat of the road. When you meet another car you unconsciously compare it with your own. The Cross Country, with its fine lines, high distinctive radiator and large black and nickel electric headlights, affords an added sense of pride in its possession.

The finish is a beautiful shade of light Brewster Green with black beading and hair line gold stripe. The highly finished black japan metal parts, with their nickel trimmings, and the highly polished dash and door moldings, produce a rich and lasting finish in which every woman may take justifiable pride in showing to her friends.

Drive Free From Worry

The mechanism has been steadily perfected until now there is no question as to its reliability. It is as far from your mind as is the locomotive from the mind of the passenger in a Pullman.

Your consciousness of it is limited to the confidence that you may rely upon it. Whenever your mind turns to it, you will find enjoyment in its quiet effectiveness.



All windows are made to drop except the rear window. The front window swings forward. This provides what is practically an open but covered car, suitable for any weather conditions. The interior, trimmed in grey Bedford cord with grey silk window shades, is light and cheerful. Electric lights illuminate the interior in the evening.

The rear seat will comfortably accommodate three people of ordinary size. Your seat for driving is individual and shaped to the back. It is the most comfortable of all the seats. The left forward seat, when not in use, folds out of the way. This provides passage from the front to the rear seat. You can pass to the front seats by entering from the curb on the right side, or you can pass to the rear seat if you enter from the forward door on the left side.

Colors, Brewster Green or Blue with belt of harmonizing lighter color. All windows plate glass set in highly polished mahogany sash; metal trimmings black japan and nickel. The comfort of the springs is supplemented by shock absorbers and especially soft, deep upholstery.

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The doors are supplied with commodious pockets for veils, pocket books and gloves, and the folding robe rail opens to provide comfortable capacity for robes and wraps. The broad carpet covered foot rest in the tonneau is located in just the right position for perfect relaxation. Besides there is ample room in the tonneau for two suit cases. The large doors permit you to pass in and out with ease.

Send for the Booklet

It is not one thing about this car that pleases, it is everything. Your satisfaction at the ease and sureness of starting; your confidence in its reliability and sense of mastery in its control; your gratification in its rare comfort and pride in its appearance.

Choose the style of body to suit your preference. For mother and daughter, or two sisters, the handy Roadster; for four people, the four passenger style; for general family purposes, the five passenger body, or the special extra large body; for parties, shopping, bad weather and touring, the Sedan.

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It means that out there in the silent places, far from civilization, where each of the few necessaries brought from home must do its part, Ivory Soap can be depended upon to do the cleansing.

It tells *you* that wherever you may be, in camp or at home, you can look to Ivory Soap to answer every purpose. That you can use it for the toilet and for washing clothes and utensils equally well. That you can use it *conveniently* under any condition.

Ivory Soap *is* so satisfactory because it is mild, pure and of extraordinary quality, and because it floats.

Ivory Soap.....It Floats

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 5, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D! 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1912,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 185 *PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 31, 1912* *Number 9*

Recall of Judicial Decisions

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

Mr. Common People: "Why Not Let Me Stamp Some of Them?"

WIDE and serious resistance to an institution in a popular government does not arise from slight and trivial pretexts. The very nature of popular government is such that fitful resistance expends itself for lack of a central tyranny against which it may be directed.

A democracy is constructed upon the idea that all power is lodged in the electorate, and that the departments of government operate only by virtue of grants of this power, their acts being reviewable by the people. It therefore follows that the attacks of those opposed to the existing order do not find resistance in any department of government, but in the pressure of the will of the whole people. When, therefore, one finds a serious, persistent, widely distributed resistance to a department of government in a republic it is indicative of some abnormal condition in that department.

The recent wide criticism of the judiciary, together with a serious consideration of such remedies as the recall of judges and what is named the recall of judicial decisions, could not have arisen without some deep-seated cause. To conclude otherwise is to assume that this weight exists without a supporting base, which is contrary to the balance of all economic disturbances. These criticisms, these suggestions, these remedies, do not come from the thoughtless and violent, nor are they confined to any particular class. They cannot, therefore, be dismissed.

What consideration is it that moves a territory, seeking admittance as a state, to incorporate in its constitution a provision for the recall of judges? Or that causes a great national leader to advocate an appeal from the courts to the people? Or that causes the bar association of a great city to propose an amendment to the state constitution that would prevent courts from nullifying acts of the legislature?

II

THERE is this disadvantage in the accumulation of power by any department of a state—namely, that as the power accumulates the resistance to it also accumulates. It seems to disturb the political balance—to disturb that natural equilibrium which an even distribution of power in the hands of the whole people maintains in republican forms of government. It is a sort of law; and, not unlike those to be found in Nature, if persons or groups of persons assume the exercise of this sovereignty the result will be a resistance which, in the end, takes the form of violence. It has been shown how the nation began its existence upon the simple theory that all authority rested in the hands of the electors; that each of the three departments of the Government should be independent of the others and all answerable to the people for their acts.

It is a great basic fact and cannot be too clearly comprehended. The legislative branch of the Government was given, under the Constitution, the right to enact the will of the people into law, and the people retained the right to supervise their conduct by sending other representatives to repeal any laws that they considered unwise; the people gave to the executive the right to carry the laws into effect, and they retained the right to send another executive if the prior one acted unwisely. So far as the judiciary is concerned, this was the original idea—that its whole province should be confined to administering the law as it was given to it; and therefore, as it could neither nullify nor avoid the law the legislature had enacted, nor enact any new one in its stead, there was not the same necessity for the revision of its acts by the people as existed in the cases of the two other departments.

In spite of all elaborate and ingenious arguments, this is the simple theory upon which the American Republic began its national life. Everybody—even Hamilton, who in his heart had no faith in democracy—agreed that if any one of the departments of the Government came to exercise the prerogatives of the others, some sort of despotism would follow. "For," said Hamilton, "I agree that there is no liberty where the power of judging be not separate from the legislative and executive powers."

There was in the beginning great anxiety lest either the legislative or executive branch of the Government should become supreme; but there was little anxiety concerning the judiciary, because its limitations were so precisely fixed to the sole right of administering the law as it received it that it was not clear how it could ever become the supreme authority in the state.

A great reverential regard attaches in this country to the name of Chief Justice Marshall. Nevertheless it now appears that Marshall, more than any other man, is responsible for the present conflict of the judiciary with the people. It is certain that Jefferson foresaw what would result if each department of the Government were not rigidly confined to its prerogatives as defined by the Constitution. Jefferson's position was that the Supreme Court had no authority over acts of Congress and could exercise no authority over the other departments of the Government, but must administer the law as it was sent to it. Marshall, appointed chief justice of the United States by the Federalist party as it passed out of power, was an Imperialist. Among his first acts was an effort to establish the supremacy of the judiciary above the executive. The Federalists used their last days in office to fill the courts with their adherents. Marshall himself had been created chief justice of the United States on the last day of the Adams administration.

It happened that a commission to William Marbury had also been made out, appointing him to a justiceship of the District of Columbia; but it had not been delivered. Jefferson refused to permit it to be delivered, and Marbury applied to the Supreme Court, of which Marshall was then chief justice, for a writ of mandamus to compel Madison, Jefferson's secretary of state, to deliver the commission. Jefferson saw that if the executive recognized the right of the judiciary to exercise this power it meant at once to establish the judiciary as above and superior to the executive department of the Government. He consequently directed Madison to disregard the writ. Madison paid no attention to the writ and Marshall's first effort to make the Supreme Court a sovereign authority in the Government failed.

However, in his effort to extricate himself from the political difficulty his act involved, he decided that the Supreme Court had the right to nullify an act of the national legislature if, in its opinion, the act was in conflict with the Constitution. And he thereby laid the foundation upon which his successors have been able to establish the judiciary as superior to all other departments of the Government.

Nor was Marshall satisfied with this. He continued to endeavor to bring the executive department of the Government under the supervision of the judiciary; and in the trial of Aaron Burr for treason he endeavored to compel the president of the United States to appear before him on a writ of subpœna, to which Jefferson paid no attention.

It seems clear that if a weaker man than Jefferson had been president of the United States, or one with a "judicial temperament," or who believed that the courts were custodians of the Ark of the Covenant, and so forth, an Imperialist like Marshall would very quickly have established the Supreme Court as the sovereign governing tribunal.

Jefferson did all he could, but he could not prevent Marshall from writing any sort of opinion that pleased him. He could prevent the chief justice from carrying his Imperialist ideas into practice. Marshall could define the powers of the Supreme Court

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to be as great as he liked, but, under Thomas Jefferson, he could not exercise them; and the superiority of the Supreme Court over the other departments was suspended as an academic theory as long as Jefferson was president.

The position of Marshall remained defined in his opinions, however, and what he was unable to accomplish under such a resolute man as Jefferson has been carried forward and accomplished by his successors under executives more amenable, until the position has been reached in this country where the superiority of the judiciary is both admitted and acquiesced in.

The Supreme Court now combines in itself both the judicial and legislative powers, and it exercises a general revisory authority over all legislation. It decides the constitutionality of laws upon economic theories if we correctly interpret the recent opinion of Mr. Justice Holmes in the Bakeries Case. It reads words into statutes that have not been put there by Congress, to include which, in the language of the present executive, would give the courts "a power approaching the arbitrary, the abuse of which might involve our whole judicial system in disaster."

It both judges and legislates, if we may accept the expression of Mr. Justice Harlan as conclusive of the fact: "In short, the court now, by judicial legislation, in effect amends an act of Congress relating to a subject over which that department of the Government has exclusive cognizance."—American Tobacco Case.

III

NOW what, exactly, does this situation mean?

It means, in the first place, that the judiciary has been established as superior to the other departments of the Government. It means, in the second place, that no economic need of the people can be incorporated into a national law if that economic need does not coincide with the court's economic theories. And it means, in the third place, that the right of the people to say, in the last instance, by what laws they shall be governed has been removed from them.

This right of the people to say by what laws they shall be governed, however, is a postulate upon which the superstructure of democracy rests. This idea furnishes the sills upon which the republic is builded. It is a principle that cannot be evaded. There is no middle ground. One must either reject it or accept it. And in rejecting it no man can confuse us by any lengths of brilliant sophistry. Either the people have the right at all times and under all circumstances to say by what laws they shall be governed—and that is a republic; or they have not—and that is a despotism.

We now begin to see the causes behind this public sentiment adverse to the courts—behind such provisions as that in the Arizona constitution, and this proposed appeal from the decisions of the courts to the people included in the idea of the recall of judicial decisions. Broadly construed, these things mean that the people insist upon the right to say by what laws they shall be governed—in other words, that they insist upon maintaining a democratic government.

It must be clear to any one who will reflect upon it that those who originated our scheme of government never could have agreed to any plan which, in their opinion, would have failed to preserve to the people this right. It must be clear that this right will always be insisted upon, and that whenever it is denied it will always, by one means or another, be retaken by the people. It is therefore clear that this demand for the right, underlying what is named the recall of judicial decisions, is but a demand for the right to exercise ultimate acts of sovereignty; and it must be clear that it is a demand that will never be abandoned and must finally in some form prevail.

The only question is: In what form shall it prevail?

This is the vital question that presses us for a solution. It is certain the people will not submit to a political condition that fixes the judges as sovereign rulers over them. Consequently some way out of the dilemma must be found.

Now when we begin to consider what we shall do we see how wise Jefferson was. It becomes at once apparent that if his theory, and not Marshall's, had prevailed this situation would not have arisen. If the judiciary had been confined within the limits prescribed by the framers of the Constitution—that is to say, within the limits of administering the law as it received it—the country never would have entered the desperate position in which it now finds itself, because, under the original plan, there was always an appeal to the people in the case of every law.

No law could be either enacted or annulled against the will of the people, because, if the demands of the people were not enacted into law by one set of legislators, they could send others who would so enact it; and, if a law were enacted against the will of the people by one set of legislators, others could be sent who would annul it. And as the judges could neither make nor unmake a law, and were confined strictly to the province of administering it as they received it, they could in no way interfere with the will of the people.

Just here and upon this point the attention of the whole nation is centered. Whether or not some efficient method can be devised for the recall of judicial decisions, which would enable the will of the people to prevail, is open to argument, and many considerations may be advanced for and against the wisdom of it; but to one who will look the situation in the face, the simplest and most effective remedy would seem to be to retrace our footsteps and put the judiciary back within the limits to which it was originally confined by the Constitution; restrict it to what is the legitimate province of the judiciary—namely, to administer the law as it receives it, a limitation within which Jefferson foresaw the judiciary must remain if a republican form of government was to endure.

We are told, however, that if the Supreme Court did not exercise this right to annul acts of Congress which it believes to be in conflict with the Constitution, the whole body of the law would fall into the greatest confusion.

Has the great body of the English law fallen into such confusion? There an act of Parliament is supreme, and the courts cannot revise it or annul it. They must enforce it whether, in their opinion, it be in conflict with their constitution or not. And, too, it is a more difficult question to determine in the British Empire, because the English constitution is not written. With a written constitution it would be easier to say whether a law proposed were in conflict with it, for it would be before the eye of every legislator in its entirety and its provisions could not be misunderstood.

Nor has the great body of the German law fallen into this confusion, though its courts do not exercise this right. Nor yet the body of the laws of the French and Swiss republics.

Whatever one may believe as a theory, Germany, France and Switzerland furnish conclusive demonstrations of the fact that the great body of their laws does not fall into confusion because it is not subject to the umpirage of a judicial tribunal.

It is not clear to the practical citizen how the Supreme Court is any better able to determine what laws conflict with the Constitution than the national Congress.

Madison said: "There is not one government on the face of the earth, so far as I recollect—there is not one in the United States—in which provision is made for a particular authority to determine the limits of the constitutional division of power between the branches of the government. In all systems there are points which must be adjusted by the departments themselves, to which no one of them is competent. If it cannot be determined in this way there is no resource left but the will of the community; to be collected in some mode to be provided by the Constitution, or one dictated by the necessity of the case. It is therefore a fair question whether this great point may not as well be decided, at least, by the whole legislature, as by part—by us, as well as by the executive or the judicial. As I think it will be equally constitutional, I cannot imagine it will be less safe that the exposition should issue from the legislative authority than any other."

And Luther Martin, of Maryland, who opposed the visionary scheme of providing a board composed of judges and the executive to sit as a sort of revisionary council, said:

"A knowledge of mankind and of legislative affairs cannot be presumed to belong in a higher degree to the judges than to the legislature."

The national Congress contains many of the ablest lawyers in this country. It is not permissible to believe that these men would enact a law which would plainly conflict with the Constitution of the United States. To conclude otherwise is to take the untenable position that the legislative branch of the Government is incapable, irresponsible and not to be trusted with the duty of carrying the will of the people into law, except under the supervision of a schoolmaster.

The fact is, that most of the recent acts which have been held unconstitutional have been so held by a divided court. The whole body of judges themselves were not able to agree, and in perhaps the most important instance the law was nullified by the act of a single judge. Such decisions demonstrate that our national Congress will not undertake to enact a law which is plainly in conflict with the Constitution, and that when such a question arises it is usually a refinement.

Now, with this situation, it is much safer for the national Congress to decide whether or not a law contravenes the Constitution, because its decisions are open to review by the people. And if they work a hardship, or override the people's rights, their acts can be annulled. Whereas if this right is exclusively in the hands of the Supreme Court, if its decisions set aside the popular will or work a hardship on the whole people, there is at present no practical method by which such decisions can be annulled.

It would seem that other nations, quite as able and quite as enlightened as ourselves, have proceeded upon this theory. In the British Empire it appears that the will of the people as the final arbiter is swiftly invoked upon important questions. Parliament goes to the people in a general election. If the people decide against it the government resigns and a new government is formed to carry the will of the people, as expressed in the election, into effect; so, if the British Parliament passes laws which the people do not approve, that Parliament is removed and another sent which will annul those laws or enact those demanded by the popular will. And what is this but a recall?

Can it make any difference in result whether these laws are construed by a court or enacted by a parliament, if they are in effect capable of being overridden by the popular will and new ones enacted in their stead? There can be no difference in effect from an appeal from an act of parliament to the popular will and an appeal from a decision of a supreme court to the popular will, when that decision undertakes to say by what laws the people shall be governed.

Let us not misunderstand what is meant here.

The people are not contending for the right to review the decisions of the court when that court is merely administering the law as it has received it from the legislature; but they are contending for the right to say, at all times and under all circumstances, that the law shall be the will of the whole people of the nation, as ascertained by our form of government, and not the will of any one man or any one body of men independent of them.

This is not only the right guaranteed to the people by the Constitution, but it is a natural, inalienable right, acknowledged by every nation on this earth that makes any pretense to a representative government.

The destiny of nations turns often on some one event as upon a hinge. If the Federalist party, in its death struggle, had not filled the bench with its partisans, and if those Imperialists had not set out on the way, it is likely that the judiciary would have remained within its province and that this vexed problem would never have confronted us.

The assumption of power breeds opposition to it. The hostility of which the courts complain, they have thus engendered.

Of one thing we may be certain—that this pressure of public opinion will neither cease nor lessen. The wisest, simplest and most patriotic course, then, is for the courts themselves to abandon this exercise of excessive power, and to reënter the legitimate—albeit narrow—province of the judiciary.

SOME CHARMING AFFAIRS

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"I Want the Governor and His Entire Staff Here a Week From Thursday," She Told Him

AND whatever you do," added Mrs. Wiley Miles, "be sure you accept the guidance of Cordelia Blossom!" And she glanced into her mirror to see if her new masseuse was really reducing that double chin.

Mrs. Judson Pendennis, who was about to take up a temporary residence in the Middle West, stiffened a trifle, but only internally. She might be compelled to accept leadership in New York, but not in a crude, semicivilized interior city.

"I'm very grateful for your advice, I'm sure," she sweetly returned.

The experienced Mrs. Wiley Miles, who knew all about everybody of social importance, smiled with a slight trace of grimness.

"Well, it isn't entirely advice," she supplemented; "it's partly a warning. Cordelia is one of the Maryland Whichetts, a Daughter of the Revolution, the wife of Major Watterson Blossom, of the Virginia Blossoms; she is president of the Isis Club and a remarkably clever woman."

"That promises well," responded Mrs. Pendennis, brightening. "I had feared to find no social activity worth while."

"Wherever there are two or more women there is social activity and a contest for supremacy," declared Mrs. Wiley Miles, who knew. "I'll give you a letter to Cordelia Blossom myself."

Armed with this letter and several bright little projects for rendering her stay in the land of dullness socially bearable, Mrs. Judson Pendennis went West, set up a residence in the most exclusive section of the city, started her daughter Mildred in the fashionable decorating class at the Inglewood Pottery, and called on Cordelia Blossom.

"I'm so delighted to welcome you," greeted the round-eyed Cordelia warmly. "Mrs. Wiley Miles has written me to take good care of you; and if there's anything I can do to help make your stay here enjoyable you must let me know. Of course you will put in your membership card at the Isis Club first of all."

"Naturally," agreed Mrs. Pendennis with her favorite little gesture of sprightliness—a clasp of the hands under the chin. She was a big-boned woman who had spent a fair lifetime in the fruitless endeavor to seem *petite* and piquant. "It's so good of you to offer so much. I already have a feeling that I shall be quite at home here." And she smiled as one calmly sure of herself.

"I sincerely hope so," responded Cordelia, her innocent round eyes betraying no hint that she had noticed the smile. "We have a great many charming people, and as soon as you are ready to receive I shall be pleased to let them know. Then just as quickly as it will be convenient for you I shall consider it a pleasant privilege to give a quiet little afternoon affair, so you may meet some of my friends."

"How dear of you!" exclaimed Mrs. Pendennis, clasping her hands under her chin. "I shall accept your kindness with tremendous gratitude."

"Have you selected an at-home day?" inquired Cordelia with a mind alert for all the intricacies of that vexed problem.

"Thursdays," returned Mrs. Pendennis, so promptly that Cordelia had an inkling of something. "Of course in the beginning I shall be happy to receive on any afternoon, but Thursday is my special day. I've conducted little Thursday afternoon teas so long that I shall be quite lost until I have them inaugurated again."

Cordelia's smooth brow bore no trace of her troubled thought.

"I'm so glad you came to me right away," she stated. "I can tell you so much of local conditions. For instance, Thursday is the afternoon on which we hold all our Isis Club affairs, and the ladies usually keep that day open—though not all the affairs are important."

"How unfortunate!" remarked Mrs. Pendennis, but with no sign of dismay. Instead, her jaws closed with a hint of firmness. "Really, I shall be in somewhat of a dilemma if that is the case; for I have already made certain arrangements which render Thursday imperative. Moreover, Mildred's class is at liberty on that day, and I do like to have the dear girl with me at my affairs."

Cordelia was thoughtful for a moment. She perceived that Mrs. Pendennis did not care to learn much about local conditions. If they did not suit, Mrs. Pendennis probably meant to alter them!

"Wednesday is my day," Cordelia sweetly observed. "Would that be convenient for you to meet my little circle of intimates?"

"Quite," readily agreed Mrs. Pendennis. "I suppose I shall meet Mrs. Pikyune at your reception?"

Cordelia smiled as easily and as sweetly as if Clara Pikyune were the most intimate friend she had.

"I shall try to arrange it," she said. "I can't promise, however, because Mrs. Pikyune occasionally has important affairs of her own on Wednesdays. There aren't enough days to go round, unfortunately."

"It is distressing," laughed Mrs. Pendennis with her favorite *ingénue* gesture. "I can't tell you how much I appreciate your kindness, Mrs. Blossom. I must confess that one would scarcely meet with so generous a welcome in New York." And once more she smiled with that calm sureness.

After she had gone Cordelia thought it all out. Mrs. Pendennis already knew that Clara Pikyune led a desirable faction which Cordelia had never been able to keep entirely submissive. Moreover, Mrs. Pendennis was already preparing to mistake all the forthcoming kindness as eager tribute. It was almost irritating!

II

THERE never was a more brilliantly productive series of functions than the Thursday afternoon affairs of Mrs. Judson Pendennis, whose rise to social prominence was so rapid as to be startling. Everybody who was anybody flocked to the handsome big Pendennis residence, and all improved their minds under the tutelage of various imported specialists. A suffragette from London; a traveler from Lhasa; a seeress from France; a theosophist from India; a deep-breathing expert from Vienna—these and many others, covering the entire range of the arts and sciences, thought, religion and physical culture, dispensed free uplift at Mrs. Pendennis' expense, while Mildred and her rosy-cheeked girl friends from the pottery class in decoration drew tea from a tall bronze samovar and passed the sandwiches.

The entire system was a glorious triumph of mind over matter, and the erstwhile social leaders sadly watched the meteoric ascendency of this new star, while Mrs. Pendennis wore always that smile of calm sureness. After all, the place was not so dull since she had infused life and gayety into it, and there was some compensation in being a leader here rather than a follower in New York. She thought, with cheerful satisfaction, of her next meeting with Mrs. Wiley Miles.

The climax of her success came at a regular meeting of the Isis Club, when her dearest new friend, Mrs. Chalmers, introduced a motion to change the official club afternoon from Thursday to Tuesday. She was about to add a few observations when President Cordelia Blossom, who had reduced the deliberations of the Isis Club to an almost manlike basis, rapped, with unusual promptness, for order.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Chalmers," she said sweetly, "but the motion is not yet quite before the club for discussion. It must first be seconded," and she looked engagingly about the meeting. She wore a new frock of the queer new golden-brown shade, and she could tell that it was very effective. Four ladies immediately seconded the motion. Cordelia nodded brightly to Mrs. Chalmers, but that lady, having been called to order, ignored the mute invitation.

"It has been moved and seconded," declared the unruffled Cordelia, "that we alter the traditions of this club and change the official day of entertainment from Thursday to Tuesday. The motion, I think, needs some discussion. I should like to hear from Mrs. Chalmers."

Mrs. Chalmers bridled for a moment uncertainly, but presently rose. There was no resisting the mild and babylike eyes of Cordelia.

"We may as well change the date," argued Mrs. Chalmers. "Nobody comes anyhow. There are always counter attractions which are too important. I don't want to argue about the matter or to create any ill feeling. I merely point to our deserted Thursday afternoon club rooms. That is my argument."

Cordelia Blossom still smiled serenely.

"It is quite true," she admitted. "Is there any further discussion?"

Up rose Clara Pikyune, the three sharp lines in her cheeks, and the three in her brow, and the three on her nose sunk deeper than usual. Cordelia Blossom recognized this defeated rival for leadership honors with a particularly gracious bow.

"Madam President and members of the Isis Club," Mrs. Pikyune began in a voice that almost trembled: "I had hoped never to see this day! I founded this local branch of the Isis Club and was for many years its president; and in all my time of office no proposition was ever entertained or offered to make the club of secondary importance to private affairs! I consider this the beginning of the end, and I wish to go on record as combating the motion with my last breath! I am only glad to know that it is not one of our own members who is offering shows so superior as to deaden the interest in the Isis Club on Thursdays! Personally I should like to hear the opinion of the present president."

Cordelia smiled down at Mrs. Pikyune forgivingly.

"I call the second vice-president to the chair." She yielded her gavel to her best friend and most reliable ally, Georgia Fleecer. "My opinion has been asked on this motion," Cordelia stated after addressing the chair in the form she had so carefully taught the members, "and I must point out that a valuable addition to our social colony has been responsible for the present decay of the Thursday afternoon affairs which, under the able leadership of your former president, did so much to center and organize society in this city. It is perhaps my fault and not that of the entertainment committee that the charming functions presented by a recent arrival have proved so formidable. However, we are facing a condition and not a theory. There is no denying that the clubrooms on Thursday afternoons are almost, if not quite, deserted; and I, for one, am heartily in favor of the present motion."

She was so placidly pleasant as she resumed the chair that she fooled even Georgia Fleecer. A little gasp of amazement ran through the meeting and Clara Pikyune openly snorted. Cordelia Blossom was the last one whom anybody had expected to give up the club traditions in favor of an interloper! Did not Cordelia Blossom know that Mrs. Judson Pendennis was usurping the place of Cordelia herself? Did not she know that Mrs. Pendennis had thrown out quite definite hints as to leadership? Nobody could understand Cordelia—least of all, Clara Pikyune. It was not like Cordelia to run without a fight. After all, it was an admission that Mrs. Pendennis was entitled to the rank she claimed.

"Are you ready for the question?" asked Cordelia smoothly. "If you are, all those in favor of the motion will kindly signify it by saying Aye."

There was quite a shrill little chorus of Ayes. It had become almost necessary to be seen at Mrs. Pendennis' teas.

"Contrary, No," invited Cordelia; and in the sweetness of the baby stare with which she asked for this part of the vote Georgia Fleecer finally gathered that perhaps Cordelia was not so badly defeated after all.

"No!" voted Clara Pikyune.

After the meeting had adjourned Cordelia and Georgia Fleecer met Mrs. Pikyune in the cloakroom.

"I was so afraid I might miss you," said Cordelia. "Won't you have time to stop for a cup of tea?"

"I think not; thank you," returned Clara, still quivering from the hurt that had happened to her pet organization. "Cordelia, why did you urge relinquishing the Isis Club Thursdays in favor of Mrs. Pendennis' affairs?"

"So that we may get back our Thursdays," cooed Cordelia softly. "Do stop and have some tea with Georgia and me!"

Clara Pikyune studied the round-mouthed and round-eyed expression of her usurping rival for a moment in silence; and then she smiled.

"I think I will; thank you."

III

GEORGIA FLEECER lighted her husband's cigar for him as he lay sprawled out on the big leather couch in the study after dinner. She pushed the tabouret with the coffee conveniently to his elbow and sat on the other side of it in her favorite rocker. She wore the old pompadour evening gown which he so much admired, and she sat just where the softly tinted light fell on her to the best advantage. Jim Fleecer, quite comfortably digesting, puffing lazily and sipping at his coffee, looked at Georgia in great peace, and decided that it was good to be successful.

"You certainly look fine to father, Tumpelly!" he complimented her.

"I had to tonight," she laughingly admitted. "I want something."

Jim Fleecer chuckled for two solid minutes.

"You're some campaign manager," he heartily assured her. "If you come a little closer and add a kiss to the way you look I'll promise anything."

She obliged him instantly and did not even wince when he ruffled her hair.

"I want the governor and his entire staff here for a reception, in the parlors of the Hotel Gilder, a week from Thursday afternoon," she told him.

Jim Fleecer spilled the ashes down his shirtfront.

"You want what!" he uttered.

"It can be done—can't it?" she pleaded.

He sat up and emptied his demitasse.

"I don't get you," he puzzled, absolutely lost in bewilderment. "What do you want to decorate with that bunch?"

"The social landscape," she laughed. "It's almost time for your political activities to begin again—isn't it, Jim?"

"Well, yes," he acknowledged. "As a matter of fact, I've already had a few of the boys sneaking into town; but I never should figure an oh-gracious! party of that kind as a political activity."

Georgia giggled as a confession of guilt.

"Are there never any social functions among the officials?" she inquired. "I should think it would be very nice to have the governor and his staff here as the guests of the city."

Jim Fleecer felt himself becoming cross-eyed as he looked at her; and he poured himself some more black coffee.

"I'll bite, just to let you spring the joke," he offered. "More than that, I'll laugh. What's the answer?"

"Well, I want to make it a very elaborate affair," she carefully explained. "I'd like to give it the dignity of a state function and have a splendid long receiving line, and—and all that."

"I see," he returned, his brow beginning to clear—"seven columns on the society page; all the first families, and you swinging the baton; Cordelia Blossom and Clara Pikyune in the front rank; and everybody who can stand off a dressmaker compelled to be there or play dead!"

"Something like that," she confessed.

"Well, all you have to do is to want it and I'm for it," he heartily assured her. "But, Frills, can't you stage a stunt of that kind without dragging all those ornamental officeholders down here from the state capitol?"

"Not very handily," she told him with a somewhat troubled brow. "You see, there are so many counter attractions on that day. Mrs. Pendennis holds her parties on Thursdays."

"Then why don't you pick some other day?" he densely wondered.

Georgia Fleecer did not answer that foolish question. She merely smiled and ran her tapering white forefinger backward and forward along the crease in his coatsleeve, until presently he brought up the answer out of his inner consciousness. His perplexity fell from him like a mask and he beamed on her delightedly.

"Why, it's a goatgetting!" Jim Fleecer exclaimed. "It's you and Cordelia against the Pendennis person!"

"And Clara Pikyune," she quietly supplemented.

"Clara Pikyune!" he repeated. "Why, I thought you and Cordelia didn't dare drink Clara Pikyune's tea!"

"There was formerly a little ill feeling, I believe," admitted Georgia demurely; "but we three had a nice, long, friendly chat at the Isis Club this afternoon."

"Really, You Should Exhibit This Work"

"This Pendennis person must be getting strong," guessed Jim out of his supreme knowledge of politics. "It's a good play you're making though. If the two regular parties will only hitch up right they can always make a monkey out of the independents. What's she got on for a week from Thursday that you want to queer?"

"A mahatma from Calcutta, I believe," replied Georgia. "Really, Jim, I don't think that all these strange ideas are good for people. Mrs. Ayers, for instance, has become dreadfully unsettled since she took up with one of these new-thought fads."

"She always was dippy," he commented. "I'm with you, though, that these freak ideas are tough lines at home on the tired business man. I'll tell you what you do: I don't know what a mahatma is, but you get me this one's name, and I'll have him looked up in the Bertillon department. It's always easy to get something on a guy like that; and I can arrange to have him pinched at the tea. I guess that would put a crimp in her."

"Mercy, no!" shrieked Georgia, and lost herself in a paroxysm of laughter, with both her arms round her husband's neck for support. "That's beautiful of you, Jim; but the rules of the game don't sanction that method. If you'll just get the governor and his staff—for a start—we shall do very nicely, I'm sure."

"For a start?" he blankly repeated. "Oh, all right, Ribbons; I'm here—reliable old Jim. Just hand me a list."

"We may have the governor then!" guessed Georgia happily, and rose—"that is, if he has no other engagements."

"He hasn't any," Jim promptly assured her—"none that are going to count anyhow. You go ahead with your arrangements and I'll produce a governor. Would you rather have him with his whiskers or clean-shaved?"

"In a uniform, if possible," giggled Georgia, and crossed to the 'phone, where she called up Cordelia Blossom.

"I have the best news for you, Cordelia!" gushed Georgia. "I have just found out that the governor and his staff will be here a week from Thursday for a reception at the Hotel Gilder, if they are formally invited by the mayor to be the guests of the city. And, by-the-way, it will not be necessary for the colonel to name a date in his invitation. The governor will name a week from Thursday in his acceptance. You can arrange that—can't you, Jim?" she asked, turning from the 'phone.

Jim Fleecer, whose shoulders were heaving, had no command of his voice, but he nodded his head.

IV

CORDELIA, returning from the telephone, found the colonel deep in the pages of Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World; and she waited patiently for the psychological moment, which occurred at the end of that chapter.

"Watt, dear, you're good friends with the governor, aren't you?" she wanted to know.

The colonel placed his eyeglasses in his book to mark the place.

"I am neither friendly nor unfriendly with him," he stated. "Quite fortunately, I have not been compelled to be either. He is a member of the opposition, elected by gang methods, and a tool of unscrupulous politicians. I have no wish to know him."

Cordelia's round countenance betrayed sympathetic concern.

"Indeed you haven't if he is that sort of a person," she heartily agreed. "Still, Watt, as you have so often said, the man and the office are entirely distinct."

"True," he uneasily acknowledged.

"It's a shame—isn't it?" Cordelia went on. "So often one would like to exchange the perfectly proper social courtesies if it were not for the distressing personality of the people concerned. I didn't know you had such an aversion to the governor; but I might have, since you have never officially recognized him."

The colonel was deeply troubled.

"My dear, I trust I have not been remiss in any of the decent and customary observances," he worried. "As E. P. Willetts, I heartily disapprove of the gentleman; but as governor he has no personality. I hope I am far too just to withhold any respect due that high office."

"I knew you'd feel that way about it!" enthusiastically complimented Cordelia. "I always rely absolutely on your unselfish sense of fairness; and I was quite sure you had merely forgotten to exercise your privilege and duty, as host, to invite the governor and his staff to accept the official courtesies of the city."

The colonel revolved that matter thoroughly in his mind.

"To be quite truthful with you, Cordelia," he finally confessed, "I did not know that such a procedure was customary."

He looked at her doubtfully, and that adroit lady decided also to be candid.

"To be equally truthful with you, Watt," she laughed, "I am not very sure of it myself; but I do think it would be ideal! You could have them down in their uniforms, or whatever they wear—the governor and his entire staff—and have a splendid stag dinner for them, where you and all the other leading men of the city could make speeches; and in the afternoon the ladies could hold a reception for them in the parlors of the Hotel Gilder. It would be a social event of great importance, and do much to put the office of mayor on the dignified plane where it belongs."

Unconsciously the mayor straightened his slender frame and thrust out his little gray goatee.

"The office has not the dignity it seemed to possess when I was a young man," he almost wistfully acknowledged.

"That is the fault of the mayors," she urged. "They are, for the most part, men of no birth or breeding; and when one comes who is a gentleman it should be his duty and pleasure to raise the office to a point where it will be attractive to other gentlemen."

The colonel beamed on his charming helpmate in profound admiration.

"Cordelia, I never cease to marvel at the delicacy of your perception of duty," he earnestly assured her. "You are both a guide and a conscience to me. You have made a brilliant suggestion, and I shall act upon it at once."

"I felt sure you would if the matter were brought to your attention in the right way," triumphed Cordelia. "I wouldn't set any specific date in my invitation, Watt. That, I think, should be left to the governor's convenience."

"Certainly," he promptly acquiesced. "You will, of course, take charge of the ladies' reception."

"With pleasure," sweetly granted Cordelia. "If there is any way in which I can help you, Watt, I am only too anxious to do so. I'm so glad you agreed so promptly with my idea that the mayor should take every occasion to represent the dignity, wealth and progressiveness of his city in his own person. By-the-way, aren't they beginning the work on the new Plaza?"

"Yes, I think they are laying out the location of the new curbing."

"I thought so," she rejoined. "Then, Watt, we should lay a cornerstone at once."

The colonel looked at her blankly.

"Why, my dear," he protested, "I doubt if the memorial fountain will be ready to put in place for two years."

"I know," she admitted; "but we should lay a cornerstone for the Plaza itself and have the sculptor here, and a senator to make a speech, and you to introduce him. The very beginning of the work, Watt, dear, should be attended with impressive ceremonies. You know it's really an Isis Club affair, since our art committee selected the design; and I'm sure you're not going to begin neglecting the ladies."

The colonel rose, crossed the room and kissed her hand with old-school gallantry.

"Not while I have so peerless a lady to remind me of my duty to her sex!" he chivalrously swore; and holding the hand he had just kissed he patted it softly. "When shall we lay your cornerstone, my dear?"

"Just as soon as the sculptor can come, I should say," she told him, looking at him with her clear, round eyes.

"You might ask him about it tomorrow—at the same time you are writing to the governor. I want him to meet again with our art committee in the near future; I shall drop a line to him about it. Possibly he might combine the two errands."

That very night, before she retired, Cordelia wrote to the sculptor, who owed his first large commission to her, and asked him if he could meet with the Isis Club art committee at a morning session two weeks from the following Thursday.

V

CLARA PIKYUNE, attended by a person who carried her wrap, visited the Inglewood Pottery; and the manager, who was an expert in clays, firing, glazes, decorative effects and human nature, was tremendously attentive to her; for Clara Pikyune was one of the Inglewood's most valuable patronesses. She had headed the guaranty fund; she had suggested the pottery class, which had become such a fad among wealthy daughters; she talked Inglewood glaze wherever she went; and for Christmas and birthday presents and bridge prizes she used nothing else.

Mrs. Pikyune went through the entire plant as usual; and this time she seemed to be more pleased than ever with the work of the decorating class.

"Really, you should exhibit this work," she suggested, examining a chrysanthemum vase with a critical lorgnette.

"I have often thought of it," said the smiling manager, who was almost too good a business man to be an artist and too good an artist to be a business man, and too good a diplomat to be either. "If I could secure sponsors for such an exhibit I should be more than glad to devote special attention to it."

"If I can help you with the social end of it I shall be more than pleased," Mrs. Pikyune graciously offered. "I expect to go away in the early spring, however, and any coöperation I could give you would have to be immediately. Could you arrange for it in about three weeks?"

"Easily," responded the manager, figuring on how much work he could rush through for the salesroom.

"Suppose we set a date then," suggested Mrs. Pikyune, who was always crisp and direct. "Your class already has an idle day, I believe."

"Yes—Thursdays."

"Then I should think that would be a convenient time. Shall we say three weeks from next Thursday? Claymore, where's my memorandum book?"

The person who carried her wrap produced the little suède-covered book in question and nervously prepared a fountain pen for use.

"Or Saturday," the person insinuated. "The Pottery has a half-holiday on Saturday, anyhow, you know."

Mrs. Pikyune turned on the person slowly and gave him the full, cold benefit of all her creases.

"Claymore, I do wish you would not bother," she frigidly chided him. "If Saturday is a more convenient day," she went on, turning again to the manager, "why, of course, we can arrange it that way." She opened her memorandum book to enter the date.

"By no means!" hastily rejoined the manager with a glance of withering contempt at the person who carried Mrs. Pikyune's wrap. "Saturday would not do at all."

Mrs. Pikyune still hesitated.

"Thursday, I judge, is the only day that would really be convenient for you," she surmised. "Three weeks from next Thursday."

"Any other day would be almost impossible," promptly acquiesced the manager, studying her firm countenance.

"Very well, then, we shall consider it settled," went on Mrs. Pikyune, much relieved to find that the manager had insisted on the exact day. She did not care to take that responsibility. "Come on, Claymore!" And, well pleased with the uplift work she was doing for the Inglewood Pottery and the decorating class, she took her husband, Claymore, and went home.

VI

IT WAS a pink afternoon at Mrs. Judson Pendennis', and that aggressive lady was in a balloonlike state of exultation as carriage after carriage stopped at her door and delivered roseate consignments of fluffiness. Not one of her Thursdays had been so well attended as this. Her affairs were increasing in popularity every week. For this one afternoon she had turned the town pink. Just everybody was there! They simply had to come or acknowledge themselves not in society.

Now that she had shown her power, by compelling the Isis Club to give her functions a clear field, she would rise to even greater heights. Nothing short of absolute monarchy would satisfy her; and when that came she planned to reclassify the social register. If she could only see Mrs. Wiley Miles!

Cordelia Blossom arrived with Georgia Fleecer—Cordelia in pink and gray and Georgia in pink and black; and they were both sparkling with the mere joy of being there.

"I'm so very glad you came!" gushed Mrs. Pendennis, giving a right hand to one and a left hand to the other of these two of her dearest friends. "You are both so artistic that I have been particularly anxious to have you see the wonderful work of Mr. Verrucht."

"We simply couldn't stay away," confessed Cordelia, beaming frankly at her. "What a pretty compliment to Mr. Verrucht's skill in carnation painting—this having us all in pink! It's so very clever of you!"

"How dear of you to say so," returned Mrs. Pendennis. "I'm sure it's flattery, but it's very pleasant to hear just the same."

"It isn't flattery at all. I really don't see how you ever think of all these things!" cooed Georgia, who subscribed to the Household Guide herself. "You've brought us a wonderful awakening, Mrs. Pendennis."

"Hasn't she!" admired Cordelia, catching up her cue as promptly as if it had been rehearsed. "You have no idea, Mrs. Pendennis, how you've put us on our mettle. Why, every day in the week is so crowded that there wouldn't be room for a wedding."

"It's lucky we have Sundays left," chimed in the sparkling Georgia. "There are half a dozen important at homes on Mondays—places where one really must drop in, if only for a moment. On Tuesdays the new series of positively entrancing Isis Club entertainments simply compels attendance. On Wednesdays Cordelia's classical musicales have proved overwhelmingly successful. It's Chopin next week—isn't it, dear? On Thursdays there are your own beautiful and novel parties. On Fridays the circle of progressive charity card parties, inaugurated by Mrs. Pikyune, has taken the town by storm; and on Saturdays there are always a dozen imperative places to attend. I tremble to think what we shall do if anything more is crowded on us!"

"There wouldn't be a single place to stow away another function, unless we begin giving daybreak parties," laughingly agreed Mrs. Pendennis. She had done this! "However, I don't see what function of genuine importance could possibly intrude itself."

Cordelia cast a round-eyed glance at Georgia as the decisive moment arrived.

"That disaster has already happened," observed Cordelia with that slight pucker in her brow which the colonel considered so adorable. "I'm dreadfully worried, for there are two absolutely tremendous affairs to occur in the near future; and, by-the-way, Mrs. Pendennis, I'm going to ask you to be in the receiving line for both of them."

"How sweet of you!" murmured Mrs. Pendennis. "Of course I shall be delighted to serve. What are they?"

"The governor and his entire staff are to be the guests of the city one day next week; and naturally that means a very pretentiously formal reception in the parlors of the Hotel Gilder. The following week the cornerstone of the new Plaza will be laid; and as that is an Isis Club enterprise every member will, of course, gladly sacrifice private interests."

"Naturally," Mrs. Pendennis promptly agreed, and then was thoughtful for a moment. "To be sure, the cornerstone laying will fall on the Isis Club day."

"Quite likely," assented Cordelia; "though we shall be compelled to defer to the wishes of the sculptor, who is a very busy man and whose attendance is positively necessary. As for the governor, he has not yet announced the day on which he will favor us." Again Cordelia glanced at Georgia.

"Isn't it all splendid!" promptly enthused Georgia. "We never have had so many big things in view! It's your tremendous enterprise that has started everything booming. You're very clever in securing such interesting people. You must be compelled to arrange for them away in advance."

"Oh, yes; weeks and weeks," smilingly returned Mrs. Pendennis. "I have the artists for the next five weeks; but, of course, I'm not going to spoil the surprise by telling you about anybody except my mahatma—next Thursday. You really must come to see him. He is wonderful, very wonderful!"

"Oh, we shall! We have heard so much about him!" breathlessly pieced out Cordelia and Georgia.

"Moreover," added Georgia sincerely, "none of us can resist your cleverest stroke of all—the securing of Mildred and her sweet and charming young girl friends to pour your tea! Everybody loves young girls!"

When Mrs. Pendennis had moved away Cordelia and Georgia looked at each other soberly.

"Five!" speculated Cordelia.

The parlors and the library, and even the stairs, were thronged with dear women in pink, and the pleasant babble of many soft voices filled the Pendennis house as the assembled élite moved into the large ballroom, where presently Hans Verrucht, a pale-browed young man with flabby cheeks, drew huge, faintly outlined carnations on gray pastel paper with anemic pink chalk, and brushed aside with a delicate fingertip the straight, dark locks over his forehead. Mildred and her hothouse-blown young friends served orange pekoe tea in salmon-colored cups and distributed rose wafers and thin shrimp sandwiches—and the affair was over.

During the ensuing confusion Clara Pikyune, who had condescended to enliven her favorite gray with a corsage bouquet of maiden's-blush roses, took occasion to thank Mrs. Pendennis for her delightful afternoon.

"Your parties are the most charming affairs," she complimented her hostess. "It seems such a pity that you are to have any interference with even one of them."

"Interference!" repeated Mrs. Pendennis, and the watchful Mrs. Pikyune noted that little squaring of the jaws which was so characteristic of the new social star.

"Yes; the Inglewood Decorating Class Exhibit, three weeks from today, on the twenty-sixth. Hadn't you really heard anything about it?"

"Why, yes—Mildred did tell me there was to be an exhibit," stated Mrs. Pendennis, unable to conceal her instant fluttering; "but she did not mention the date."

"Probably it has not yet been formally announced," returned Mrs. Pikyune. "I happen to know, however, that it is set—and very firmly. I was told by the manager himself; and he positively insisted that no other day would do. It is to be on Thursday, the twenty-sixth, three weeks from today."

Mrs. Pendennis was surprised out of her poise, thus proving to Clara Pikyune that she had not the qualities for the leadership to which she had so far successfully aspired.

"Oh, but it mustn't be!" the lady almost frantically protested. "Why, for that day I have engaged Madame Nicolowski to sing some of her most famous arias; and I've actually had to pay her in advance half of her customary charges!"

"What a pity!" sympathized Clara Pikyune, the three sharp

"They Couldn't Enlist the Services of the President of the United States!"

lines on her nose wrinkling queerly. "If I were you I would see the manager of the Inglewood at once."

As the erstwhile leader walked out to her carriage she was met by her capable rival and Georgia Fleecer.

"Five," said Cordelia. Clara Pikyune's triple creases—on brow and cheeks and nose—knotted themselves thoughtfully.

"Five!" she seriously pondered.

VII

IT WAS generally considered such a pity that Mrs. Pendennis could not take her proper place in the receiving line at the governor's reception on Thursday, the twelfth! It was so unfortunate that this solemnly formal function should have occurred on the very day that Mrs. Pendennis entertained her mahatma!

The stiff ceremonial at the Hotel Gilder was a stupid affair, but it was so very important that one could scarcely afford to miss it. Even the men, though they cursed roundly at having to don cutaways and high hats and circus themselves up in the daytime, nevertheless responded to their civic duties with a fair degree of nobleness. At least a dozen of them came so attired, while as many as fifty of them jerked a few minutes away from business and ran over, in their sack suits, to pass down the shimmering line and resentfully shake hands with the equally bored governor and his staff. Only Mayor Colonel Watterson Blossom, adding dignity and prestige and gentlemanliness to the office of mayor, really enjoyed himself. The unbearable stiffness of the occasion fitted his rigid spinal column like a glove, and he stood slenderly alone—the last bulwark of a dying national institution! Yet, somehow, the ladies gloried in the deadly dullness of the occasion. There was something so distinguished about that very fact, and it became a thing of which to boast and in which to rejoice—as, for instance, the stock greeting of Cordelia was: "Isn't this delightfully stupid!"

"Oh, charmingly so!" was a sample answer. "I don't know when I was so adorably bored!"

There was one queer feature that all the ladies noticed.

"Isn't it an unusual reception committee?" observed thin-nosed Mrs. Plosson, her lips sweetly puckered.

"Quite," agreed the large and awkward Mrs. Drake. "It's an excellently selected line; but it seems so strange to see an important receiving committee without a majority of either Clara Pikyune's most intimate friends, or Cordelia Blossom's."

"That's just it," puzzled Mrs. Plosson—"especially since both Cordelia's friends and Mrs. Pikyune's are all here. By-the-way, Mrs. Drake, have you noticed another peculiar thing? Don't Cordelia and Clara seem unusually close?"

"It could not be possible," declared Mrs. Drake with a smile that slightly distended her nostrils.

"Not While I Have So Peerless a Lady to Remind Me of My Duty to Her Sex!"

The many-sided Jim Fleecer, who could wear a silk hat with the ease of a soft felt and with some indefinable trace of its effect, strolled up properly decorated with a gardenia and distributed three perfectly solemn winks, leaving one with his wife, one with Cordelia Blossom and one with the suffering governor.

"Well, Tumpelly, how's your performance?" he asked of Georgia.

"It's splendid, Jim!" she happily assured him. "I didn't really believe we'd have quite so many ladies here, but we've made a gorgeous success! Jim, can you think of anything like this, only different—you know what I mean: bigger and grander, and more imperative—for four or five weeks from today?"

"Not with these clothes on," he grinned down at her. "Have you heard from the other show?"

Georgia looked about her at the well-filled parlors, and her eyes sparkled as she leaned forward and half whispered to him, using one of his own campaign phrases:

"It's speaking to chairs."

Such, alas! was indeed the case. Mrs. Pendennis' mahatma, an oily-complexioned brunet who would have been mistaken for a plain African without his street-bazar clothes, mysteriously explained the mysteries of his graft to a lonesome nine—fervent seekers after Great Untruths. Only the presence of Mildred and her hilariously giggling friends in the next room kept Mrs. Pendennis from feeling like Robinson Crusoe—particularly as ardent soul-yearners are not always the best dressers. Mildred and her friends had been excluded from the circle, which endeavored to be shivery in the dimness of the blind-drawn, blue-flame-lit library, because they were too young to understand spiritual unrest; but, if Mrs. Pendennis had known what a ghastly failure her expensively planned Yogi lecture was to have been, she would certainly have switched her professor of legerdemain to this day. How she did loathe politics!

VIII

CORDELIA BLOSSOM and the colonel shared their breakfast paper with mutual pleasure and no clashing of desire. The colonel always courteously lifted out the inside sheets and handed them to Cordelia, after which he became indignant or aghast, as the case might be, over the headlines on the front page; while Cordelia, with businesslike thoroughness, read the drygoods advertisements.

(Continued on Page 38)

The High School and the Citizen

By J. LYNN BARNARD

DECORATION BY B. CORY KILVERT

TEACHER: William, how is the president of the United States chosen?

WILLIAM (searching wildly into the depths of his memory): Each state shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the state may be entitled in the Congress. . . . The electors shall meet in their respective states and vote by ballot for two persons, president and vice-president, of whom one at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves —— And so on for the next three minutes.

TEACHER: Very well done, William. Now, Mary, you may tell us how the Federal Constitution is amended.

MARY (more glibly than William, for her verbal memory is better): The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the several states, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case —— And so on to mental dyspepsia.

Armed with a collection of memory gems of misleading information such as the above—for every adult who knows anything at all about our actual Government knows that presidential electors are really automatons, selected by the people directly to do as they are told, and that most amendments to the Federal Constitution are put there by the United States Supreme Court—the average fourteen or fifteen year old boy and girl pass out of the grammar grades into the high school—that is to say, a few of them do. Here they may be so unfortunate as to encounter another infliction of juiceless facts about how we are governed, sacredly removed from practical application and carefully smuggled in with an equally uninspiring survey of United States history. And this is supposed to help make good citizens! Is it? Or is it only supposed to be education, discipline? By the taxpayer, who foots the bills and looks helplessly on, it is coming to be regarded as a sorry joke if intended humorously, or as something to get wrathful about if intended seriously. Fortunately the girls may get their real political education some years later when they become suffragists, and the boys when they are initiated into the mysteries of organization politics. Then they learn the real thing for the first time.

Is there any good reason why boys and girls should not receive direct, practical training in citizenship during their school life? If not, is there any special reason why they should receive such training? Note, please, that the expression used is "training in"—not for—"citizenship." Why the distinction? For the very good reason that the young people are now citizens; whether at work or at play, at home or at school, they are sharing in the pleasures and the responsibilities of community life. For good or ill, their civic training is going on all the time. And it remains for the school to decide, not whether they shall be trained but how they shall be trained.

On a Saturday afternoon in June a crowd of boys assembles for a game of baseball. Two of the best players choose sides, one of their number is honored with the thankless job of umpire, and the game is on. Disputes arise from time to time, which the umpire settles to the best of his ability. All unconsciously these boys are having a splendid training in citizenship—in community action. They learn to hold an election, to obey laws, to abide by judicial decisions—all of which form an invaluable civic experience. On another Saturday, organized as scouts, the same boys take a ten-mile "hike" under the guidance of their scoutmaster, assisted by the patrol leaders. Subordination to officials, leadership, collective action—these are but a few of the lessons they learn in the fundamentals of good citizenship.

All this and much more our boys and girls may get outside of the school. What has the school, and particularly the high school, to offer in addition? At present, with a few notable exceptions, almost nothing. So large a part do college entrance requirements play in most secondary schools that little time can be spared for the so-called practical studies. And even those few high schools that may have managed to shake off the grip of the colleges do little in the way of training in citizenship through either of the most direct channels open to them—namely, history and civics.

"History for history's sake" is the shibboleth; and very few of the writers of texts in ancient or modern history apparently think it worth while to make those interesting and striking comparisons between other days and our own. How can the writers refrain? Past and present would stimulate interest in each other—and it would still be history!

History may not repeat itself circularly, but it most certainly does repeat itself spirally. In other words, it offers, not an exact repetition, but a repetition with additions and variations the effect of which can be measured and weighed.

In the sixth century B. C. there lived a certain wise man who was almost a namesake of Solomon. His name was Solon, and he was trying to bring economic and political reforms to Athens. Among the latter was a measure known as the Sedition Law. Solon had observed that many of Athens' "best citizens" refused to take part in the political contests. So he decreed that hereafter any one who failed to play his part in politics was to forfeit his citizenship and be regarded as guilty of sedition. The modern proposal for compulsory voting is only a spiral repetition of Solon's Sedition Law, and a knowledge of the complete failure of the earlier attempt would lead one to predict the same result for the latter.

Two thousand years after Solon's day—in the middle of the fourteenth century A. D.—when the course of empire had taken its way westward into England, that island kingdom was visited by a terrible pestilence known as the Black Death. Within two years nearly one-half of the population had been swept away, and especially the peasantry, the tillers of the soil. An inevitable rise in wages followed promptly, to the great indignation of the landowners, the lords of the manors. Thereupon the king, acting with the advice of his council—composed of landowners—issued a proclamation forbidding the laborers, under penalty of imprisonment, to demand higher wages than they had been getting before the pestilence. When Parliament—made up almost entirely of landowners—met, it at once passed an act known as the First Statute

of Laborers, which established a maximum wage scale for various classes of laborers, and offered indefinite imprisonment as the pleasant alternative to accepting the wages thus arbitrarily fixed by their employers. Within a century this statute had been reënacted thirteen times, in the vain hope of changing, by mere ordinance of man, the inevitable working out of the law of supply and demand.

Undaunted by this failure, the powerful Tudor kings of the sixteenth century, working through a Parliament which they dominated, again tried their hands at compelling water to flow up hill. In those days the farms of England, known as manors, were tilled in sections made up of acre strips—four rods by forty rods—ten or more of the strips in each section. Each strip was separated from its neighbor by a narrow ribbon of unplowed land, and each section was separated from its neighbor by driveways or by natural boundaries of forest or stream. Every section was cultivated as a unit, despite the fact that every acre strip in the section was owned by a different person, and that any one of these owners might want to try experiments with his strip. Well, the time came when English wool was in great demand for exportation, and men wanted to combine these sections into big inclosed fields for sheep pasture. This they proceeded to do, by fair means or foul! Then followed futile attempts by the powerful Tudor monarchs, through Statutes Against Enclosures, to stop the process. Did the inclosing stop? Yes, a century later, when the demand for English wool had fallen off and when the demand for foodstuffs had grown insistent through the growth of English cities and towns. It stopped when the great economic law of supply and demand gave the order to stop, and not before.

The above are only two out of many conspicuous failures that might be cited for the benefit of those pseudo statesmen who would perpetuate usury laws that restrain only the overly conscientious and not Wall Street or the more lowly money sharks; who would, by a tariff wall mountain high, keep our country always selling and never buying, regardless of the plain lesson of history and economics that the thing is impossible and defeats its end; who would turn a deaf ear to history's warning, that since the days of Patrician-Plebeian Rome the struggle has never let up until the great majority has come into its own.

The Plain Warnings of History

AND if the negative lessons—the warnings—of history are plain, equally so are the positive ones, which indicate safe lines of social action. About the middle of the eighteenth century a series of remarkable inventions in England so stimulated the manufacture of cotton, wool and iron that the latter half of that century is known as the period of the industrial revolution. Workers no longer remained in their homes, using hand-tools; they migrated in great numbers into the factories and workshops, making use of time-and-labor-saving machines driven by water or steam power. These new economic conditions hastened the repeal of numerous parliamentary restrictions, most of which had been futile from the start. A policy of noninterference succeeded the long-time system of governmental regulation of industry, and it seemed to employers, at least, as if the economic millennium had arrived.

Suddenly the public was rudely awakened from its dream by the discovery that women, and even children six to eight years of age, were being mercilessly exploited by the owners through long hours and wretched sanitary conditions of labor. So no sooner were the Napoleonic Wars at an end than England began grappling with this insidious foe that was undermining the physical and moral stamina of the British nation. It was hard for the advocates of factory legislation to make the great champions of non-interference, like Richard Cobden, John Bright and Lord Macaulay, understand that it was perfectly consistent to remove governmental restrictions from commodities such as flour, machinery or bales of cloth and at the same time impose such restrictions on the commodity labor. At last the great legislators of England were convinced of the absolute consistency of a lowering of the tariff and an abolition of mischievous restrictions on industry, along with the raising of a protecting barrier of factory legislation round the helpless working classes—and this battle for humanity was won. The great Earl of Shaftesbury is the heroic figure who illumines this bright page of English history—as his statue in Westminster Abbey testifies. All the nations of Europe and America that have become industrial have been forced to learn this lesson of constructive statesmanship from the pages of English economic history.

"History for history's sake?" No. History for our sake! History is no museum of antiquities; it is a storehouse of political wisdom for him who will take the trouble to understand. Every boy and girl who has reached a fair degree of maturity can be trained to interpret the past in terms of the present and the present in the light of the past. And unless history shall come to serve this broadly social purpose in our high schools, it will find itself with the has-beens of pedagogical tradition in the educational junkheap.

But even with history socialized and put to use, much remains to be done in the way of direct civic instruction in our high schools, and the taxpayer proposes to have that done too. He wants his children brought into intelligent relationship with the community about them. Just as children's eyes are being opened, through their school work, to the use and beauty of Nature's gifts of birds and flowers and trees, so must these children be taught to recognize the community's gifts of well-paved streets, police and fire protection, schools, parks and playgrounds, and decent living conditions generally. But Nature's gifts are free and unerring, while the community's gifts are the result of social sacrifice and are often blundering and faulty. Therefore, it is all the more important and difficult to teach the boy and girl to appraise these latter blessings rightly, and to be willing to contribute their share toward securing them.

It has been well said that perhaps the greatest civic need of the present day is a genuine, vital interest in civic affairs, and that the qualities of citizenship cannot be cultivated by mere moralizing. These qualities must arise from a live, intelligent interest that can be cultivated only by direct contact with community action. They must be based—for the village or city child, at least—on first-hand acquaintance with the gas or electric-light plant, the processes of street paving, the work of the postman, the policeman, the fireman, the garbage collector and the street-sweeper. Not until he has become familiar with subjects such as these can the young citizen go on to an intelligent study of government and political parties.

Though this acquaintanceship should begin in the elementary school it must ripen and deepen in the secondary school, and it seems inevitable that the tax-supported high school—the people's college—should soon recognize its plain duty to give its pupils the best possible training in civics. There may be a number of courses in the present high-school curriculum that can be dispensed with, but this particular course is not in that doubtful category. The natural result of right civic education is right civic action, and "civic education that does not result in habits of intelligent civic action is not worth the time spent on it." Other things being equal, the right kind of instruction in community affairs will make for self-sacrificing devotion to the public welfare.

Not many years ago a certain big city in the United States was dubbed "corrupt and contented." That was a clever thrust, and it hurt. But there was no explanation offered why that magnificent city was contented. It was contented because the rank and file of its citizens were wofully ignorant about things municipal, and as a result had no effective means of distinguishing between good and bad government—between honest and dishonest officials. In the grammar schools many of these citizens had carefully memorized the Federal Constitution, and in the high schools some of them had memorized the terms of office and salaries and legal powers of state and national officials. But of the government of their home city they had learned hardly a word. What wonder that the city became a byword for political corruption! And a reform wave won't last long in that city, or in any other, unless its plain citizens—its average men and women—are adequately trained during the impressionable years of school life to have intelligent standards of judgment to apply to the community work that is being done for them.

To Put the Bosses Out of Business

ONE decade of rational, practical civics teaching in the schools, beginning with the home environment and reaching out into the wider problems of government, would put an end to boss rule in the city, state and nation! Boss rule is costly and inefficient and utterly without ideals, and our old friend the taxpayer will have nothing to do with it once he gets his eyes wide open. And eyes opened by intelligence will stay open.

Mr. Arthur W. Dunn is fond of telling of the way grammar-school boys and girls in Indianapolis, Indiana, were galvanized into alert, watchful guardians of the public interest, determined that local health regulations should be observed and their home city made more homelike in every possible way. What better test of effective civics teaching could one ask for?

"Yes," some one may argue, "but in this case the study of civics was begun among the younger children. Will the effect be the same on high-school pupils?" Listen to this. In a certain city there is a girls' high school that is not afraid to try experiments. It has gotten into the incurable habit of doing things that seem reasonable and necessary, regardless of tradition. The history-civics department of that high school has caught the infection, with the result that its history is being socialized and its civics humanized. No longer are the girls asked elevating questions such as: "How does the Federal Executive act

(Concluded on Page 29)

HI TODD AND THE PANIC

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

IT WAS in the corrals near Sodtown. A pause had occurred in the branding to permit of rebuilding the fire for the irons, and there entered the cook. Dave sat down, easing his fat back against the soft side of a post, and prepared to spend a pleasant half-hour in the shade, watching the other fellows work.

"What for you ain't cookin' dinner?" the boss asked. He was dripping hot.

"I suppose now," said Dave with a sort of high restraint, "a feller cain't ever do nothing but cook. It ain't possible for a feller ever to get a meal ready ahead of time. He's just got to be cookin' every minute or he ain't busy. Why don't you-all step to them ca'alves? It's most noon."

A cowboy who was straddling a calf in the thickest of the dust leered across at the cook and said: "That's ol' Animal Life every time. He's mean. That's what Animal is—just plain ornery. He'd a heap sooner laze round here watching us sweat, a-scratchin' hisself and a-sniggering, than cook the best meal in the world. Ain't that so, Animal?"

To which Dave, solacing himself with a cigarette, made comfortable reply: "Say, Hi, come here. I want to talk to you. Leave that ca'alf go. Do you aim to choke him?"

"I ain't got any money," Hi warned.

"You come a-runnin'. This is business."

"What is it now, Dave?" some one called. "Mules or goats—or chickens maybe?"

"It ain't neither one of them three," said the cook severely. "It's hawgs. You boys go ahead now and brand them ca'alves. It's right ridiklous idlin' this way in the forenoon."

"Hear him!" exclaimed the boss rapturously.

Hi Todd released his captive and sauntered over to the post, where he squatted beside Dave. They were soon deep in talk, the outfit grinning widely at them meanwhile, for they all knew the cook's schemes by heart. When well launched on one of his pet subjects Dave sweated earnestness from every pore. He had the gift of the born promoter—a momentary implicit faith in their feasibility that was far above raw facts. Within three minutes, figuring on an old envelope with a stub of pencil, he and Hi had made $97,863.70 out of hogs from an investment of sixty-three dollars.

"Runnin' it that way," Dave remarked shrewdly, "selling only half the increase, we'll soon have hawgs squealin' on every crick between this here everlastin' country and the Pacific coast line."

Hi rubbed his nose. "That's a right smart of hogs, Animal," he suggested mildly.

"Why," the cook retorted, "a sow that don't average two litters of six pigs a year might as well be a ol' maid. She's a no-account, triflin' creature. They'll beat that easy, our sows will."

"Don't disease never hit 'em or nothing, Animal?"

"Well, then, take mules," said the cook readily, turning the envelope over and preparing for more multiplication. "Nothing ever hurts a mule. Did you ever hear of a mule dyin'? No, sirree. Nobody did. Now we can buy a bunch of range mares cheap ——"

"Hot iron! Hot iron! Fly at it, cowboys!" howled the man at the fire, and branding was resumed.

Nobody on earth was in Dave's class at reckoning profits. He never broached a land deal that he did not figure in counties; when his mind ran on cattle his herds lowed from the thirty-second to the thirty-fifth parallel. Yet he was too lazy to carry a bucket of water without sitting down midway between the spring and the chuck-wagon to smoke a cigarette and meditate.

Hi Todd called the cook Animal Life.

"What d'you mean by that—Animal Life?" Dave inquired rather sternly when the name was first bestowed.

"Well, for the sake of argument, let's suppose you're something—hey, Dave?"

"Yes," said the cook after consideration, "that's reas'nable, Hi."

"And if you're something you've got to be a animal, a veg'table, or a mineral. Sam here wanted to bet me you was a veg'table, Dave; but I wouldn't do that, Dave. No, sir, not with a friend." And Hi shook his head.

The cook heard him with a measure of suspicion.

"What for you wouldn't?" he inquired. "It wouldn't worry me none if you did."

"It wasn't that, Dave," said Hi softly; "no, it wasn't that. But I just couldn't afford to lose."

So the name stuck to the cook. Sometimes he experienced a vague resentment, more especially if strangers happened to be present. Thus at noon of that day, when the manager drove up to the chuck-wagon with a cattle-buyer from Los Angeles, and Mr. Todd raised his voice in loud reproach, "Hurry up with that coffee, Animal. I'll be doggoned if sometimes I don't think Sam knowed your kinfolks better'n what I did," the cook's breathing became strained and his hand trembled over a pothook.

"If you say that agin, Hi ——"

"What's the matter now, Animal?"

"If you call me Animal Life agin, Hi, I aim to bust you wide open," said the cook. He added plaintively: "Why, a mule is a animal."

"Hush!" Hi cautioned. "Them ol' wagon mules will hear you."

Yet the two were fast friends after their fashion.

The manager was the bearer of distressing tidings.

"No pay for you boys this month," he announced. "Leastways nobody can get any cash."

They stared at him and pondered this surprising bit of information where they sat about the wagon, eating dinner.

"There ain't a dollar of money to be had in this country," the manager resumed, not entirely at ease. "The best you can get is checks."

"That'll do me," said Dave. "It ain't much trouble to get a check cashed. Most any of the saloons will cash a check."

The buyer laughed. "No?" he asked through a mouthful of food. "You're luckier than us then. Or maybe you haven't tried it lately? My partner had twenty-seven thousand and nine hundred dollars in the bank, and they wouldn't give him enough cash to bring his wife home from a holiday."

"What did the poor lady do?" Hi inquired, but nobody paid any attention to him. They were all revolving this information in their minds. Uncle Henry cleaned his plate, tossed it into the dish-pan and approached the manager.

"Just what's the trouble, Bill?" he asked.

The manager explained that there had been a panic, a financial upheaval, followed by abysmal depression. Some Wall Street guys had gone broke; rates of interest were jumping over the moon; none of the banks had any cash, and those in the cities paid with clearing-house certificates where they paid anything at all.

"A Weak Vessel, Hey? I Reckon Pearl Don't Think So"

"But where has all the money went to?" said Uncle Henry, sorely puzzled.

"Search me! I know I haven't got any hid out, Uncle Henery," the manager emphatically replied.

After some minutes' cogitation Uncle Henry remarked that they ought to hang a bunch of those Wall Street feliers. He had no special choice—just pick out a dozen promiscuously; it would cheer the country up a lot and honest men would come into their own.

"Everybody's scared," spoke up the buyer. "That's the whole trouble. People are hiding out their coin in old socks and in the jar on the mantelpiece. So we'll just have to trade on credit for a spell." He winked at the manager, who laughed, but not overmirthfully. The buyer was in a talkative mood. "We're all in the same boat. I'm not paying a cent of cash for these cattle, am I, Floyd? There ain't none to be had."

The manager got hurriedly to his feet, said, "Well, let's go," and the two drove out of camp to the round-up ground. All afternoon Hi was noticeably abstracted, and did his work so perfunctorily that the Los Angeles man remarked audibly to Floyd that Hi was the sorriest hand he had ever met with. They appeared to dislike each other on first sight and from instinct. Perhaps you have met men out of whose eyes gleamed hostility, changeless and enduring, before ever you exchanged a single word with them.

"He works pretty good usually," said the manager. "Hi's trouble is being a good fellow."

"A good fellow, but ——! Is that it?"

"No-o-o. Hi, he's no-account, but he's sure a cowman."

The no-account heard the buyer, but he let it pass. No censure had been addressed to him directly; he was not supposed to have heard it; and he would not imperil a big deal for the company by too nice consideration for his own feelings.

After supper he helped Animal Life slice steak and grind coffee for breakfast, and then they began to shake dice on the lid of the chuck-wagon—without much enthusiasm, for neither had a cent. Somebody started a game of poker by the light of a lantern and the buyer took a hand. As a stimulus to goodfellowship he brought a bottle from the tent he and the manager shared. Had anybody else revealed one it would have been confiscated by the boss, for drinking was contrary to orders and the manager was there to see; but the buyer—well, the bottle went the rounds and Floyd himself accepted a nip.

They were camped a mile above the border and three Mexican customs officials were present, for they would bring a herd across the line into Arizona in the morning. The month was October and the year 1907.

The buyer soon grew animated. Suddenly he screeched, "Live in Texas and die in Mex-i-co!" and slapped Uncle Henry on the back. The customs men smiled faintly and nursed their knees, affecting not to understand English. Much surprised at this discourtesy, Hi paused in his dice-shaking to glance across at the group.

"Hey, there, boy," the buyer called out. "Come and get in a real game."

"Broke," said Todd laconically.

"What're you and the cook doing then—making mind bets?"

"I'm betting the same way you bought these cattle," said Hi.

A cackle burst out over this, in which the buyer joined. Yet Floyd wished Hi had kept his mouth shut.

"Say," the cook drawled, "did you boys hear how Eunice Hardin done called Todd a weak vessel?"

"There Ain't a Dollar of Money to be Had in This Country. The Best You Can Get is Checks"

"Now don't you, Animal," said Hi so quietly that the cook took a second thought and did not conclude the anecdote.

"A weak vessel? She said that? Haw-haw!" The buyer rocked with laughter.

"You quit calling me Animal then," the cook ended lamely.

Hi made no promises. Very soon he abandoned dice-shooting and crawled into his blankets. So Floyd thought he was a no-account? And Eunice Hardin had told him he was a weak vessel? Sifted, that amounted to the same thing. Yes, he had been no-account. Eunice was right in preferring Tom Somple. Tom was reliable and steady and saved his money. Once in the mood for self-reproach, Hi upbraided himself bitterly. Then his humor changed and was succeeded by resentment. He muttered angrily as he tossed in his bed: "But Tom ain't got a lick of sense. I'll be doggoned if I'm no-account. I'll learn 'em."

Making this resolve, Todd closed his eyes and instantly fell asleep. No mental distress could ever cheat his healthy body of the rest it required.

"Live in Texas and die in Mex-i-co!" yowled the buyer.

The game still ran on; nobody could sleep because of the buyer's loyalty to his native state. His howls shattered Hi's first dreams and he turned over and blessed the buyer. But the business in hand distracted that worthy's mind from his theme, and quiet reigned over camp for another hour. Then the buyer tilted his head back and, pitching his voice to a very creditable imitation of a hungry wolf, gave forth another "Live in Texas and die in Mex-i-co!"

On this Todd's disheveled head rose above his tarpaulin and he gazed stupidly about camp.

"Say," he said, "cut that out. I got to do guard tonight, and some of us is due to work tomorrow."

For answer the buyer scrambled nimbly to his feet and went over to Todd's bed. He was not the least bit angry, but purposed to have some further diversion. Indeed the buyer was ignorant of Todd's identity when he playfully threw back the blankets and, seizing Hi's bare foot, commenced dragging him toward the spring. Now the ground was rough and full of sandburs.

"Live in Texas and ——"

Just then Mr. Todd swung upward with a heavy riding boot and smote him between the eyes. It dropped the buyer, who remained quiet on the ground, considering the sky.

He was not really hurt, and when he came to a realization of what had happened he wanted to fight Hi. If Hi were afraid the buyer expressed willingness to "lick the whole doggoned camp," and he would prefer starting with the Mexicans. Those officials cowered under the wagon and wished that the earth might open and devour the barbarous Texan. Under Uncle Henry's cajolery the buyer returned to the tent, where he was soon slumbering.

The manager thought he saw profits slipping from his fingers. In a tremor of rage he walked to Hi's bed and said: "Todd, you're fired."

"Sure. Go on and leave me sleep."

"You go in and get your time tomorrow—early too."

Once more the upper portion of Mr. Todd emerged, and he said brazenly: "I won't take no checks—cash or nothing, mind."

"Then it's nothing." The manager was beside himself now. "You drag it in the morning. We're quits, do you hear? Take that Baldy horse and beat it."

"All right," Hi answered sulkily. "If you want to act that way, all right, Floyd."

It was not his office to enlighten the manager on his own business. If later he should discover that Todd was on the books for a saddle and an advance of pay that was for him to worry over, not Hi. According to cowland ethics, "We're quits" wiped the slate clean.

The buyer was very glum at breakfast, and carried a pile of coals to the edge of camp that he might enjoy privacy while he warmed himself. He obtained a piece of steak from Dave and grilled it on a greased shovel. There was a lump above his nose, but he did not refer to the night's happenings except to remark to the manager with a note of interrogation:

"I expect somebody got peevish with me? Gee, but this coffee tastes funny."

As he was rolling his bed Hi heard the buyer tell Floyd that they would have to push the work; he was three days overdue at the Spade and he had neglected even to send old man Greenlaw a wire.

"That's what booze does to a man," he said penitently.

"Pshaw, you needn't to worry about that! What did you pay for those Spade cattle?"

"Thirteen and sixteen seventy-five," said the buyer; "but he can crawfish on it now. The time's up today. Gee, I hope Patterson don't get on to it."

Then the outfit departed to the line corrals and Hi helped Dave wash the dishes. Animal Life, with a hazy notion of showing sympathy, observed that it was tough luck to be down and out just about the time the fall work was over on all the ranges. Jobs would be scarce.

"Down and out?" Hi repeated. "Man alive, Animal, I've just begun."

. . . . . .

Very few financial geniuses have traveled in a box car in company with yearling steers. They prefer lambs. But Hi Todd bowled along eastward that same afternoon, disputing space for his legs with a couple of steers that kept hunching into the corner where he sat on a plank placed diagonally across from the end door to the side boards. And he kept a sharp lookout at the country they passed.

Just Then Mr. Todd Swung Upward With a Heavy Riding Boot and Smote Him Between the Eyes

He had turned in his horse at the company's stables in town. Then he had borrowed a suit Uncle Henry had innocently left at the rooming house. It was almost new. The landlord had observed these symptoms.

"Fired, Hi?"

"I done quit Floyd." Upon which both grinned.

At twilight, from his seat in the box car, Hi perceived ahead a considerable group of buildings—freshly painted barns, a small frame house, huge corrals, and numerous adobe huts straggling away from them. Then the train slowed down at a tiny box of a station to take on water. Hi hopped off. Walking on the far side until he reached the caboose, he mounted the steps and descended them in full view of several men a short distance away. He crossed to these corrals, which were filled with cattle.

"Howdy," said a graybeard who was leaning listlessly against a gate. "You've got a right smart of cattle there."

"Huh-huh," Todd assented indifferently.

He ran his eye over the clustered steers and sauntered slowly around the corrals, inspecting them. He was on the far side when the engine tooted; Hi took no notice. The train gave a lurch, recoiled and lurched again.

"Hey, there goes your train," yelled a man from the fence.

For a few seconds Hi merely gaped at it, as though discrediting his eyes. Then he commenced to run. It was downgrade here and the freight gathered speed rapidly. Hi took off his hat to wave, but at that instant his toe hit a hummock; he tried to recover himself; his feet tangled and he fell. In an instant he was up, but his right ankle gave under him and he stopped, making a wry face.

"Well," said Graybeard, "you've done it now."

"I made sure they'd be here ten minutes," Todd exclaimed wrathfully. "What do they mean by it? Doggone, they've gone off and left me! Ouch, my laig!"

Graybeard was surveying him speculatively from the gate. Now he strolled over to where Todd sat on the ground, rubbing his ankle. He chewed on a straw and watched the operation with a judicial air.

"Consarn the luck anyhow!" said Hi. "Six hundred and fifty-three head—say, where can I catch up with 'em?"

"There ain't another train through here till morning, but you can telegraph to Douglas. They'll be all right. The crew'll look after 'em. Going far?"

"Pueblo," said Hi briefly.

Several cowboys had come up. None of them spoke, a meeting between strangers calling for ceremonious reserve. They merely looked Hi over; Graybeard went on chewing his straw.

"Well," he said at last, a trifle reluctantly, "it's most supper-time, and you can't go on. You'd best come to the house, I reckon."

Without waiting to see how this invitation was received he set off toward the ranchhouse, Hi limping painfully behind him. A horde of cowboys was now whooping and circling at the corral gates, driving out the cattle. Graybeard said: "We're bedding 'em on that flat yonder. Held 'em here for a week now, we have. He's off drunk somewheres, I bet."

"Oh!" said Todd. "They're sold?"

"They was sold. I aim to turn 'em loose. You lookin' for any?"

The question was put casually, but Hi knew that the old man's eyes were searching his face, so he pursed his lips and slowly shook his head. As they were passing the station—"Can you wait just a minute, Mr. ——"

"Greenlaw."

"My name's Todd. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Greenlaw. I know your brand."

He entered the station, the cowman at his heels. There Hi procured a telegraph form and began to write:

> Will you give twelve seventy-five for 1800 yearlings and sixteen-fifty for 1100 twos of Spade? All gathered ready to ship. Good even cattle. Wire quick. Hi Todd.

The station agent ran over the message, scratched his head with a pencil, made a mark on the paper and said, "One eighty-five," and Hi stuck his hand into his pocket. An expression of consternation crept over his face.

"Well, I'll be —— Say, I could have sworn —— Well, wouldn't that jar you?"

"What's the matter?" asked Greenlaw from the door.

Todd had one hand over the message so that all but the address was invisible. Consequently, when the cowman approached the wicket to get a peep he could see only one line. There under his eyes was written "J. D. Patterson & Company, Kansas City, Missouri."

"Why," Todd explained with an embarrassed laugh, "I haven't got any money. My clothes ——"

"How much is it?" said Greenlaw. "Here, charge that to me, Holmes. That's all right. You can pay me later."

The agent glanced sharply from one to the other, then let his gaze linger on Hi, clucked to himself and turned to his table. Presently his instrument began to click.

Hi and the cowman went to the house.

"Pearl," said Greenlaw, "shake hands with Mr. Todd. His train done went and left him. This is my daughter, suh."

(Continued on Page 26)

LITERATURE

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

WHEN you start to consider it from all sides literature turns out to be considerable of a proposition, what with first one thing and then another; and a presidential year is an excellent time for taking up the subject. In a presidential year Nature as well as man becomes literary. There is always the peculiar spotted spider mentioned in the special dispatch from North Colebrook, Connecticut, which weaves into its web the name of the Republican candidate, all written out so plainly that it can be readily read by anybody except a confirmed and unpleasant Democrat. And there is, belonging to an old Southern family in Alabama, the common but patriotic Dominique hen, that lays a double-yolk egg with the initials of the Democratic nominee on the lower end of it. Likewise the customary output of light fiction is greatly enhanced and enriched by the statements of the opposing campaign managers. Within the last couple of years, also, a newer note has crept into our periodical literature.

Every few minutes—seems like—you pick up a magazine and find in it a short story entitled, let us say, Everybody's Doin' It, and beginning substantially as follows:

Speaking of Leander naturally suggests Hellespont—and speaking of either one or both naturally suggests the hero of this tale. His first name was Leander and he came from Hellespont, South Carolina.

Oh, reader, seek not for Hellespont in the list of American municipalities large enough to have a Carnegie library and a graft investigation. The Postal Guide mentions it with ill-feigned reluctance, in small type; and in the railroad timetable it is indicated by a cipher—meaning stops on signal only. Approaching it, the locomotive of the Through Limited utters a loud and apprehensive shriek as though fearing it might break down and have to spend an hour there. Yet several bright people have come from Hellespont—the brighter they were the quicker they came; and our hero, Leander, was one of the first.

Our hero, I say; but on first blush there was nothing about his appearance to suggest the hero—absolutely nothing! His face consisted of the customary number of comparatively unimportant features arranged in the conventional manner, and he spoke in a way of speaking. His hair was cut like a retail shoedealer's from the central part of Ohio; but, on the other hand, he wore the necktie of a collector for an installment house, while his hat was similar to that of a traveling canvasser selling the Life of Lincoln in nine volumes. His name was such as you would hear paged in a hotel lobby at Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, or Little Rock, Arkansas. It was L. A. Blipp—the L. standing for Leander and the A. standing for Absalom, and Blipp standing for both of them.

The Many Shades of One O. Henry

SUCH, in short, is my hero—a man with a plain eye and an ear such as no stranger would pick in a crowd; and up until a few minutes ago, when I started this story, nothing had ever happened to him except being born, et cetera. He was a composite photograph of Jack Robinson, John Doe and the late Solomon Grundy. He was one in a thousand—the last one. His life, from A to Z, was an open book—only you would not have opened it. I started to say from Alpha to Omega instead of A to Z, as sounding classier and classical, but desisted from so doing for fear the editor might accuse me of trying to slip in a free reading notice for family foodstuffs and household urgents.

N. B.—If the preceding paragraph is omitted upon publication the reader may know that I was accused anyhow!

Enter now the other or female half of the sketch. She is of the elect of the universe. She has done things. She is the sole author of two successful problem novels and a salad dressing, and collaborator in a popular divorce. Suit yourself—she is either a ravishing blonde or a soulful brunette with sloe eyes—s-l-o-e, not s-l-o-w. Tastes differ in these matters, and last year's blonde is this year's brunette. Speaking calmly and dispassionately, I will merely state that she is a strong combination of Desdemona, the original smothered chicken, Helen of Troy—New York or Greece—and the kind of girl drawn by Mr. C. D. Gibson, author of the noted shirtwaist.

She, too, came from elsewhere. She came from Dowagiac—if you cannot pronounce Dowagiac make it Ypsilanti, or any of those other Michigan towns that have casting tackle named for them. But when the action of this story starts she is seated in a Broadway restaurant at

She is the Sole Author of Two Successful Problem Novels and a Salad Dressing

6:15 P. M. of a summer day, just as the well-known sun is sinking, according to custom and the almanac, in the esteemed West. And she is engaged in consuming a light repast of the fruits of the season, consisting of one olive out of a Bronx and one cherry out of a dry Manhattan. Students of civic conditions may draw a lesson from the fact that Chicago has a fire named after it, while the provinces of New York are perpetuated in cocktails. Making two sips of the cherry, she raises her light or dark eyes, as the case may be; and approaching her she sees ——

But why should I continue to quote further along this strain? If you are a regular reader of the fiction of the hour you must know, ere you have got this far, that you have encountered the latest brainchild of some one or another of the forty thousand bright, observant young men—and women—in this country upon whom the mantle of O. Henry descended. As mantles go, this is one of the roomiest and most commodious mantles we have. There are forty thousand of them under it now and there is room for forty thousand more. Ever since O. Henry died the crop of O.-Henryized stories is the one crop that has never failed us. Were I a critic of literature, I would say O. Henry himself was a solitary leviathan of the vasty deeps, while the subsequent sharers of the mantle run in schools and spawn close to shore. And before changing the subject I might also say that it seemed to me that too strong an admixture of the O. H. essence was likely to result in a decided preponderance of H_2O which, as any chemist will tell you, means something decidedly thin and waterish.

But who am I that I should say these things? I am no critic of literature. That is a vocation for other and weightier intellects than mine. There are several things that I know about, but literature is not one of them. I know, for example, that the Civil War was partly brought on by slavery, and partly by secession and partly by a Yankee who came South in the julep season of 1860 and insisted on crushing the mint. I know why a hen lays one egg and cackles an hour, and a shad lays a couple of hundred thousand and never says a word about it! I know why the robins go South in the fall and the ballplayers in the spring, and why it used to be that a boy with a John Henry face and a Plain Bub figure was always christened a fancy name and condemned to wear those Little Short Pantaleroy clothes. These are—all of them—puzzles of natural and profane history, to the solving of which I have given years of study; but I am not so well up on literature.

I judge this is the result of my early training—or the lack of it. Yet in the days of my youth every effort was made to give me a correct taste in reading and to ballast my mind with the right kind of books. I guess, though, the foundations were too heavy for the top structure—they were beginning to pull it out of plumb and make it sag down at one end, like a fireman's hat. As soon as I had outgrown the Sunday-school style of books, kind adult friends took me in hand and undertook to start me upon the proper course in these matters. They recommended to me a course of reading that not one of them would have waded through himself—not if you paid him day wages, he wouldn't! But they were willing that I, who had never done them any harm, should sweat and suffer over Gibbon's Rome, while in my secret soul I fairly ached to know whether Long John Silver got the treasure and what became of Ben Gunn, and how the fight at the stockade turned out. There are some books that are meant to be read and others that are meant to be recommended to others to read; I had a long line of the last-named goods wished on me. I reckon nearly every growing boy passes through this heartrending experience.

In a Presidential Year Nature as Well as Man Becomes Literary

I recall distinctly how it was in my own case. As I was saying just now, I had outgrown the Sunday-school style of juvenile reading. There was a Sunday-school superintendent—a tall, pale, willowy, earnest young man, with a voice that was about three fathoms too deep for a person of his dimensions, and an infuriated Adam's apple that was forever trying to beat his brains out; and this Sunday-school superintendent had a way of patting you on the head and then conferring upon you little books of a dark blue and dismal aspect—books that had woodcut illustrations in them, which were apparently put there to divert attention from the other contents and keep people from saying the story was the worst thing in the book.

He likewise was much given to conversation. When he started talking he didn't know when to stop and nobody else knew when he would either. He had one of those mouths that you could start running and go away for an hour or two hours and come back and find it still going. I always considered the story of David and Goliath a middling good, exciting story until once when he told it to my class with interpolations of his own, which took him—and us—all over Asia Minor on a hot day. The Roman augurs, we are told, used to laugh in each other's face when they met in the forum, but this Sunday-school superintendent of ours never laughed—thus, I take it, illustrating one of the main differences between an augur and a bore. He was serious until it was painful. It was an open question with me which I hated most—his pats upon the head or his little blue books or his Sunday morning talks to the young, all of them being cursed with a sameness which was maddening.

I View the Remains of the Classics

FINALLY, though, I emancipated myself from these afflictions; and then, just about the time I began whitewashing fences with Tom Sawyer and being cast away on desert islands with R. Crusoe, a flinty-hearted grown person came along and saddened my young life with a list of the books I ought to read right off, unless I wanted to be a literary ignoramus and have the finger of scorn pointed at me.

I believed it too. Probably you believed it when the same thing happened to you. You were callow and trusting; and you took the list he gave you and you went to the public library, and the librarian unlocked the morgue department and toted out a lot of moldering remains, and you tottered homeward under a load of classical corpses that no really humane man would have asked a mule to haul. And then, full of enthusiasm and the ardor of youth, you tackled them; but you weren't equal to the strain—or, anyhow, I wasn't. I had been told that Chaucer and Spenser would sharpen my literary palate, but they only seemed to affect my spelling adversely. I had on hand a large number of volumes, any one of which was excellently adapted for pressing wild flowers or holding a balky door open; but to me they did not seem to be meant for reading purposes. Here I was loading myself to the gunwales with Lord Bacon, when what I really desired to ascertain was whether Huck and Jim got back to the raft that time.

The proverbs of Uncle Remus seemed to appeal to me where the moralizings of an old gentleman named Epictetus fell upon barren soil. Take Sir Izaak Walton now: I was interested in fishing; and I thought maybe, in addition to helping my literary taste, Sir Izaak might give me a few ideas touching on bait; but I never got very far beyond his preface. Right at the outset of his preface I found this remark: "As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler"; and I remarked to myself that this seemed to be pretty good doctrine. But only a little farther along—mind you, in the very first chapter—I struck this one: "Angling is something like poetry—men are to be born so." And to myself I said: "This is no proper authority for me to follow—this person changes his mind too often. He's liable to tell me in one line that chicken liver is the correct thing for channel cats, and in the next line say that a catfish wouldn't take liver if you threw in trading stamps! I will now slip Sir Izaak into the discard." And I did it and fell back on Old Cap Collier, and in the very first chapter I ran into a situation that thrilled me clear down to the taproot of my being.

Oh, gosh!—those Sunday afternoons in the summertime, when the dusty street drowsed in the heat and the only

sounds that came in at the window were the remarks of a katydid correcting gossip in regard to herself, and the creak-creak-cre-e-e-ak of warped hickory as my little sister sat in a wooden swing letting the cat die. Swinging in a swing was the only form of play permitted to the children of a strict Presbyterian household on a Sunday afternoon in those times; but if you swung too hard it became sinful and somebody made you stop it.

On our street the families were mainly of Scotch descent; not the Highland Scotch—those fascinating persons who dressed up like plaid pen-wipers with their knees outdoors, and played The Campbells are Coming on a hot-water bag with fishing canes stuck in it, and followed the fortune of Bonnie Prince Charley until he ran out of that commodity—but the genuine blue-stockinged Lowlander type; and we were reared to believe that The Other Place was located due south and was a red-hot place full of flames and smells like somebody cooking ham, where the first deputy devil came in at breakfast-time wearing hoofs and horns and a napkin over his arm and leaned upon the chair of Old Nick and remarked pleasantly: "Good morning, boss; how're you going to have your lost souls this morning—fried on one side or turned over?" And it was impressed upon us that if we were bad we were going there, and more especially if we were bad on a Sunday, which made it look like a mighty slim chance, because no matter what you did on a Sunday it was wrong and you should stop it right away. Even now, every time I hear one of those old-fashioned swings creaking I think of those dear, peaceful Sunday afternoons that were each from two to three weeks long.

I see myself lying on a haircloth sofa that was specially designed for the purpose of stabbing a small boy through a pair of linen pants in four thousand separate and distinct places at once; and I have Locke on the Human Understanding, in one volume, balanced upon my stomach; and I am trying to keep awake and am being assisted in doing so by an argus-eyed female relative who believed the young of the race should remain quiet of a Sunday afternoon and improve the mind by substantial reading. She was more than argus-eyed merely—when it came to having that kind of an eye she had old Argus the First looking like a cross between a mine mule and a Mammoth Cave fish. And just about the time the lines upon the printed page began to run together and the horsehairs in the sofa began to lose their edge she would come and stir me up briskly before I had quite forgotten my troubles.

Prescriptions for Popular Authors

IT WAS then and there I made up my mind that no person should be required to read the works of the great master minds of the English-speaking races until he was full grown and his own boss, by which time he would know better—and personally I wish to say that I am still adhering to that resolution.

Perhaps that is why I am not qualified to be a critic of literature, but I know what I want in reading matter. I merely ask that the authors shall stick to the original prescriptions; and in justice to them I would state that thus far very few of them have disappointed me. There is the Southern war-time novel now—a pronounced favorite of mine when done according to the regular formula. There must be an old plantation, preferably located in Virginia and now laid waste by the iron hands and feet of war; and the divisional arrangement of heroes and villains must be as follows:

HEROES { Southern—1 / Northern—1

VILLAINS { Northern—1 / Southern—1

With this ground plan to start on, the working out of the plot is comparatively easy to the point where peace descends upon a distracted country, and a Southern girl, whose last name is generally Byrd, though sometimes Peyton or Calvert, is married to a Northern hero. Frequently also a Northern girl is married to a Southern hero—though this last is not demanded absolutely, but may be regarded as optional with the author. Also, there must be an old family servant, called Uncle Claiborne, who declines to accept his freedom and run away with the rest of the slaves, but continues to stick to the old place and furnish a touch of comedy relief for the sad chapters.

To round out the work properly and give it the correct historical finish, there should be an eccentric old maiden aunt specializing in family trees; and an Irish sergeant of the Union forces who is a diamond in the rough; and, as a foil to him, a Confederate corporal who refers to everybody as "you-all" and has a sallow complexion; and of course there must be a distant cousin of the family named Lieutenant Cary Somebody, who has black hair and eyes and seems to be sort of low in his mind; and it is customary for him to be wounded about the middle of the book and die after lingering painfully for about two chapters and a half.

If, instead of Virginia, the scene is laid in Kentucky, at least two Breckinridges and one Clay, or two Clays and one Breckinridge, are required to provide the right local color; and if it is South Carolina a few Huguenot names should be sprinkled in here and there, while if it is Louisiana there must be some Creole types.

To afford me the greatest amount of satisfaction, a typical Western story should be written by a young gentleman who has resided all his life in Brooklyn, New York. I have noticed that the Western fiction writers of the Brooklyn school seem to endow their cowboy heroes with a more fascinating gift of persiflage, and make them quicker at drawing their forty-fours, and cause them to show a much deeper contempt for Eastern people and Eastern things than is the case when a Western-born or Western-reared author is writing the story.

Similarly I prefer that my stories of New York newspaper life should be written by invalid maiden ladies residing in small towns in Northern Vermont, as indeed I judge most of them are; and I insist that they shall

Locke on the Human Understanding Upon My Stomach

follow the correct and orthodox lines—to wit: That there shall be a crab of a city editor, nasty and mean, who hates all the rest of the world and lives only for the paper; and a supercilious, highly superior star reporter who rolls his own cigarettes and puts his legs up on his desk and despises beginners in the business; and finally a scared, shrinking, green but brilliant young cub reporter who goes forth at eventide and, single-handed, turns up the biggest scoop of the year—and then he comes staggering in, barely half an hour before press-time, when the city room is in an uproar and the star has fallen down on his talented face and the old bear of a city editor is storming in despair because the paper is about to be beaten, and the cub flings himself down at a typewriter and turns out the greatest story that ever was printed.

Experience in such matters and study of the prevalent customs have taught me, also, that an English novel should start off with a young and timid curate eating strawberries on a lawn with somebody; and at an early stage there should be introduced a maidservant answering to the name of Dawson or Meadows, and an elderly housekeeper in a rustling black silk gown. If the gown is not of black silk, and if it fails to rustle, this person is an impostor. However, to date, it always has rustled in the desired manner.

These old favorites have never failed me yet; but if they ever do I can always turn to a story by one of the forty thousand bright young people upon whom the mantle of O. Henry has smotheringly descended.

An English Novel Should Start Off With a Young and Timid Curate

Traveling Saleswomen

"WOMEN buyers are usually very good to women drummers. One day I was in a store when a woman of about sixty entered. She was handling hooks and eyes, and just to help her out the buyer ordered ever so much more than she needed, arranging it in lots to be sent three months apart. She helped the old woman make out the shipping ticket, and when it was all done and it was found that no carbon had been used she let the saleswoman take the ticket to the hotel and send a copy the next day. She listened to the old woman's talk of the nice dress she used to have to travel in that 'wasn't no account no more,' and of the merchants that 'all honor me in some ways with orders.' The buyer told her where she could buy a coat for five dollars that would look nice during the four months of her work, and then she examined the pictures of the house the woman had bought out of her hook-and-eye savings.

Illustrating One of the Main Differences Between an Auger and a Bore

"The merchants are often terribly hard to move. Of course it's natural for a drummer to think her line is the best going, and prejudice in that case is a good thing. But there are old stick-in-the-mud storekeepers who get to handling a certain kind of goods and think they can't take anything else. They will say they have bought when they haven't, or that they are buying from a friend, or that they have an old house they want to stick by. I hear it said that merchants want to know of good prospects. I find a good many of them as hard to convince as if I were selling them their coffins and shrouds. Sometimes they are very hard on you if you make a mistake, and won't accept any smoothing over. Often they don't like you to deal with other houses in town. Again they are very kind."

Only Seven Years of Service

"ONE reason I make good with my firm is that I never forget that the salesman makes the house. For example, sometimes I go on a Saturday into a store that has dealt with us. Now Saturday is usually a good business day for town stores on account of people coming from the country. Generally I do a good business myself if I don't interrupt my patrons, but come in when they are ready to close up, when they are in good humor over what they have taken in. I never forget that a man's store is for his business and that his business is more important to him than I am. But if I go into that store and find that the merchant is off looking at a baseball game, why, I generally write a letter to the credit man about it. If I find a merchant has a reputation for cancellations I put that in my letter too. Then the house will get its warning and can ship the goods before the cancellation comes, and if the house is slow then I can't be blamed. I feel sorry for a person that works with a fool firm that doesn't keep her posted about what is going on in her territory, that doesn't tell of mail orders that come in, or that has a credit man who turns down an order that is all right.

"It's a hard life. My reward comes at the end of my week, when I can go to my home folks with the feeling that I am so many dollars to the good."

There are rewards for the woman drummer. It is a triumph to have a man who has said he would look, but would not buy, relent and hand in an order. It is also a satisfaction to go to a town where one knows a merchant is keeping an order for one. But it is a question whether these rewards, which are chiefly those of the spirit, are commensurate with the struggle and atone for the moderate financial rewards, for the wear and tear of the life, and for the hard surface that the traveling woman sometimes acquires. The life is much harder than that of a trained nurse, who is generally supposed to be in one of the most difficult professions. Six or seven years on the road generally tire out a woman. Few houses care to keep her longer.

Women do their work well and like it while they are at it, but at heart nearly every woman is glad to leave it, especially if she leaves it for a home of her own. It is scarcely the kind of man's work that can be made over into woman's work, in spite of the vote. There are only a few hundred women at work now on the road, and their number seems to be decreasing. Doubtless it is a profession in which women will always be represented, because there are those of the sex who have the impulse—and also the right—to be pioneers. But, on the whole, salesmanship for women seems to be a diminishing profession.

The Adventures of Anastasius

What Happened to Wangas—By G. Sidney Paternoster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

FOR a week Anastasius Yorke had hardly been near the offices of Messrs. Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington. Moya and the five young ladies who addressed her as "Miss Marston" had the place to themselves, and it was with the utmost difficulty that sufficient work could be found to give the staff even the appearance of being employed. Moya was at her w.ts' end to find them jobs. Nor was that her only trouble. Each day as it came brought with it a stream of complaining clients. The burden of their complaint centered in the one word Wangas. Moya grew sick to death of the very sound of the word Wangas.

She did not mind it on Monday; on Tuesday she thought it was not a pleasant-sounding word; on Wednesday she felt inclined to scream when she heard it; on Thursday she felt that when she died Wangas would be found engraved on her heart; Friday she passed in a sort of dream-state, consisting of a mist of Wangas, and on Saturday she declared that she could stand it no longer and gave Anastasius notice that he must find another confidential secretary.

She had already remonstrated twice. On Wednesday, when he came in for ten minutes before luncheon time, she had remarked that it was hardly fair that she should be left to interview all the firm s "squeakers." This elegant term, it may be remarked, had been adopted by Miss Marston herself from a reflection made by Anastasius when going over the firm's ledgers with her.

"The unanimity with which the clients of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington lose their money is remarkable," he had said; "and it says much for the sheeplike nature of mankind. It may interest you to note, Miss Marston, that they are definitely divisible into two classes—those who squeak when they lose their money and those who don't."

To Moya's complaint on the Wednesday that the squeaks of the squeakers were becoming monotonous Anastasius had merely replied: "Tell them they ought to be thankful they have not lost more!"

When on Friday morning she had reiterated her complaint more forcibly Anastasius had caught up his hat and remarked that she might tell them that avarice was a despicable vice and hope the most easily attained virtue. Then he vanished for the rest of the day.

On Saturday morning Anastasius did not put in an appearance until ten minutes to one and the squeaks of no less than seventeen disappointed clients were ringing in Moya's ears when she responded to the summons of Anastasius' bell. Not, however, until she had paid the weekly wages of the five typists and had sent them off to catch their trains and busses to their suburban homes did she return to the room labeled with the name of Mr. Washington.

She marched in with her head in the air, a becoming little flush 'n her cheeks, a sparkle in her brown eyes and her two little hands clenched into two little fists. Anastasius, noting these signals of disturbance, smiled serenely and swept back his overhanging lock of black hair.

"Well," he said, "I hope you have enjoyed the easy week I have given you."

Moya's eyes flashed.

"Easy week!" she answered hotly. "Never, never, never will I spend another week in the office of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington! I've had enough of it for a long time, but this week is just about the limit!"

"Why, what's the matter, Moya? Surely ——"

He was not allowed to proceed farther.

"Don't 'Moya' me!" snapped Miss Marston. "I've had enough of it; and you needn't think that because you're good-looking you can twist me round your little finger. No; I'm not going to be left here to do all your dirty work. I've made up my mind. As if you don't know what's the matter! Of course you didn't know that every blessed client that you persuaded to buy Wangas would be coming to the office to tell you that you had swindled them! Of course you haven't stopped away so that you shouldn't have to face them! Oh, no—of course not!"

"I am glad, Miss Marston," replied Anastasius gravely, "that you have correctly apprehended my motives in remaining away from the offices, and therefore I fail to understand the meaning of this little outburst."

"Of course you would," replied Moya, growing more angry every moment; "but if you think you can bamboozle me any longer—well, you are jolly well mistaken—that's all. I am sick of the place, and when I leave today I'll never set foot in the office again. Never! Never!" A stamp of the foot emphasized each of the final assertions.

Anastasius had assumed an expression of pained surprise, but there was no trace of hesitation in his voice as he answered: "If that is your fixed determination, Miss Marston, I shall, of course, make no attempt to alter it. I can only express my regret at losing your services and I trust you will accept"—he opened a cashbox at his elbow and took from it two five-pound notes, which he pushed across the table to the angry girl—"this trifling honorarium as a mark of my appreciation."

Moya looked at the notes and pushed them away. The sparkle in her eyes was dimmed with rising tears.

"I—I think you are v-v-very unkind!" she sobbed.

Anastasius rose from his chair. Moya's eyes were too full of tears to note that he was smiling, but his voice was very sympathetic and eminently consoling as he patted her on the shoulder and remarked: "There, there, little woman! Dry your eyes. We are not going to quarrel because I have left you to face a nasty bit of business by yourself. Don't you think I would have willingly taken it on myself if I hadn't had something more important on hand? Come—cheer up, Moya, and we will go and have a bit of lunch together. I promise you that you shall not have to face the squeakers alone ever again."

He Scribbled Furiously

Moya smiled, April-like, through her tears.

"I should—shouldn't mind the squeakers so much if—if what they said didn't seem true," she half-sobbed. "You always said you wouldn't do poor people out of their money and some of those who have bought Wangas looked as if they didn't have enough to eat."

Now herein was one distinctive feature in which this particular transaction differed from the majority of the business transactions of Messrs. Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington. For the most part the clients of the firm were people comfortably off in life. They were fools, of course, or they would never have imagined that with an outlay of ten pounds, or twenty or fifty, they could make a fortune; but those who had been tempted to purchase Wangas were of a different class. It had happened that Anastasius had been persuaded to underwrite the issue of shares in connection with the reconstruction of the Wanga Goldfield Company, Limited. The company was one of Gunthorne's promotions, and Gunthorne—but how Anastasius came to be persuaded to undertake that piece of business is quite another story. Suffice it to say that he found himself landed with twenty-five thousand shares—and what was more natural than that he should desire to get rid of them? At the same time he had no desire to unload upon his regular clients. They were only five-shilling shares. He did not see how he could possibly make a profit out of them, so he determined to issue a circular to a specially compiled list of shareholders of cheap scrip, which he purchased from one of the usual sources.

The circular he issued painted the prospects of Wangas in the most glowing colors, and as a result Anastasius managed to get rid of twenty-two thousand of his holding at par. Within a week of his doing so, however, a cablegram from the mine announced that through a fault the lode had been lost. Wangas promptly dropped to the nominal price of sixpence, and a procession of squeakers made their appearance at the offices of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington.

For some such ultimate result Anastasius was not unprepared, but he had not expected it to follow so swiftly upon the marketing of his holding. Every one of the three or four hundred persons who had put his or her ten, twenty or fifty pounds into the hole in the soil of Rhodesia called the Wanga Gold Mine was under the firm impression that there never had been any gold in it and that Anastasius was aware of the fact when he sold to them.

By itself the fact would not have troubled Anastasius at all. What rankled in his mind was that he was only one degree less foolish than his customers. He himself had been led to believe in Wangas—or, at least, that the promoters of Wangas would have seen the shares go to a substantial premium before allowing the collapse to come. Instead of that, by the merest chance had he been warned in time to save himself from being saddled with sixty-two hundred and fifty pounds' worth of useless paper—the mere chance, that is, of overhearing, while waiting in Gunthorne's office, instructions given to Gunthorne's broker to get rid of Gunthorne's own holding of shares in the company.

Anastasius had promptly acted upon the hint. He had saved himself; but a large number of little tradesmen, clerks, widows and the like had seen their little savings vanish. Anastasius felt that he had been used by Gunthorne to pick the chestnuts out of the fire, and for a whole

"If You Think You Can Bamboozle Me Any Longer—Well, You are Jolly Well Mistaken"

week he had been considering how he could get even with Gunthorne. So though Moya had been bearing the brunt of the complaints Anastasius had been busy in making inquiries which should enable him to bring about the object he had in view.

All this he explained to Moya in the taxi that was taking them westward for the lunch. Moya hardly heard a word of it. Her thoughts were busy with quite another matter. She was regretting that the new hat which had come home on the previous Saturday was reposing in its box instead of decorating her head. Lunch with Anastasius meant a feast in a fashionable restaurant, where ladies' hats gave subject for conversation. The hat she was wearing had done daily duty for two months in the city. It was unfair to her and to her host that she should be at such a disadvantage. She mentioned the trouble to him.

"If you will only drive me home to get the new one——" she pleaded.

"A hat is no small matter nowadays," he replied; "but fortunately it is one that is easily provided."

Their taxi was passing along Regent Street at the time and, as if in obedience to an unspoken command, it pulled up at that very moment outside an establishment into whose windows Moya had often looked longingly.

"Your devotion to duty merits some reward, Miss Marston," said Anastasius. "So far as the hat is concerned I expect you not to go beyond five guineas."

Moya gasped, but she went forward blindly through the doors which swung open at their approach. There is nothing like a milliner's shop to restore a woman's self-confidence, however. She was quite equal to making a selection, and though she regretted two creations which would have unmistakably labeled her as belonging to the chorus of a musical comedy she was quite satisfied at last with the purchase which Anastasius approved.

She squeezed his arm as the girl who had served them took down the address at which to deliver the discarded hat.

"It is perfectly adorable of you!" she murmured.

"There is another thing. You will want a motor bonnet for tomorrow," remarked Anastasius thoughtfully.

"What?" said Moya. She could hardly believe her ears.

The motor bonnet was selected, with a veil to match. Anastasius vouchsafed no explanation, but he paid for them.

"There is one thing more. You will require a motor coat," said Anastasius severely as they passed out of the millinery department.

The shopwalker preceded them deferentially to the fur department. Moya's eyes sparkled with excitement. They sparkled still more when she saw herself reflected in the mirror arrayed in a coat of sealskin.

It became her admirably. Her figure was lithe enough to look well in furs. The color showed up the pallor of her complexion and accentuated the crimson of her lips and the ivory of her teeth.

"I—I can't accept this," she whispered falteringly when Anastasius coolly told the saleswoman that the garment would do.

"Will you keep it on or have it sent home? It is rather chilly today," was all the reply Anastasius made.

Moya kept it on and tried to think that the seventy-five guineas Anastasius paid for it had been earned by her during the past week; but there was a half-frightened look in her eyes as she stepped into the waiting taxi. This sudden interest in her appearance could bear two constructions. One was too good to be true.

Almost the first words Anastasius addressed to her as the taxi moved on proved that neither was the true reason.

"I am taking you for a motor ride tomorrow, Miss Marston, and it will be essential that you should dress the part. Please consider that these clothes are part of your office uniform since it is on office business."

His tone was cool and passionless. Moya hardly knew whether to cry or laugh. Instead she spoke her thoughts with the directness that the fact she was in Anastasius' employment had never curbed.

"I thought you were either going to ask me to marry you or ——" She paused and blushed slightly.

"At the moment," replied Anastasius with preternatural gravity, "I have no intention to ask you to be the head of any sort of establishment, though I must admit you are looking quite pretty enough to tempt any one to do so." His tone changed. "Now, Moya, we will go and get something to eat and I'll finish telling you of my plan for getting even with that beast, Gunthorne."

Moya forgot her doubts and her wishes. After all a new hat, which she knew became her, and a new coat, which an hour previous she would have deemed a transcendent impossibility, were two delightful circumstances which needed to be enjoyed without any reflections. She was quite capable of enjoying them. There was a chilly breeze blowing the dust in eddies from the pavement and she snuggled into the fur and thought how delightful it was to be rich. The squeakers in Old Broad Street seemed very far away as she sailed into a crowded restaurant and noted more than one glance of envy directed to the new garment.

However, Anastasius did not allow her to forget.

"I have heard enough about Wangas all the week," she said when he uttered the word for the fourth time during the pause which came between the removal of the turbot and the arrival of the quail.

"If we succeed tomorrow," said Anastasius, "you shall bless the name instead of curse it."

"It shall not be my fault if we do not succeed," said Moya half an hour later as she sipped her coffee.

Anastasius drove her to the little two-roomed flat in Chelsea which had marked her final emancipation from the thraldom of home. She felt a tremor when she asked him to come in and a flutter of relief when he told the taxi driver to wait. He only remained long enough to remark, before holding out his hand to say goodby, that she had made herself a cozy little nest and that her ideas of decoration reminded him of the primitive woman. Then—it may have been the champagne or it may have been the normal feminine instinct—the goodby was not spoken, though perfectly expressed by her lips—and his.

There is Nothing Like a Milliner's Shop to Restore a Woman's Self-Confidence

Nevertheless, Anastasius departed; and Moya, arranging her hat in the mirror and posing in every possible attitude in which she could get a fresh view of the new coat, was really unable to decide whether she was glad or sorry he had gone. Still there was the consoling thought that there was the whole of Sunday to be spent in his company—and that of a real sealskin coat and a perfect duck of a motor bonnet.

II

THE clock was striking ten when Anastasius arrived at Glamour Street, Chelsea. Moya, watching at the window, did not recognize him in the driver of the smart two-seated car that pulled up at the entrance to the block of flats. The heavy overcoat, the cap dragged down over his ears and the goggles over his eyes effectually disguised him. Besides she had no idea that he either owned or drove a car. She had anticipated that he would arrive as a passenger with a chauffeur to attend to the car and leave the two of them to their own devices in the tonneau. When, therefore, the bell of her front door rang she started to answer it with impatience, fearing lest she should miss Anastasius' arrival. And behold! Anastasius was at the door.

"Ready and waiting!" he said with mock surprise. "Really, Moya, you will destroy all my illusions concerning your sex."

"I suppose you expected to find me in curlers and a dressing gown; but even if you had come an hour ago you wouldn't have had the chance," she answered.

"Next time I'll come an hour earlier and see," he remarked.

"No good; I don't wear them," she replied; "and if I did you don't suppose I should let you in!"

"Wouldn't you?" he asked flippantly.

"Not on your life!" she answered emphatically. "I know a bit too much for that." All the same, however, she blushed a little and turned the conversation with: "Didn't know you drove a car."

"I've had very nearly a week's practice and you are to be my first passenger. Feel nervous?" he said.

Moya glanced at him dubiously.

"Perhaps it might be better if you left the new coat at home this time. If it does get damaged I should not be able to afford you another just yet," he continued gravely.

"Oh, come along! You're always rotting," she answered with a smile which showed her teeth.

"Better tie your veil first," he answered. He watched her critically as she went to the glass and arranged the folds over the bonnet.

"No; that's not the way," he said when she turned to him for inspection. He went to her, untied the bow under her chin, rearranged the folds and retied the ends. All the while she looked up into his face with a provocative glance in her eyes and a pout on her lips that might have tempted Saint Anthony to temporary forgetfulness of his vows. Anastasius merely stepped back to view his handiwork.

"You'll do now," he remarked. "Come along."

Moya stamped her foot on the ground.

"I won't come! I don't want to go in your beastly car," she cried.

Anastasius smiled as he caught her arms and held them in a tight grip.

"Would you have let me in if I had come an hour earlier, Moya?" he asked.

"Of—of course I would," she faltered.

"Then we'll kiss and be friends," said Anastasius—and when the motor veil had been rearranged for the third time it was a very contented young person who went down the stairs and climbed into the vacant seat and, immediately the car moved forward, began to chatter unrestrainedly, heedless of the fact that the replies she received were few and far between.

There was ample reason for her companion's silence. Anastasius had spoken truly when he had said that his knowledge of driving a motor car had been acquired in a week. He was in that stage when traffic is still affrighting and his grip on the wheel was as a drowning man's clutch on a rope; but it was Sunday. Traffic was light; soon the streets were left behind and there was nothing more affrighting than other cars and an occasional tram to be met on the road.

Anastasius let his car go and began to enjoy himself. Moya was perfectly happy. The object of the journey was forgotten. She would not have exchanged places with any duchess in the land.

However, she was to be reminded that their journey had an object. They had reached a little town after being an hour on the road, and Anastasius pulled up outside a door on which was inscribed the announcement that a public telephone was installed within. From her

seat in the car, opposite the open window of the room in which the instrument was fixed, Moya could hear all that Anastasius said.

"Is that Mr. Gunthorne? No? Is he in? Tell him I should like to speak to him. You are Mr. Gunthorne? I am 'phoning for Ropeman. His car has broken down. Yes, it is rotten luck! No; I don't know what's the difficulty. He's having it brought into a garage here and asked me to 'phone you. What's your nearest station? Four miles from your house, is it? Train there at twelve-thirty. Yes; there's plenty of time. Yes; I'm sure he'll be awfully glad if you will meet him. He said it was most important that he should see you today. No; I'm not with him—thanks very much! Only a road acquaintance; but one always likes to help a motorist in distress. I left him a quarter of a mile off. I'll tell him you will meet the train; he will have time to catch it. Yes. Goodby."

Anastasius strolled out of the house, restarted the engine and resumed his seat.

"Well, I've provided for Gunthorne's absence from home for twenty minutes or half an hour," he remarked as the car glided away, "and it now rests with you, Miss Marston, to see that those twenty minutes are not wasted. It's lucky I learned that Ropeman was going to motor down from town to lunch with him today."

Moya did not answer. She remembered the object before them. She was acquainted with details of the scheme which had been born in Anastasius' brain in consequence of a piece of information that had reached him through a clerk in Gunthorne's broker's office. This was merely that Gunthorne, instead of selling Wangas, had been a buyer. Anastasius had endeavored to discover why, but Gunthorne was the sort of man who does not take even his confidential clerk into his confidence. All he had found out was that Gunthorne was in regular receipt of weekly cables in cipher from South Africa, that these usually arrived on Saturday morning, and that Gunthorne took them home with him to decipher.

So much Moya knew—and she knew also that with her assistance Anastasius hoped to get a glance at one of these messages; and though the plan he had conceived for doing so seemed to offer no danger, yet as the time approached for putting it into execution she lost the sense of exhilaration which her new clothes, the new car and the company of Anastasius had produced.

Half an hour flew by. They turned from the highroad, upon which they had been bowling along merrily at thirty miles an hour, into a byroad which led them up into a hilly country. The car took the whole of Anastasius' attention or he would have seen that the color had left his companion's cheeks and that she gripped nervously at the side of the car. As they crawled up a gradient of one in six on their lowest speed a big car met and swept by them.

"Gunthorne's car," muttered Anastasius. "The coast's clear."

They arrived at the crest of the hill and below them, in a little valley, the chimneys and red tiles of a house peeped out from a cluster of sheltering trees.

"Ready, Moya?" asked Anastasius.

Moya tried to answer, but her lips were curiously dry. She would have begged Anastasius to forego his intentions, but the words would not come. The car seemed to be running uncommonly fast, slipping down the winding road at a terrific pace.

Suddenly she saw a white gate a few yards ahead, almost at right angles to their line of approach. She heard the hoot of their horn, though it sounded far away. There was a sudden jar, a grating sound, and as she was jerked forward she gave one scream and fainted.

Exactly two minutes later Moya opened her eyes. She was lying on a fully extended cane lounge-chair in the shade of a veranda. It was into the eyes of Anastasius she looked, but she had forgotten what was expected of her.

"Why—what—where——" She began to question vaguely.

"Feeling better, dear?" he remarked. "No—don't say anything. You will be all right in a moment. There's no serious damage done, though it was a near shave."

His tone brought a faint tinge of color to her cheeks.

The voice of a woman made itself heard.

"She's coming round now. Just take a sip of this, miss, and you'll soon be yourself."

Anastasius lifted her and a glass was held to her lips. She sipped and the spirit seemed to burn her throat. She pushed the glass away.

"Some water, please," she whispered.

Consciousness came back with a rush. There were four persons grouped round her. A man and a woman—evidently a housekeeper and her husband—a maidservant and Anastasius. She remembered what Anastasius had proposed and wondered if this were Gunthorne's home. She was not long left in doubt. Anastasius turned to the maid:

"If you would be so good as to get a glass of water——" The maid disappeared.

"I suppose you could not find me some smelling salts?" The housekeeper vanished. There was only the man left.

"I suppose you couldn't lay your hand on a towel?" Anastasius asked him. He, too, entered the house.

Anastasius turned to Moya. "You did that magnificently," he murmured in her ear; then turning on his heel he stepped into a room through a glazed door which opened on to a comfortable veranda.

Moya watched him. Judged by its litter of male belongings it was evidently a bachelor's room. Close beside the window was a writing table, with a telephone instrument and a few papers upon it. Two paces and Anastasius was at the desk. Moya saw him take up a book and glance at a piece of yellow paper which seemed to serve as a bookmark. He took a notebook and pencil from his pocket and scribbled furiously; then he replaced the paper in the book, laid it down and was bending over her again just as the maidservant returned with the water.

"Got it easier than I anticipated," he murmured. "You can recover now as fast as you like."

Moya sipped gratefully of the glass of water.

When she handed the glass back to the maid she said:

"I have never fainted before. It was very stupid of me. Is the car much damaged?"

"I hope not," replied Anastasius. "I haven't had time to look. You see—you——"

By this time the housekeeper had arrived with the smelling salts and her husband appeared waving a towel.

"If you don't mind my leaving you to these good ladies," said Anastasius, "I will see if there's any damage to the car."

For five minutes Moya was left to the ministrations of the two women; then Anastasius reappeared.

"Nothing worse than a crumpled mudguard and a dent in the bonnet," he explained. "Luckily the brake gripped just when I had thought it must have been broken. I am afraid the gatepost is the chief sufferer."

He turned to the man. "Please explain to your master how sorry I am to have been the unwilling cause of spoiling his paint."

A piece of silver flashed in his fingers and the man touched his hat.

"'Tis a tricky hill for them as isn't used to it," he remarked.

Anastasius turned to the two women.

"I am very grateful to you for your kindness to this young lady."

Each of them smiled. Anastasius was always generous with his tips.

"You are quite sure you are not hurt?" he asked of Moya.

"I feel just a little shaken," she answered, "but—I—I think I shall be all right directly." She had risen and after a faltering step laid her hand on Anastasius' arm.

"If the young lady would like to lie down I am sure the master wouldn't mind," remarked the housekeeper.

With a Pout on Her Lips That Might Have Tempted Saint Anthony

"No; thank you so much," said Moya. She would thankfully have accepted the offer, but she remembered that this was Gunthorne's house and realized that Anastasius wanted to get away. "We shall be late for lunch as it is," she continued.

They went down the path to the gate, where a post bore unmistakable signs of having arrested the progress of their car; but the car was in the middle of the road. A few seconds later and Gunthorne's servants, Gunthorne's gate and Gunthorne's house had vanished entirely round a bend of the road.

Moya lay back and closed her eyes. Anastasius was fully occupied. The road was narrow and winding and he was anxious to put as great a distance between himself and the scene of their adventure as possible. Presently they struck the highroad again. Anastasius pulled up the car and turned to his companion.

"By Jove, Moya," he remarked, "what a superb actress you are! You would have made a fortune behind the footlights."

Her answer surprised him. Instead of the pert rejoinder he had anticipated her mouth drooped at the corners and her eyes grew misty.

"It was not acting," she sobbed. "It was real."

It was then that the philosopher in Anastasius asserted himself.

"To identify oneself thoroughly with the part one has to play is the acme of successful art," he remarked sententiously. Then he added: "I didn't think you were the fainting sort, Moya."

"I'm not," she replied with a trace of her accustomed spirit; "but I was so certain that we were going to run into that gate——"

"Well, we did so most successfully," Anastasius chuckled. "We'll spoil something else of Gunthorne's besides his gate before we've done with him. Meanwhile lunch is our next consideration—and, after that, home and a quiet evening's amusement translating a cipher cablegram."

III

ANASTASIUS was already seated in the seat of Mr. Washington when Moya arrived at the office the next morning. None of the other girls had arrived; and on hearing her footsteps Anastasius came from his own sanctum, put his arm round her waist and waltzed her twice round the office, upsetting three chairs and the tray containing the morning's correspondence, and finally dumped her down in the armchair reserved for visitors.

Moya was in no way displeased by the exuberant welcome, though there was asperity in the voice in which she demanded of her employer whether he had "gone dotty!"

"Not yet," he answered; "but I've found the key to the puzzle, Moya, and with a little more of your assistance we shall cook Gunthorne in his own gravy."

"Sh-h!" said Moya.

With remarkable celerity Anastasius slipped round the office and picked up the recumbent chairs while Moya as swiftly gathered up the scattered correspondence.

"You may bring in the letters," he was saying just as one of the typists entered.

"Certainly, sir," Moya answered demurely as she calmly turned to remove her hat and coat and place them on a peg behind the screen.

When a minute later she entered the room of Mr. Washington, the cloak of seriousness had reënveloped Anastasius. She laid the basket of letters ready to his hand, but he pushed them aside. Before him lay a piece of paper and a little mining manual, of which the girl remembered seeing a copy only the previous day on the desk inside the window of the house with a comfortable veranda.

Anastasius noted her glance rest upon it and remarked: "Lucky for me our friend not only left his cablegram handy but left the key available. Here is the result." He handed Moya a piece of paper.

The girl read: "Developments favorable; expect definite results Tuesday."

"Not much in that," remarked Moya disparagingly.

"With your usual acumen," said Anastasius, brushing back the curl from his forehead, "you have summed up the contents of the bearing of this particular message most accurately; and you are, therefore, in a position to realize all the better that it is Tuesday's cablegram which it will be necessary for me to obtain."

"I'm not going to faint again, either in jest or earnest," replied Moya decisively.

"Nothing could be farther from my intentions," said Anastasius. "I have quite another scheme in view." He leaned back

(Continued on Page 44)

THE BLACK SQUAD

A Tale of Forty Fires—By Richard Matthews Hallet

II

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

They Were Beginning to Undermine Me Below!

THESE eight hours off had swept by me in a flood. The four ensuing would show me time in a backwater. I understood now what my bunkmate had meant by waking up so often. He was husbanding the watch. As I lurched into the pass with my mattress at one bell I collided with him. He was black again; and he, too, had taken off his shirt. He was painfully thin.

"Mornin', mate!" he said. "Only sixty-eight now." His staring eyes beaconed a kind of grim humor.

"I'd lose count if I were you," I said. The sight of all those shirts hanging about recalled to me that I had not hung out my gear to dry. I found it on the deck, a sodden mass, and crawled into it disconsolately. A tall fellow, immensely wide but all bone, was leaning in the doorway.

"She's beginning to be on the nose," he said.

"What's she turning?" shouted James Irving Jones, referring to the revolutions of the screw a minute.

"Sixty-eight," said the fellow in the door. We began to go down, knotting sweatrags and nursing pots of cold tea. The handrail was hot and slimy with the sweat of the watch just gone off. At the entrance to the long pass a single needlelike drop of hot water fell on my head. At the top of the steel ladder I braised my arm on a dusty joint. I began to wake up.

Then I was plunged again into the blinding business of the burndowns. The fires were dirtier than overnight—not quite so hot, but more fruitful of ashes. I was beginning to understand a little better the sinuous vagaries of the barrow and I was rapidly growing more canny in the use of water. It was easier to wheel out a white pyramid of coals and stand the abuse of the man who had to shovel it than to struggle through that frightful trailing envelope of steam. Every time I descended on him with my red and sputtering contribution of fire, this hoary-browed figure with sweat-streaked body gesticulated madly and shouted: "Water!" Then I would be gone again, wondering vaguely what he was going to do about it.

At last these fires, too, were drawn, the ashes cleared and the way ready for the coal. The bunkers no longer ran. There was a cleared space of six feet or so inside both doors and I set to work to fill the barrows, following the injunction of the leading man to "make up my 'eaps." At the fourth barrow it occurred to me to lift my lamp and look up. I saw then that I was working under a frowning, dull-black cliff, studded with gleaming cobs or lumps of the round coal. Even as I watched, one of these fell, grazing my shoulder and bringing up in the barrow with a shocking clamor. A little crawling rill of dust stirred—then a rush of larger coal; then, with a roar, the whole bulk of it sank, glacierlike, spreading, cobs bounding viciously down over the slope of it as the slide progressed. A choking dust filled the bunker—the lamp barely shone; but I had jumped out in time.

"Liverpool trimmer getting in his work, eh?" said my fireman, Harry. I thought that Liverpool must have fallen on evil days. A trimmer went through the pass with a can of ice water. I rushed after him and drank cup after cup.

"That's no good," says Harry. "You want to keep away from that. First thing you know you'll be kicking your length on those plates. Cramps!" He placed his hands under his ribs and shook his head. "Rinse your mouth—don't drink!"

"What's it brought in for?" I yelled. That heavy cold against the roof of my mouth was the keenest sensation I had ever known. My mad impulse was to apply it again and again.

"You'll have to get used to that," he said. "Make up your mind to put down the cup after one drink. You'll be tied up in a knot if you don't."

I went back to the coal. Harry stood at the entrance to the bunker, rolling a cigarette.

"You'll tear yourself to pieces that way," he said. Mine was a simple frenzy of shoveling. "Follow your shovel; sink it in; use your knee; lift it carefully. No waste! And see here—don't worry about these fires. Worry is what kills a trimmer. You shovel—that's all. If there's coal out here I'll put it in. If there isn't—no matter. Take your time! Take your time!"

He put his head into the pass.

"Here comes the medicine," he said. "This'll hearten you." The leading man appeared with a black bottle and a tin cup.

"I thought the days of grog were over!" I said.

"No rum, no steam, is the rule in this climate," said Harry grimly, and took his off. I drank mine and went back to the bunker. The heat and the rum turned the whole place into a conjuration of black magic. These were jinnee whipping the lids off burning caldrons; in these puffs of flame and steam, and these ascensions of black dust, I could descry veiled enormities, shapes that dimly threatened me. I was disembodied and could view this puny figure—myself—desperately striving at the bottom of that remote black mountain of coal with a tiny shovel—thrust—thrust—thrust! I seemed to shovel through eons of time!

"Been eating ashes?" said Jimmy Jones when I went into the forecastle. "I'll send you down some jam next time. Ashes and jam work up well."

He twisted a towel about him and went off to wash, singing that song which began: "A trimmer's life is bold and free!"

The man who had a wife among the third-class passengers had caught a cold; he lay in his bunk and coughed until the steel slats rang. A new trimmer had been taken in from the engine room—a shy, small fellow with brown eyes, soft hands, a split singlet. He had already burned one of his hands and the dust was beginning to poison it. He told me in a low voice that he was afraid the work was too hard for him. He could barely lift a barrow. He was a stowaway.

I washed and looked into the messroom; but I could not eat. The three tables there were littered with strange things—fish and sausages in greasy kits; the frames of chickens and turkeys whose substance was already gone; "cobs" or biscuits, imprinted with black thumbs and palms; and here and there cruel blue tins of marmalade with jagged tops. Villainous black coffee stood cold in a dusty kettle on the floor. The men "back on ashes" were entitled to apply to the galley for a "handrag"—or steak—if they chose to tolerate the impudence of the cook and his remarks on overtime and unionism.

I went, instead, on deck and lay down by the starboard anchor. I was about to go to sleep when a gentleman who had been looking earnestly at this anchor for some minutes suddenly asked me, in a clear, educated, peremptory voice, if they ever cast it. I was about to say that we tied up to one horn or other of the new moon; but, recollecting my duty as servant to the company, I said that when we came to port we cast it in order that the ship might desist from its progress. He then said in businesslike tones that the chain—what appeared of it—had seemed so rusty as to imply disuse; but, of course ——

Somebody was prodding me again. I opened my eyes upon the man who called himself the cook, though all he did was to fetch the food out of the galley and submit to the verbal indignities the veritable cook heaped upon him.

"Dinner!" he said. "Spuds, duff and Tasmanian tiger."

On mention of the tiger I turned to again and slept. I could not, in that state, have undergone another passage with this brute.

Then, despite the increasing heat, the watches began to blend a little one with another and to become more a matter of custom. Even my emaciated bunkmate lost his count and would now and then speak of a watch as not too bad. I found after the first week that two hours' sleep sufficed me for the day; and even in the night watch off I took my turn on deck, with a pipe or two, until four bells. Here we gathered, the wits and the blanks, stretched on the deck or the hatches, coughing a good deal, most of us resoundingly—sometimes pacing up and down in carpet slippers, lowly trimmer and masterful fireman alike.

We had a great contempt for the passengers, who were of no use to us except when they were seasick—which put us in chicken. We used to speak of going down and giving 'em a ride. Sometimes there would be a group of us gazing through a certain door with a heavy lattice which stood at the end of the corridor leading into the first-class saloon. This corridor was as incredibly clean and lustrous as a new collar in the hands of a salesman. The dark, shining round of a newel-post was all we could see of the stairway; but there rose here nightly a tide of grandeur and gayety beyond compare—ladies in flashing toilettes; precise gentlemen, bowed in thought, silent of tread, creased and elegant, and delicately holding cigarettes; perhaps smiling at subtleties or proffering civilities to the women with some refined movement of the hand—and, hovering without, those gaunt, white faces, the eyes staring from beneath blackened lids! The comment was mostly cynical—not always decent; but sometimes, too, I have heard a thought simply expressed of how mere flesh and blood could take these widely different roads. One night somebody said it was like looking into a cage; and a bitter voice was heard to ask which side of the door was the inside of the cage—a question, I fancy, difficult to answer. So we lingered there; and the music of the voices came through the lattice, and the flash of gowns, and fragrance, and the laughter of the women going down into the ballroom.

It was, I think, the morning after we left the port of Colombo, in Ceylon, that the twelve-to-four watch came straggling up with the information that she was unequivocally on the nose at last. There was something wrong with the ventilators aft. Telephoning to the bridge had done no good. Cursing had done no good. We were in for a hot watch.

The ventilators aft—this was my watch aft! It was plain I should not have to rely on hearsay. I was to know soon enough in my own person.

The after stokehold registered 120 degrees Fahrenheit before we opened a fire. Six of the sixteen fires fronting on this hole were burndowns. Not a breath came out of the ventilators; the steady glow of the place put an instant pressure at the base of the brain. The doors of four burndowns were opened simultaneously and the work began. The heat that poured out of those furnaces had no exit,

no allay; we could feel the temperature inexorably mounting. Through gusts of flame I could see those set faces and desperately plunging rakes—pulling out the dead side of the fire, twisting the hottest of the coals over, grappling with the other side. The handles of the barrows seemed red-hot; the cheeks of the boilers as I passed between them shriveled me. My injured leg stabbed me at every step. The noise in my ears grew to a mighty murmur. I passed the tank of ice water, dropped my barrow and drank desperately, cup on cup—in the teeth of what I would have known in a sane moment to be a fatal risk. The ashes seemed to have no end. The men shoveling were walled up in them and worked on, with the red light glowing on their goblin bodies. The rakes plunged endlessly. Now and again a fireman dropped his rake to shovel, first dipping the handle of the shovel in water—for nothing will poison a cracked palm quicker than the sweat of other hands. Then again the rake, a new outpouring of ashes—and always that insidious and gnawing heat!

This seemed to go on through the whole circle of time and was like one's final establishment in a literal hell! But the fires were cleaned—by sheer persistence and blind shovels they were cleaned; and I found myself, burnt, sodden, with spent lungs, in one of the forward holds, under a ventilator that gave down the faintest possible breath of wind. There were half a dozen of us there from the afterhold, arms upraised, black fists gripping the dusty smokebox chains that hung against the boxhead. Somebody kept yelling monotonously up that sooty aperture. He wanted to tell them to turn the ventilator on the wind, but his lips were dry and the words meaningless.

James Irving Jones was smiling faintly. An ugly red blister had appeared under one of his eyes.

"This is a life for a man -eh, lad?" he said. "Let's get a job as hot-cross-bun-makers—work one day a year, you know! Pull up there, Walt—that's no good. Steady on!" He paused and gazed at me solemnly. "I once knew a trimmer who got squashed between two barrows," he said. "D'ye know what came out of him? Ashes!" It is all in the tradition for a fireman to rag his trimmer.

"Ain't there anybody cries
When the little trimmer dies?"

said a voice.

"Nobody!" said Jimmy Jones compassionately. "We shovel him in, barrow and all. Gaw blí' me!" he cried, catching sight, apparently for the first time, of the little trimmer with brown eyes, who crouched on a big cob, nursing his poisoned hand. "Is this a trimmer? No? Yes? You don't belong here, son. You come home along of me and I'll get you a job in a tin factory. You can jump through the tin, you know, and make the holes for nutmeg graters."

At this point went the rattle. "Rake aft!" said the iron voice of it, and Jim slung his sweatrag over his shoulder and went aft. As he stooped through the opening to the pass he seized the little fellow roughly by the shoulder.

"What—swanking?" he shouted. "Wheel out the coal!"

The new trimmer ducked hurriedly into his bunker.

"A bit of sympathy and they're gone!" said Jim to me. "You let one of 'em get to thinkin' himself over and you've got to carry him to the deck."

It was then that Sandy cornered me.

"New job," he said hurriedly. "Coal in the steel decks that's got to be worked out. Get a lamp."

I got a lamp. He preceded me up a burning-hot steel ladder on the port side of the after stokehold and in between the boilerside and the bunker partition. Here he bade me hold up my lamp; and I saw an opening in the steel perhaps a foot square, with three steel steps leading up to it and one over it for the handgrip.

"There's a barrow and a shovel in there," he said. "You're to fill this pocket from the gallery to the left. The pocket is right under this hole on the other side. Look out you don't fall into it. And go through quick—that hole is hot!"

That hole was hot—so were the steps leading to it and everything about it! It was too small for me, besides; and while I stuck there it left a lasting remembrance on my leg. Once through, I straddled the hole and reached my lamp in.

First, I examined the pocket. It was about two and a half feet square and appeared to go down clear to the bilge. By tilting the lamp, however, I saw that it slanted somewhat and was in reality about half full of coal. My barrow, with the shovel in it, stood by, and the gallery to the left was about thirty feet away. When I had drawn my barrow over the sill to it I found it about six feet wide. On one side of it the black ribs of the ship came down—on the other, huge wooden beams laden with dust. Down this unprepossessing gallery I trundled my barrow for perhaps a dozen yards; and there, in that remoteness, was the coal. I hung my lamp and began to shovel.

The first barrow had no effect on the pocket at all—that I could see; its dismal capacity seemed quite unimpaired. A second barrow and a third—still no rise. At the fourth I could see that something had been done; but by now the heat had very nearly conquered me. I filled another barrow. In my eagerness to empty it I ran it into a raised plate and overturned it a yard short of the pocket. I used expressions I had never used before—expressions that it amazed me to find I had by me at all. I banged the shovel against the ribs of the ship and shrieked into the pocket. And even as I leaned into it I heard a heavy rasp from its depths and a black column of dust rose out of it. They were beginning to undermine me below!

I thrust such coal as I had spilt out of my barrow into that damnable cavity. It was as nothing. I picked up the barrow and stumbled with it back into the bunker. I had barely strength to get it over the slight obstruction the sill afforded.

"This is the last barrow!" I thought to myself. "I've got to get out of this!"

What I breathed seemed to crowd into my lungs like hot lead. Nicely speaking, there was no air in there at all. In proof of this my lamp went out. It did not flicker out! God knows there was no random draft in there to account for its extinguishment. It dwindled, sank and died, though it was full of oil. There was not oxygen enough to feed it! My matches were wet with sweat; I struck twenty before I could get a light—I counted them. Then I pulled out a length of wick, soaked it well and lit it. From counting barrows, I began to count the strokes of my shovel. Suddenly I hit a bolt or rivet in the floor, shattering my wrist against the stopped shovel. I bawled something into the growing blackness and struck into the coal again. Again a rivet. A third stroke and a fourth. Some bolted trapdoor was evidently laid over the plates at this point.

I began to curse the ship and the maker of it, and the driver of these bolts. I stood perfectly still, and I could feel the sweat rilling all over me. My heart fell against my ribs like a ram and became confused with the huger and steadier hum of the engines. I bent down again and began—putting a kind of furious constraint upon my movements—to work down and tease away small shovelfuls of this reluctant dust. I heaped the barrow high, with an extreme and, as it were, spiteful conscientiousness. I wanted to show my defiance of this hateful conspiracy of things in general. I lifted the full barrow and proceeded toward the pocket. The sill stopped me. I seized the barrow by the guard round the wheel and tugged it over. I resumed the handles, but a mist was coming over things and the light was fading out again. I reached the pocket;

"Wot's a Pore Stoker to Do With Boat Stations, Mate? We 'aven't Split Yet, Any'ow"

but if I had then tilted up my barrow I should not have had strength to keep it out of the chute. I therefore wheeled it broadside on and overturned it.

At this moment the lamp died again. I stood up, plunged my shoulders through that hot, square opening, grasped the hot rail outside, pulled myself out and stumbled somehow down that long scorching steel ladder into the comparative arctic of the afterhold, with its sixteen fires and its 120 degrees Fahrenheit. They had just "pitched" or fired—down there; and I had perhaps fifteen minutes in which to live again before returning to my bunker.

The reason for the failure of the after ventilators had now somehow got abroad. The first-class passengers had demanded a canvas to be raised—whether or no to screen them from the vulgar, I cannot say. Suffice it that this canvas, all innocently demanded, served, besides its purpose, to block the wind from those precious openings of ours—at least, when the wind was in this quarter. And so, through those same openings, we sent up our respective and quite frightful opinions of the first-class passengers.

I broke mine off to reinsert myself into that square opening which led into my pocket. I set myself a limit of six barrows; and, with the work so marked out and rid of the deep discouragement of the empty pocket itself, I made it six without a break. Six by six, in that vitiated pocket, with the light failing me every second barrow, I dragged out the watch. The coal roared into the chute and went rasping into the fires, roaring again; and so the steam held to its mark, and the shaft turned, and the ship plowed on—and what more could all those good people up there want?

Yet they did want more. They talked with the younger officers, who would explain how very far below the stokers were and how hot it was down there and generally trying; whereupon several of the bolder ladies would form a hot-and-cold resolve to go down for just one peep, and make up a group; and their particular young sixth or seventh officer—or engineer—would lead them down through the engine room into his boasted inferno; so that all at once a horrified fireman, turning to throw his rake on the plates, would find a lady behind him under a flowery hat. And she would gaze at him with so interested and speculative an air that once, on one of these occasions, James Irving Jones was heard to murmur—though I trust, for his chivalry, not by the lady herself: "Yes, ma'am; we're fed at eight o'clock." Once a clergyman came down very inopportunely. Jimmy Jones was pitching a blower—that is, he was putting coal into a box whose tubes were choked, so that the flame, unable to make any other escape, lunged out viciously through the open door with each shovelful. Jimmy never left shoveling, but he began upon a sea-oath that was as long as his personal history, and even something, I think, more lurid. It was ingeniously, incredibly blasphemous; and the turns it took carried him triumphantly to the conclusion of the pitch. The poor cleric had stood through it all, trying to view the scene objectively and painfully desirous of not touching his elbows to the smutty boxhead. He was helped out of the hold perspiring a good deal, sad-eyed and a little smutted after all; and that night—I have it upon good authority—he remarked to the captain that the men in the holds swore terribly. The captain replied that the job was such that well-regulated angels could not be asked to undertake it.

"And you can't threaten these men with hellfire," he continued. "They won't burn—and they know it!"

Somehow I fancy there is more fire in that good preacher's sermons now than once!

Aside from these bold passengers no one ever came into the holds except the boiler-maker, his fat person arrayed in complete khaki; the second engineer, Nobby or Knobby, I cannot say which; and finally that august and self-treasured personality to whom we alluded as "the old chief." The boiler-maker was good-natured, appearing to have nothing on his mind at all, though he was the reputed head of the stokehold forces. He repeated his orders many times in a loud, cheery voice, rubbing his hands, moving his lamp about and closing down bunker doors. It was his duty to estimate the coal—to protect it, so to speak, from the unthinking voracity of trimmers, with their brains composed of ashes. He tolerated chaffing, even from the lowliest of the men.

The second engineer was a man with loose-hung arms; a fiery, protruding eye; an incisive tongue; and an inexorable instinct for a Liverpool fire.

"There's why you don't get your steam, you farmer!" he would shout to Sandy, stopping, let us say, opposite the operations of Liverpool Dick. "Put a rake into that!" Sandy would plunge in a rake, and disclose woful hollows to the rear of poor Dick's fires, poor Dick meanwhile standing by, rolling in

voluble excuses. Nobby would lean in, the white light gleaming awfully on his projecting eye and thin, tyrannizing nose.

"What's that?" he would explode. "Nothing? It's going out. What have we here? A piece of wood. Throw it on! Throw it on! Keep it going somehow—eh?"

And Liverpool, with a shrug to show how completely he is undone, thrusts in the wood and slams the door sulkily.

Words fail me to describe the visits of the old chief. His appearances were seldom, but of unmeasured significance. He was portly, mild, inquisitive, a good listener. He waxed his mustache. He never lost his temper. Once only I remember him to have offered a suggestion. He requested a fireman not to put in any more of the wet coal. This fireman had not seen him; and, without looking back, he said, "Who the hell are you talking to?" continuing to shovel in the wet coal all the while.

"I'm talking to you," said the old chief composedly. He made every allowance.

He carried with him, in a black cylindrical case, an electric light that came on at the pressure of a button. Armed with this, he made a kind of progress through the holds and bunkers and between the boilers. The second, in close attendance, took up his civil questions and roared them forth again. The old chief would turn his light calmly, without speaking, upon a barrow of ashes, drawing conclusions for himself; and under this moment of illumination these ashes, which had seemed mere dross and formless waste, became all at once typical, characteristic somehow of some precise phase of the infernal process. The trimmers would stop shoveling to stare at them stupidly. After a time his square, heavy shoes would go up the ladder in the forward hold; we would see the soles of them put down carefully on the double steel rounds.

"That's the job for you," somebody would say, "pushing that little button!"

"Yes, but he's got a lot on his mind."

"More on his stomach!"

During the whole run from Colombo to Port Said the ship was on the nose. The dreaded afterhold breathed on us like some ancient dragon—and was the worse for the two trimmers here, by their having eight fires to supply apiece instead of four. The holds were, of course, taken in rotation, by both firemen and trimmers. After three watches the steel decks, of which I have written, were empty and scraped clean of coal. Every ounce of it was gone. We had pounded it out from behind the steel rungs of side ladders and smashed it down through the sooty slats athwart the ribs—sweeping it all—down to the last black atom of it—into that resounding, dust-spouting, insatiable pocket. There were now three sets of the eights too. The little brown-eyed trimmer's hand was in a sad, snow-white bundle; he was laid up by the doctor, and lay in his bunk reading Oliver Twist and submitting to be called a passenger by Jimmy Jones. "Give him his tea—tuck him in there, some of you. Give him anything he asks for. Come on; we're going down and give him a ride. Any last requests, Tom, boy?"

A sick man on a ship will always have short shrift. Let him take to his bunk and the cruel suspicion of malingering is alert at once against him, pressing in on him from every side. He must bear not only the physical pain, but a sense of having lost favor in the eyes of his shipmates. He worries and endeavors to put the thing to proof. He must show that he is on his last legs. Failing in this, he will force himself to go reeling down to work when he can scarcely stand, to lighten him of his infamous reputation as a "swanker." He may never lay up at all; may never see the doctor—"go aft to the quack"; may not open his lips upon his trouble, so that his mates are surprised when he comes crashing to the plates some hot watch, the solid barrier of will swept away in physical collapse. Laying up is tolerable to a seaman only when the infirmity is shockingly visible. And for an ill man to go, watch after watch, into those smoking holds is not a pleasant exercise in self-control.

As the firemen become known in the engine room for what they are, through the water they take when operating single boilers, so they become known to trimmers by the amount of coal they shovel. Liverpool Dick was the favorite among them all; for he boasted—and made good his boast—that he pitched but twice a watch. The second stormed at him—but what matter! The second knew

(Continued on Page 32)

SILVERSIDE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

His Curious Escort Surrounding Him Like the Bodyguard of Some High Lord of the Sea

IX

THE fragment of the wreck to which Silverside and I were clinging had evidently been fetched up by something, and was rising and falling sluggishly on the swell that came from the wash over the reef. Perhaps, as Silverside suggested, a bight of wire shroud had looped itself over some projecting mass of coral. More probably, I thought, we were anchored by the sunk forward fragment to which we were still attached by wreckage. At any rate, there we lay about halfway between the reef and the beach, which looked to be about three-quarters of a mile away.

As it was, we were still outside the atoll itself. The formation of the island appeared to have been the result of three successive volcanoes—the first by far the largest; and the rim of this early crater was represented by the outer reefs. The second formed what was now the true atoll and might be described as a small letter O slightly impinging on a larger letter O, so that the cavity of the first connected with that of the second. The third volcano, the smallest of the three, rose to a considerable height back of the atoll, its crater resembling, as I have already remarked, the stump of an old tooth or, better yet, a barnacle.

Inshore from us the beach described a great, sweeping curve to meet the reefs at either extremity; but this curve was broken a mile or so to the eastward by the opening into the atoll, which, as one could see, was not far back of the beach, straight in from where we lay. Landing at the nearest point, it would be but a short walk across to the lagoon. Silverside pointed this out to me as he prepared to swim ashore.

"Perhaps I may be able to find a boat or a canoe and come after you, doctor," said he, and I noticed that his voice had regained its soft, purring inflection. "I should not advise you to try to swim. Sharks are not as a rule dangerous to anybody, but when they are in great numbers, as here, and of this particular variety, it would be unsafe for you to take the chance."

"How about yourself?" I asked.

He touched the black object that hung in the middle of his white, naked chest. "I have here a charm that renders me quite safe," he answered. "No doubt to you it sounds like a foolish superstition, but it has been tested—the first time involuntarily."

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"It was given me by a Kanaka warlock whose magic was not strong enough to save his son—or so he feared. I cured his son of a strangulated hernia and this was a part of my fee."

"You are a surgeon yourself?" I asked in surprise.

"I graduated years ago from the medical college at Warsaw," he answered. "Of course I did not at first believe in this fetish, but one day I was capsized with a canoe full of natives while fishing off a reef where the sharks are known to be unusually voracious. I was the only one who escaped. Since then the power of the charm has been put many times to the test. Now you may see for yourself. Keep up your courage; we will contrive some way of getting you ashore."

He had wrapped his sandals in his cotton coat, which he now proceeded to bind on the top of his head. Then, tightening his belt, he rolled his trousers above the knees and secured Sam Lung's knife about his neck with a piece of rope yarn. I watched him breathlessly as he let himself slip down the slanting deck and into the water, which washed about what was left of the companionway hatch. Even as he did so a big, rounded dorsal fin appeared through the spume close alongside, and through a clear patch of water I saw a huge shape, mottled and banded with yellow, round of snout and with a long tail that undulated like a strip of algæ in an eddy. I knew the beast for the dread tiger or zebra shark, the most rapacious of the species. Silverside saw the great brute, also, and glanced back at me with a faint smile.

"Watch," said he, and slid off directly in the path of the sinister, leprous-looking man-eater. The water was clear except for patches of frothy spume, and I could see the shark lunge forward with a sweep of its sinuous tail. The rounded fin sank a little and an eddy swirled up in its wake. Silverside swam gently on his face, and for the instant it looked to me as if the shark was actually afraid of him, for it rose and backed away. Then forward it went again, passed close beside the swimmer, turned in front of him and again backed away as though to let him pass. Another fin appeared and still another, the last a different sort—long and curved slightly backward. Still they came, as though the word had passed that here was a prodigy and all swam to see. Unmoved, as though surrounded by so many mackerel, Silverside lunged ahead, swimming on his side, easily but with powerful strokes that drove him forward at a remarkable speed. Once or twice I thought they had taken him, but it was only a swell that hid his head from view. And so he passed on shoreward, his curious escort surrounding him like the bodyguard of some high lord of the sea.

I cannot say that I placed much value on the talisman. To me it seemed merely that for some reason best known to themselves the sharks did not want Silverside. There is much that is subtle and that we do not understand in the attitude of lower animals toward the human race. I once knew a man who could not enter a menagerie without producing a riot among the big carnivora, while I myself have always been able to walk up to the most savage chained dog and pull its ears. So far as the sharks were concerned, Silverside was taboo; and that seemed all there was about it.

Nevertheless, I was relieved when he reached the shore and I saw his white figure going up the beach, for if Silverside had been taken my own position would not have been a pleasant one. I saw him put on his coat, which he had carried on his head either to display the talisman or to give his swimming muscles freer play, then cross the beach and disappear in the foliage.

A sudden depression seized me. What, I thought, if Silverside should not return? I knew the secret of the island. He had not stopped to consider my fate when he had laid the yawl across the reef; had not so much as given me a word of warning. No doubt he would have been quite content had I gone the road of the Chinamen. I knew of the pearls; I knew of his crime in murdering Fairfax; and the belly of a shark is no poor receptacle for such secrets. More than that, he knew that I was searching for Therese and the child, and Silverside did not intend that they should profit by the millions of Daniel Fairfax. Last of all, I was the only person who knew that Silverside himself was still alive.

Lower and lower sank my spirits as these thoughts passed through my mind. I began to look about, wondering if it would not be possible to knock together some sort

of a raft on which to float ashore, but the first glance showed me that with only my bare hands as tools this would be impossible. And then, as I was studying some means of wrenching loose bulwarks and deck-planking and what was left of the companion hatch, my heart seemed to stop beating. For I saw that the wreck to which I clung was slowly sinking.

A bubbling and hissing in the water alongside was the first warning I had of this, and the truth was borne in on me that the after-fragment of the yawl, buoyed by the air inside it, was gradually losing this air and settling. Swift on this thought came the conviction that Silverside must have known. As a seafaring man he would be quick to appreciate that the fragment of a heavy, waterlogged vessel of oak and teak, copper-bottomed, with all of her ironwork, and still containing, no doubt, a certain amount of ballast, could only float by virtue of the air confined within her, and that no such structure would hold this air for long.

As I looked frantically about I saw that less than half of the originally unsubmerged part was left. Air was escaping, no doubt, from every fine crevice, and as the wreck sank deeper the pressure would rapidly increase. Another hour would see my doom—find me in the water, the food for sharks.

A few short minutes of agonizing fear and I had myself in hand again. Cold sweat was pouring down my face and no doubt I was trembling like a man with an ague; but I had got in hand the panic that made me want to shriek and rave and fling myself into the sea—anything to have it all over with as soon as possible. The absence of any hope seemed to quiet me, for now I was sure that Silverside had deliberately left me, well knowing what was bound to occur. I remembered Connor's story of how Silverside had once gone overboard to save a man from a shark, and had done so by keeping his own body between the monster and its prey. If he had wished to save me he could have kept me close to himself in the swim for the beach.

The slant of the deck was getting gradually more vertical and before long the waves began to lap above the bitts to which I had clung. The water crept slowly higher and I climbed up behind the stump of the mizzenmast. A great many things passed through my mind as I crouched there, waiting. I thought of my father, murdered by the Solomon Islanders, and I prayed in my heart for the courage to meet my fate with a heart as strong as that with which I knew he had met his. There was a sense of his being very near me, and after a little while the terrible feeling of desolation passed and I began to wonder whether I should not find him waiting for me.

Old memories came surging back. As a child aboard my father's brig I had once seen a man taken by a shark. It was a Kanaka boy, and the tragedy had so impressed my mind that for many months I used to wake in the night dreaming that I had been seized while swimming. The last time that this happened I opened my eyes to find my father leaning over me, and he had lifted me in his strong arms and soothed and quieted me. I wondered whether it would be like that now when all was over, and something seemed to tell me that it would.

Perhaps the suspense of waiting made me a little light-headed, for presently I found myself talking aloud, almost conversationally, as if to somebody there close to me: "Father," I was saying, "please help me to meet it like a man and not disgrace you ——" and other things it would sound insane to write, until presently I found my courage coming back again. The water was almost to my feet, so I crawled higher and, hooking my elbows over the taffrail, stared down into the clear green brine.

Presently a big, transparent shape glided slowly past, then turned and was joined by another. Up from the depths rose a third, outlined in a faint, fine tracery, and I saw a lambent eye turned up to look at me. Others came, as if they knew what was waiting for them there on the settling wreck. I watched them with a sort of cold, numb curiosity, wondering what it would be like and whether I should feel much pain. With the idea of trying to frighten them I struck the taffrail a jarring blow. They drifted to the surface as though in answer to a summons.

It seemed to me hours though in reality the time must have been very short, that I lay there passively, vaguely fascinated by the curving, sinuous forms that were weaving parabolic figures back and forth, back and forth. And then as I waited there came from behind me a hail, and I turned and saw an outrigger canoe with three figures in it. Two of them were muscular Kanakas, and in the stern was a young white boy of about fifteen or sixteen. He had the steering paddle and knew how to handle it, for he laid the canoe deftly under the projecting stern of the wreck.

I began to shake so that I could scarcely speak. A sort of ague took me, and for a moment I could only stare and move my lips without making any sound. One of the Kanakas fended with his paddle and the white boy was sculling gently as he stared at me.

"Did Silverside tell you?" I finally managed to say.

"Silverside? Where is Silverside?" he answered, and his voice had a throaty sound and was low in pitch, with the trace of a foreign accent. "Was Silverside on that vessel?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "He swam ashore and left me here for the sharks." A sort of sob broke out of me.

"You had better get in the canoe at once," said the boy sharply, looking around him. "That wreck is sinking."

I Knew What Perplexed the Man—It Was My Likeness to My Father, Whom He Had Good Cause to Remember

I crawled over the taffrail, dropped down into the canoe and lay there, limp and shaking. One of the Kanakas gave a shout and thrust at the wreck with his paddle. As we shot clear there came from the wreck a gurgling, shuddering sigh, and it seemed to lurch toward us as if in a last anguished effort for support. The paddles smote the water, and as we shot clear the mass slid gently under.

When presently I looked up again the boy was staring at me curiously, but with an intensity that may have been accentuated by the double row of long black lashes that fringed his clear gray eyes. He was a handsome youngster, his face youthful but vivid, with dark hair clustering in curls about his ears and the back of his head, a short nose, and a mouth that was sensitive but showed a good deal of strength despite the rather full red lips. He was dressed in white clothes with a shirt of coarse pongee silk. His sleeves were rolled back from his wrists and his arms were round and strong, but with an ivory skin that seemed curiously delicate for so vigorous a youngster. The hands that gripped the paddle were small and beautifully shaped.

He stared at me silently for a moment or two, then asked:

"Who are you, and where have you come from?"

"It's a long story," I answered wearily. "My name is Ames and I am a medical missionary. Who are you?"

He ignored the question.

"You say that Silverside was with you?"

"Yes," I answered. "We were kidnaped and taken aboard the yawl by some Chinese who made Silverside bring them here. They were looking for pearls."

The boy pressed his paddle vigorously against the stern of the canoe, heading down the beach for the entrance to the inner lagoon. The Kanakas were paddling gently and trying their best to follow what was being said.

"Where are those Chinese?" asked the boy.

"Drowned or eaten by the sharks," I answered.

"All of them?"

"Every one. Silverside laid the yawl across the reef."

"And you say he swam ashore?"

"Yes. He swam straight in and struck across through the bush for the lagoon."

"Why didn't you go with him? Can't you swim?"

"I can swim like a seal," I answered, "but I was afraid of the sharks. I did not know that the wreck would sink and I counted on Silverside's getting a canoe and coming after me. I believe now that he knew that the wreck was going down and wanted me to go with her. Do you mind telling me who you are and how you happen to be here?"

He seemed to hesitate and a flush rose under his eyes. Then said he:

"I am Jean Berdou. This island belongs to my brother, Gaston Berdou. He has gone to Apia with some shell. My boys saw your sail, and when you did not come in we went to see where you were ——"

His speech was cut short by one of the Kanakas, who gave a sudden cry and pointed seaward. We turned to look, and through the far-flung, spouting spray saw the sails of a schooner. Under double-reefed mainsail and forestaysail she came flying straight for the outer entrance. The Kanakas stopped paddling and watched her. It was a splendid sight, for she plunged, as it looked, directly into the smother, then, hauling smartly on the wind, bore sturdily along between the reefs, presently to pay off and run into the quieter water. Straight across she held to the entrance of the sheltered lagoon, where a moment later the palms hid her from our sight.

"Is that your brother?" I asked.

"No," he answered; "I don't know who that can be."

The natives dipped their paddles again. Leaning back I watched Jean Berdou, admiring his supple strength and the grace of his lithe body. He was well grown, long of limb and full-chested, and as I studied his brooding face I was less surprised at his brother's leaving him in charge.

"How long have you been here?" I asked presently.

"Not very long," he answered shortly.

"How many of you are now here?" I asked.

"These two boys, three women and myself." He stared at the masts of the schooner just come in and his face clouded. Something in the expression of the clear eyes and resolute chin and the shape of the straight little nose with its slight upward tilt impressed me as singularly familiar.

"You are rather young to be in charge of the island, are you not?" I asked persistently.

"I am old enough," he answered with a tone of impatience that was scarcely polite.

"And are you already at home with natives and canoes and island life? It is remarkable."

His forehead contracted slightly and he paddled with added vigor.

"Did you come here directly from France?" I asked.

His gray eyes contracted. "No," he answered shortly. "I was at school in Auckland—and my brother told me that I was not to talk to strangers should any chance to come here."

"You need not be afraid to talk to me," I answered. "If you are Gaston Berdou's brother then Therese Fairfax must be your sister."

He gave a gasp and the paddle slipped from his hands. I caught it as it drifted past. As I handed it back to him I noticed that the warm color had left his face and his gray eyes were open very wide.

"What do you know about Therese Fairfax?" he demanded.

"My father, who was missionary at Hiti in the Low Archipelago, married your sister to her husband. Now Fairfax is dead and has left a big fortune to her and the child, Delphine. He asked me to find them. Will you tell me where they are?"

Jean stopped paddling to stare at me. The color rushed back to his face and a positive glare came into the intent gray eyes.

"I will tell you nothing," said he passionately. "If you are looking for my—my sister you had better go back where you came from. She wants nothing to do with Daniel Fairfax, living or dead. We have enough already. Perhaps the captain of this schooner will take you aboard. We will go and see. You cannot stay here."

A sudden gust of anger swept over me. Heaven knows that after what I had just passed through, anger or any feeling like it should have been the last emotion I ought to have felt. Perhaps my nerves were a bit ragged, and I was hardly to be blamed if they were. But it struck me suddenly that here was a nice return for a man who had risked what I had for the sake of carrying out a behest. Of course I was being richly rewarded for it should I succeed, but I had really put that part of it out of my mind. In any case, the benefit was for the sake of carrying on my father's work, not for myself. And all of this being true, it was rather too much to be snubbed by this sprig of a French boy.

I leaned forward, gripping the gunnel in both hands.

"My young friend," said I, "you are taking far too much for granted. Don't think that because you have been left in charge of a heap of rotting pearl-oysters that you are to decide on the destinies of older and wiser persons than yourself. I have risked my life to find Therese Fairfax and fulfill a trust. I chartered a schooner and went to Auckland to look for your brother, Gaston Berdou. Now that I find that he is coming here I shall stay here and wait for him, so don't let us have any more of this high-handed nonsense." I turned to the Kanaka behind me. "Take me to the bungalow," I said in the dialect that was almost my mother tongue and that I had never forgot. "I am the son of Missi Ames, of the Paumotas, and I have business with your master, Gaston Berdou. This child annoys me with his chatter. Do as I say."

The two Kanakas exchanged a swift glance. Jean, his face furious, half raised himself, gripping the paddle. I leaned forward and wrenched it out of his hand.

"Go to the shore—to the bungalow," I roared at the men behind me. "I have had enough of foolery. I wish to eat and sleep."

Without a word they dipped their paddles. I leaned forward, took Jean by the wrist and jerked him out of his place as if he had been a child of three.

"Sit down there and don't bother me," I snapped—"I'll steer."

x

RATHER to my surprise the Kanakas did not protest against my treatment of Jean, but paddled on stolidly. The boy had sunk down into the bottom of the canoe and was eying me with an odd expression that was more scrutinizing than resentful. No doubt he felt ashamed of his inhospitality to a shipwrecked man, especially to one whose errand was to bring fortune to his family.

We reached the end of the sandspit and saw the schooner lying at anchor off a grove of pandanus palms that surrounded the bungalow. She was not a large vessel—ninety tons or thereabouts, I guessed. As we drew closer aboard I noticed that she was rather clumsy as to lines, as though her builders had tried at the last moment to give her some pretension to shapeliness; the bow and stern overhang seemed unnecessarily long and went oddly with her chunky amidships section. A black crew that swarmed over her like ants were furling her sails, and on the beach we saw one of her boats with a knot of dark, naked figures about it.

I headed directly in for the boat, and as we got closer one of the Kanakas stopped paddling, shaded his eyes with his hand and stared at the natives on the beach.

"Black men from the islands to the west," said he. "Those are not good people, Missi."

Jean Berdou raised his supple body and stared shoreward with a frown on his square, boyish face.

"Melanesians," he said. "They look like the cannibals and head-hunters from the Solomons. I wish that Gaston were here," he added uneasily.

We shot the canoe on to the beach, the cluster of savages about the whaleboat watching us apathetically. They were of the true Melanesian type—black, negroid of build, with dome-shaped heads and features grotesquely disfigured. One could scarcely have found a less prepossessing group, and as I looked at them it occurred to me that here was the sort of human hyena at the hands of which my father had met his fate. I was conscious of a bristling along the spine as I looked at the black, squatting figures, and my grip tightened involuntarily on the paddle. Then I glanced down to see Jean Berdou staring up at me.

"I wonder what they want?" he asked uneasily.

"We can soon tell," I answered. "Here comes a white man."

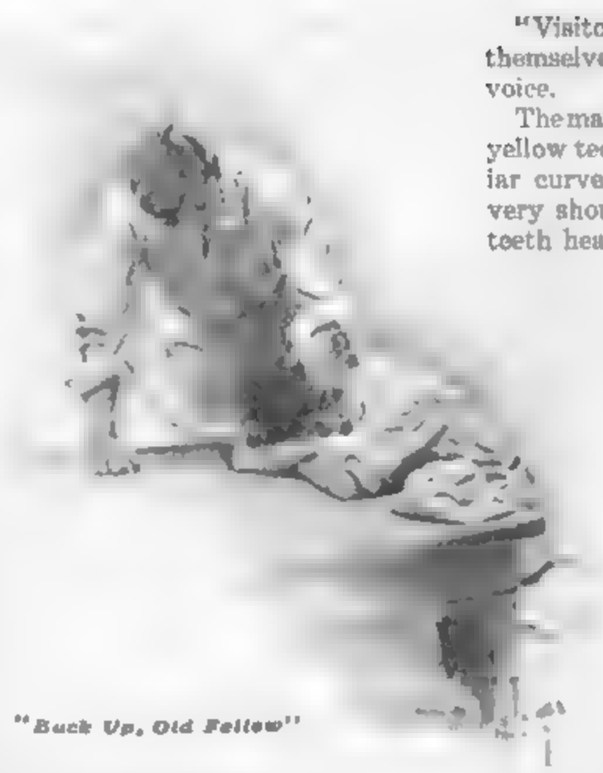
Out from the shrubbery that hid the bungalow strode a bearded man in white clothes and a panama hat. Jean and I had leaped ashore, and as the boy stood at my shoulder I was surprised to see how tall and well made he was. Yet his build was unlike that of an Anglo-Saxon or Teuton or Scandinavian youth, for, though well proportioned and straight as a good ash oar, he was light of frame and running more to curves than angles—flesh rather than bone.

"I do not like the look of this man," said he in an undertone.

I did not like it myself. The fellow was of medium height, lean but muscular, red-faced, with a high-bridged nose and small blue eyes set close together. A bushy red beard shot with gray hid the lower part of his face, and his age seemed about fifty. His sleeves, which seemed rather tight, were too short for his long, powerful arms and showed his brawny wrists, hairy as the arms of an ape, with heavy condyles and ropelike sinews. There was a swagger to his gait and he carried a heavy revolver in a holster on the front of his belt.

"I wish ye good evenin'," said he in a harsh voice, and his swinish little eyes passed from one to the other of us, resting curiously on my soaked and tattered clothes. "And who may I have the pleasure of addressin'?"

Before I could answer Jean spoke up quickly.



"Buck Up, Old Fellow"

"Visitors are expected to introduce themselves," said he in his low-pitched voice.

The man laughed, showing his strong, yellow teeth which were set in a peculiar curve, those in the middle being very short and the canines and eye-teeth heavy as those of a wolf.

"A lesson in politeness for ye, Sandy, lad," said he. "Well, then, my young master, I am Captain Cullom, by trade a pearler. From the smell beyond the bungalow I'd hazard a guess that we are business rivals."

"This island belongs to my brother," said Jean.

Cullom raised his bushy eyebrows.

"Does it now? I would have said at a guess that it belonged to the British Empire. But your brother has no doubt made his title offeecial? Now your brother would be Gaston Berdou, perhaps?"

"Yes," answered Jean shortly.

"And this gentleman?" He looked at me.

"My name is Douglas," I answered, for the moment I had heard the name of Cullom there flashed across my mind that the man before me must be no other than the notorious sea brigand whom my father had tried so hard to send to jail, and who, from all report, had managed to defeat justice through the efforts of Von Bulow.

Cullom's eyes were resting on me with a puzzled stare.

"I think we have met before, sir," said he, "though I canna' call to mind just where. Y'are not related to the Douglases o' Belfast, Ireland? 'Tis none other than my native town."

"No," I answered, and understood the curious mixture of Scotch and Irish accent in the harsh voice. I knew also what perplexed the man—it was my likeness to my father, whom he had good cause to remember.

"Will you come to the house?" asked Jean, none too cordially.

"Thank ye kindly," said Cullom. "I do not like to be long away from the schooner, havin' naught but a black crew; and my mate is ashore with three of the boys, doin' a bit foragin'." He nodded his shaggy head in the direction of the bungalow.

I glanced at Jean. The boy's face had gone suddenly white.

"You had better take your mate aboard with you," said he. "If you need fowls or fruit or vegetables I will send them out to you. I do not want strangers to help themselves. My brother has left me in charge and he will be here in a day or two."

I knew what was in his mind—the shell-heaps and their precious contents. Cullom threw back his head with a disagreeable bare-toothed laugh.

"'Tis a fine spirit ye have, Master Berdou," said he, and his eyes rested intently on Jean. "A fine boy, is he not?" he asked, and looked at me with a grin which I was at a loss to understand. "But as for your brother, I fear that y'are mees-informed. He sailed from Apia a week ago for Tahiti and cannot get here for a month at the least. A canny body, Gaston Berdou—but there are those of his crew for whom I couldna' say as much."

"Do you mean that somebody aboard the Rossignol told you about this place?" Jean demanded.

(Continued on Page 40)

"You Had Better Get in the Canoe at Once," Said the Boy Sharply. "That Wreck is Sinking"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 31, 1912

Progressives and Trusts

THE new party is the only one that has a single intelligent and honest word to say upon the trust problem. Mr. Taft's party is still infatuated with the law under which trusts multiplied and flourished as never before. In Supreme Court decisions, which amount merely to rubbing out the old name on the trust's signboard and writing up three new ones—while prices are smartly increased to the consumer and the trust's shares advance by leaps—it sees an adequate remedy. So long as the attorney-general wins brilliant victories on paper it is quite satisfied. The plank that Mr. Bryan wrote goes back of even the Sherman Law and rests upon a naïve faith that the only way out of the difficulty lies in "busting" everything of size.

Both these platforms rely upon compelling competition; and no policy which relies upon that will bring us one step nearer to an actual grapple with the trust problem. We believe—as ex-Senator Beveridge said at Chicago—"the people are tired of this mock battle. What good does it do any man to read in his morning newspaper that the Oil Trust has been dissolved, and then read in his evening newspaper that the price of oil has been advanced?" The Progressive party begins with a sane belief—backed by the economic experience of the whole world for a full generation—that competition may be harmful and combination salutary. It is only from this point of view that any solution of the trust problem will ever be found.

Express Practices

THE Interstate Commerce Commission's simplification of express practices finds favor with the companies. Double collection of charges has given rise to innumerable complaints. The shipper prepays the charges, the agent or copyist fails to note it and the consignee pays again. The commission proposes that every package bear a label—yellow if the charges have been prepaid, otherwise white. This is simple and effective.

There are thirty-five thousand express stations. To state the rate separately from each station to every other would require publication of several hundred million rates. The commission proposes to divide the country into eight hundred and twenty squares, easily shown on a map, each square to be treated as a unit in regard to rates. Thus the rate from any point in one square to a point in any other can be readily found. That, also, is simple and effective.

By this simplification probably the companies themselves, as well as the shippers, will profit. Yet the companies never attempted to bring it about and never would. That required an independent governmental body having a common authority over all of them, and with a motive not limited to the next quarter's dividend.

The Conservative United States

THE London Times is convinced that Lloyd-George will soon resign from the ministry to launch a revolutionary land-reform movement—something apparently based upon Henry George's single-tax doctrines. This suspicion rests partly upon a speech at Crewe by Outhwaite, a member of Parliament, in which he said the chancellor was about "to do something great for the overthrow of the land monopoly"; adding that it would be "the greatest contest between the people and privilege and monopoly since the abolition of the corn laws."

Now the United States has not yet got round to abolition of the corn laws. In this land of the free, privilege and monopoly are still intrenched behind mountain-high tariff walls—levying tribute upon consumers with one hand, and with the other, in the wool industry, allotting nine dollars a week a family for their labor. The suspicion that a Cabinet minister in the United States was about to advocate single tax would be tantamount to a suspicion that he had gone insane.

The point is, of course, that we are the most conservative people on earth. Our radical doctrines are called conservative in most other countries. An Englishman, a German, a Frenchman or an Italian, reading the platform adopted by the Progressive party at Chicago, would suppose it to be the utterance of our Tories—unless the newspaper headlines told him differently. In England the Conservative party itself warmly embraces old-age pensions and compulsory national insurance for workmen.

The Real Travelers

ABOUT two hundred and fifty thousand cabin passengers sail from the ports of the United States every year—partly foreigners who have been touring this country; partly Americans who are going to tour some foreign country. Upon that fact is based much speaking and writing about modern travel and its educational results; but the real travelers nowadays are in the steerage. For a decade a million immigrants—largely peasants and petty artisans from the most stagnant regions of Europe—have been coming to the United States yearly. In the fiscal year that ended with last June over six hundred thousand of these immigrants went back home—and the year before that some five hundred thousand. No such international traveling as this has ever before been seen! As a folk-movement, it is as though a Jenghiz Khan annually led his horde from the China Sea to the banks of the Dnieper and back again. This great back current cut down our net gain of immigration last year to only four hundred thousand—the smallest in many years, with the exception of 1907-08, and at a time when demand for industrial labor here was at full strength and wages were relatively high. More significant than this result, perhaps, is the scattering through Southern Europe, in two years, of a million peasants who have had a year or more experience of conditions in the United States. The total educational ferment that is carried over in the steerage probably exceeds that which goes by first cabin.

The Expanding Monroe Doctrine

WHEN the Holy Alliance ruled Europe in the great reaction that followed Napoleon's overthrow, and seemed on the point of aiding Spain to recover her revolted American colonies, whose independence we had acknowledged, Monroe declared that we should consider any attempt on the part of the allied Powers to "extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." Their system was virtually absolute monarchy of the Bourbon type.

The other day the Senate declared that if any spot on the Western Hemisphere, "so situated that the occupation thereof for naval or military purposes might threaten the communications or the safety of the United States," should pass into the possession of "any corporation or association, which has such relation to a foreign government as to give that government practical power of control for national purposes," it would cause us "grave concern." According to that the purchase of a South American dock by a German steamship company might be a cause of war.

Between extending a tyrannical system to American soil and the acquisition of a bit of coastline by a foreign corporation there is a tremendous difference—showing the expansion of the Monroe doctrine in ninety years.

Election by the House

WHEN Gouverneur Morris persuaded the Constitutional Convention to recede from its agreement that the president be elected by Congress, and to adopt the device of an electoral college, he proposed that, in case no candidate had a majority of electoral votes, the president should be elected by the Senate from among the candidates having the largest number of votes. This pleased the little states, for their representation in the Senate was to be equal to that of the big states; but Mason, Randolph and others objected—on a very well-founded suspicion that the Senate was likely to be an "aristocratical" body. As a compromise it was agreed that, in case no candidate had a majority in the electoral college, the House should choose the president, voting, however, by states, so that the little states would have an equal voice with the big ones. By 1804 the little states were still so jealous of the big ones that this arrangement of voting by states to elect a president was retained in the Twelfth Amendment. Consequently, if none of the three presidential candidates gets a majority of the electoral college this fall the next president will be chosen by the House, and Utah's vote, with one representative, will count for as much as New York's, with thirty-seven representatives. There are many more Democrats than Republicans in the House, but in voting by states there would be almost, or quite, a tie. Mr. Taft, for example, might be overwhelmingly beaten at the polls and still be elected president—because the little states were jealous of the big ones two centuries ago.

A Non-Explosive Boom

EXCEPT corn and cotton, this year's crops are practically made, and both the exceptions are so far along that extensive damage is improbable. On the basis of present conditions some bright-side statisticians are figuring that the agricultural output will be worth but little short of ten billion dollars—easily breaking all records. Only twelve years ago, it may be recalled, farm products touched five billions in value for the first time, and in 1890 total agricultural production was valued at less than two and a half billions.

This is incomparably the best money in the country. There is no question about its honesty and it goes directly into millions of hands. It is a boom in itself! As for the traditional barometer of industry, iron began looking up some ten months ago and has been at it steadily ever since. The Steel Corporation alone has some six million tons of unfilled orders booked, and the country's make of pig iron this year will set a high-water mark.

Iron and wheat know nothing of politics, and the absorption of capital by expanding railroad and industrial concerns goes on at an undiminished rate. On the other hand, speculation on the New York Stock Exchange has been at a low ebb—the total betting during the first seven months of the year involving only a poor seven billion dollars' worth of shares. If this is the effect of a presidential campaign we could afford to have one every year.

The Easier Way

THREE states—Michigan, Maryland and Rhode Island—have recently fallen into line with laws for compensation to workmen for bodily injuries arising from industrial accidents. In all states the principle is the same—namely, that in every industry there is a certain liability to accident, and that the industry should pay for the workmen it kills and cripples as much as for the coal it burns. Common-sense revolts at the barbarous old method of contingent-fee damage suits, to be dragged from court to court until costs and fees absorb two dollars for every dollar the plaintiff gets. That three states as widely separated happened to fall into line at about the same time shows how universal the demand is for intelligent compensation laws.

Yet the greatest industrial state of all—New York—cannot join this nation-wide movement. Unquestionably her people wish to for exactly the same reasons that impel the people of other states, and her legislature has responded to the popular demand with a compensation law. A sapient Court of Appeals, however, has interposed with a decision that makes an adequate compensation act impossible except by the vastly cumbrous and tardy process of amending the Constitution. In such cases as this, where a great and necessary act of social justice, approved by the people and duly passed by the legislature, is balked by a microscopical-eyed court, every state should have the easier remedy of recalling the decision.

The New Industrials

TRUST-SPAWNING is out of vogue; but there is significance in the fact that one of our most celebrated banking houses is now, for the first time in its career, "handling" the stock of a comparatively obscure industrial concern—the whole issue being only twenty-two million dollars. High finance appears to be turning in a new direction. Flotations, under the most distinguished auspices, of shares in manufacturing or commercial concerns that are well-established and prosperous but relatively small and unknown, have become quite common. Usually only the preferred shares are offered to investors, selling at par and yielding seven per cent dividends. The proximate motive for this new promotion evidently lies in the coincidence of a large supply of investable capital and a tolerably universal demand for high interest. Four per cent railroad bonds no longer "go"—not because money is lacking, but because investors are not satisfied with four per cent. So high finance—always striving to please—tends to find them a preferred stock yielding seven.

No doubt, where the auspices are distinguished, the business is sound and the investment reasonably safe. The established concern gets additional capital, which it can use to advantage; the investor gets a good return for his money. In instances that have come under our notice, however, there is a liberal allotment of common stock, sometimes mostly water, for promotion profits.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Minnesota's Mighty Man

VIEWED altitudinously, hemispherically or as per total tonnage, Ollie James is a big man, running extensively to beef and more or less lissencephalous; but there is no denying the statement that Ollie was a most imposing permanent chairman of that little affair at Baltimore until such time as he lost his voice. After that he was forced to let his bulk speak for him—and it has comparatively inferior speaking facilities.

Ollie stood and sat on the platform, and his eagle eye roved constantly over the delegates arrayed before him. There were some 1098 of these patriots and an equal number of alternates bunched there within the purview of Ollie's gaze; and ever and anon Ollie's aforesaid eagle eye alighted on a delegate who towered just as far into the smoky air as Ollie—and who, if it came to that, could probably put Ollie on the mat four times out of three. Of course it didn't come to that—neither could it; for Ollie is peaceful enough so long as they let him perorate at regular intervals; and Fred Lynch bore no particular grudge against the permanent chairman.

Now Fred, as it may dawn on you, is a big man too. As a matter of corporeal fact, Fred and Ollie were the two biggest men physically at the Baltimore ruction, the only difference being that, though Ollie's equator has been expanding some of late, Fred's hasn't; and, though Ollie weighs more, Fred's weight is better distributed. Also, Fred has a modicum of hair—not any too much, but some. However, as he is five or six inches over six feet, his hair isn't noticed much, and Ollie—why, an egg is hispidulous compared to that dome of his!

Persons who observed the proceedings at the Democratic convention, especially during those weary hours when Champ Clark was slumping and the Professor was picking up a few votes here and there, observed, along with the inscrutable Murphy—Murphy is a fine inscrutor—and the twin plutes, Ryan and Belmont, and other features of the mess, a large, broad-shouldered, blond, smiling person, who wore a Wilson button on his coat and moved here and there constantly. That was Lynch. Yes, brethren, that was Lynch—Frederick Bicknell Lynch, of St. Paul, Minnesota—the floor manager for Wilson, and the man to whom, along with McCombs and one or two others, the Professor owes much in the way of gratitude—if he is grateful—for the nomination. It was big Lynch who held the Wilson forces steady; who did the most effective proselyting; who kept his head at critical moments; who was always so safe and so sane and so impressive that when he said "It's Wilson!" you believed him even if you didn't. That's about all he did say too; for Lynch is very economical with his conversation. He has the record for the shortest newspaper interview ever given in Minnesota. A reporter asked him once whether it was true he betrayed Bryan in 1908.

"Rot!" said Lynch; and that was what was printed.

The Cardinal Deposed

LYNCH went into the Wilson campaign early in the game. For many years Richard T. O'Connor—the Cardinal, as he is locally known in St. Paul—has managed Democratic affairs up there. The Cardinal appeared early in the scrimmage as firmly and irrevocably for Harmon. Then he revoked the irrevocable part of it and was for Clark. So, not long before the delegate-choosing time, somebody came to him and said:

"Dick, Fred Lynch says this state's going for Wilson."

"Me boy," chuckled the Cardinal, "I've got Fred Lynch's scalplock hanging right here!" And he patted the place where his belt would have been if it had been there.

Whereupon, not long afterward, at Duluth, they chose a Wilson delegation, put O'Connor on and instructed all of them to vote for Wilson until the cows came home, and then some; and reëlected Lynch national committeeman, which was the place the Cardinal desired along with a Clark delegation. It follows naturally that this and the success of Wilson at Baltimore make Lynch the boss of the Democrats of Minnesota—a position he holds for the fun there is in it, inasmuch as he refuses office and has so much money himself that whatever financial perquisites there may be do not appeal.

Lynch was born in Madison, Wisconsin, in 1866, and graduated from the Yankton College, at Yankton, South Dakota, as a civil engineer. In 1892 he was made a deputy United States surveyor and held that job for four years. Then, in 1897, he moved to St. Paul and began to accumulate political experience and money. He got both, for now he is president and principal stockholder in about a dozen farm-land companies, is interested in about two million acres of land and has about half that many dollars to his personal credit. In 1904 he was elected to the board of aldermen in St. Paul, and served three terms. He was also a member of the charter commission and helped to get a commission charter for the city.

He Was Satisfied to Let the Spotlight Hit Others While He Attended to His Job

Along about this time Frank A. Day, who had been a Republican but had quit on the free-silver issue and gone in with Bryan, found a young editor down in St. Peter named John A. Johnson. The editor was a Scandinavian—a most valuable political asset in Minnesota—and he had brains and a personality. Day told Lynch about him. Lynch was then by way of getting a state control in politics and he looked Johnson over. He and Day decided to run the young editor for governor on the Democratic ticket. There never had been much nourishment in being a Democrat in Minnesota, but the Republicans split that year and Johnson was elected. Then the Lynch-Day-Johnson combination secured such a powerful hold that Johnson was reelected.

Meantime Day and Lynch were dreaming dreams and seeing visions. They thought they had a man of presidential caliber in Johnson, and they brought him out, took him East, where he made his great speech at a Gridiron dinner in Washington, and groomed him a bit in other ways. Lynch went to Chicago in March, 1908, and opened a headquarters for Johnson for president. In a few weeks the country began to sit up and take notice of Johnson. Lynch did that. Johnson was not nominated in 1908—that honor was reserved for Bryan; but Lynch smiled and said he was playing for 1912, which was the fact. Undoubtedly, if Johnson had not died, Lynch would have made him a commanding figure at the Democratic national convention held this year.

Accused of Being a Poet

JOHNSON did die about a year after he had been elected governor for the third time, and then came another state campaign where the enthusiastic Day, who remained in politics after Johnson's death, put the Democratic party behind the county option issue. It was a bad put politically, for the Democrats lost and Day went out to Montana, while Lynch took over the state Democratic machine. Lynch declared for Wilson early in the ante-convention campaign. Lynch didn't say much. He never does. There were Clark enthusiasts, and Harmon enthusiasts, and Bryan enthusiasts, but when a political reporter asked Lynch who would get the delegates he gave one of his justly celebrated one-word interviews—to wit, "Wilson!" And that was the outcome of the fracas.

Lynch had a good deal to do with the Wilson campaign in other states of the West, and at Baltimore he was one of the strong men who held the Wilson vote in line; who played the game so skillfully; who saw the weakness of the Clark forces and helped Bryan in his crusade against the bosses; and who acted as floor manager for Wilson and supplied a great part of the strategy that led to the eventual nomination of the New Jersey governor. And all the time he was keeping out of the papers instead of trying to get into them, as many of those present at Baltimore earnestly and continuously endeavored to do. He was satisfied to let the spotlight hit others while he attended to his job, which was holding Wilson men steady and nipping out unsteady citizens who were voting for other candidates.

Lynch is big mentally as well as physically. He knows the country between St. Paul and the Pacific Coast intimately; and there might be stranger things, in case Wilson is elected, than Lynch as Secretary of the Interior. He has two fads—one is automobiles and the other is poetry. Lynch has a ninety-horse-power machine, which he drives himself, and he drives it to its full capacity. Otherwise his delight is reading poetry, and he can recite it by the yard—and will, unless you stop him. Once it was reported he wrote poetry, but nobody has been able to prove it on him.

In the fall he goes up into the woods and hunts big game, and in the summer he keeps down his flesh by pitching hay and chopping trees, and doing other work on his farm at Gull Lake, where his family spends the summers. He is a walloper of a man, with great, square shoulders, great height, and arms and hands and legs in large proportion. Also, he has a great, hearty laugh, a pleasant disposition, and is personally about the most popular man in Minnesota.

Lynch unquestionably has political acumen of a high order. He is an organizer, a strategist, a leader. He is sane, discreet and practical, but he tolerates no corruption in politics. He plays the game with all his cards above the table, fights in the open, and all his blows are fair. He can take a licking, too, and has taken many of them like a good sportsman; and he is modest and decent, and red-blooded and two-fisted. Also, he is one of the Democrats of this country; and if so be Mr. Wilson is elected president Frederick B. Lynch is likely to be a much bigger Democrat than he is even at the present time.

Indiana Latin

MAYOR LEW SHANK, of Indianapolis, went downstate a time ago and registered at a local hotel as "L. Harvey."

"Lew," said a friend, "why don't you use your own name?"

"Oh," Shank is said to have replied, "sometimes when a man is in public life he has to use another name, because if he uses his own name a lot of people who want things would be pestering him to death. It's a perfectly good scheme. Lots of us prominent politicians sometimes travel nux vomica."

Feathered Warriors

EDWARD B. CLARK, the Washington correspondent, is a good deal of an ornithologist. One day he went to a library to have a look at a certain birdbook. While searching the catalogue under the head of Ornithology he came on this entry: The Black Hawk War!

The Christening of Ubet

THE late Colonel Sanders was canvassing Montana for votes for himself for governor. He came to a little settlement, not yet named.

He met a man and said: "I am Wilbur F. Sanders."

"Yes," said the man.

"I am running for governor. Will you vote for me, my friend?"

"No."

"Well," said Sanders, producing a bottle, "will you have a drink?"

"You bet!" said the man.

And that is actually the way the town of Ubet got its name.

The Best Time to Go

"AYE vant to buy a ticket to Sweden," said the blond young person to the clerk at the booking office. "Aye vant a ticket to Gothenburg."

"When do you want to go?" asked the clerk in an impatient tone.

"Aye vant," she said with simple directness, "to go van the boat starts."

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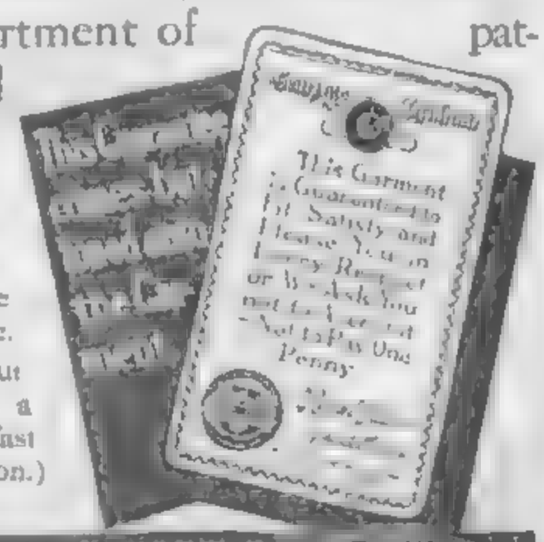

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New York

The first Derby made in America was a
C & K

THE first cool days of Fall bring Knapp-Felts. The careless grace of a Knapp-Felt soft hat harmonizes pleasantly with the negligée attire of late Summer and early Fall. It is a welcome change from the dingy straw.

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Write for THE HATMAN

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How the Poor Carry the Rich

By FORREST CRISSEY

IS THERE anything in the cry that the poor have to carry the burdens of the rich?—anything that a plain, wayfaring man not a political economist, social economist, or any other sort of an economist, must admit as being plain, direct, undeniable?

A good many fair, open-minded men, who hate sensationalism and abhor class prejudice and all that is intended to provoke it, are in honest doubt on this point. They are inclined to feel that there is a high percentage of "hue and cry" in such talk, and they have a constitutional conviction that the average "uplifter" is an over-excited individual whose wind is sounder than his judgment and whose perspective on human nature and events is warped by his overwrought sympathies. They think that the rich are misunderstood by the poor just a little more generally than the poor are misunderstood by the rich.

Here is what happened, only the other day, to a moderate, sane, friendly man of this sort: Promotion to an official position in the company with which he was connected brought him a large increase in salary and a feeling that he must change his manner of living to jibe with his new official status. So he decided to take an apartment in the fashionable district of his city—one of the largest and wealthiest in the country.

In moving his household goods two or three fine old pieces of furniture, especially prized as heirlooms, were mutilated. To restore them to good condition required the services of a skilled and clever workman.

"Take them to the little German cabinet-maker just round the corner on the carline street," advised one of the older tenants of the building. "He's an expert—does all the work of that sort for the very wealthiest people about here. When Mrs. Blank picks up a choice old piece in Europe it is always sent first to Anton's shop to be put into shape; and he gets all her repairing too."

Consequently the newcomer called on the old-country cabinet-maker and arranged to have his pieces restored.

"I'm in a hurry for them," he explained. "We need to use them every day. When will they be done?"

"Vensday," answered the German in a voice that seemed a bit solemn and depressed.

Wednesday evening, on his way from the office, the owner of the furniture called at the shop.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed as he looked at the restored pieces. "Just as good as new. I'm going to send over some more things and have you touch them up. You're certainly a clever workman."

Then he drew from his pocket a fold of bills and asked:

"How much do I owe you?"

"Eighteen tollars. I thank you! I thank you!" exclaimed the craftsman as he took the money, with an emphasis and a certain twist in his voice that implied something beyond mere politeness.

"You seem to be surprised to get the money," laughed the new customer. "Aren't you used to being paid when your work is done? I'm told that you do Mrs. Blank's work and that all the wealthy people up here patronize you. Why, you ought to be rolling in money."

The Elusive Mrs. Blank

Then the German cabinet-maker pushed his spectacles upon his forehead, seated himself upon a sawhorse, picked up a long shaving of fragrant wood, and curled and uncurled it as he confessed this state of facts to his astonished cash customer:

His rent was overdue and he had only a few dollars on which to keep himself and his shop going until some ready money came in. He had several hundred dollars in accounts on his books, long overdue from the "rich folks." But if he tried to collect those accounts he would be ruined. He had sent bills and statements regularly, but no attention was paid to them. Mrs. Blank, for example, owed him a very substantial sum. The work had been done and delivered months ago. She spent a good part of every year in Europe, but always came home for a few months in the winter when the grand-opera season was on. He had hoped she would pay then, but already she was on her way to Paris again and would not be back for another six months or more. She would pay the bill sometime—perhaps in the course of a year. But sometimes he was almost afraid that it might not be until after the shop was closed up and he was put out. The others were mostly like Mrs. Blank. They were very rich and paid their bills when they pleased—sometimes twice a year, sometimes once a year, just as the mood took them.

Once, when he was hard pressed, he had ventured to request a payment in person. The account was long overdue and he must pay his rent. He didn't go into the details of that collecting experiment, but simply said: "I haf never done that again. It vill not do. I must vait—always vait!"

Those Who Pay on Time

The man who heard this confession of the struggling, discouraged cabinet-maker was astounded; but the neatly kept books of the little shop furnished ample verification. He knew that Mrs. Blank had inherited a fortune of many millions; there is hardly a high-school pupil in America who does not know of Mrs. Blank as one of the richest and most celebrated social queens of the United States! And she is almost as prominent in the society of the courts of Europe as she is in the exclusive drawing rooms of her native country. The names above the long overdue accounts in the cabinet-maker's books were nearly all those of men or women of the millionaire set; the accounts that had been settled in ten, twenty or thirty days were all against persons of moderate means. The customer who turned the leaves of the ledger knew some of these undistinguished patrons. One was a man who drew a salary of three thousand a year; another was a railroad official who probably was in the ten-thousand class; while another—a newspaper editor he happened to know—drew a hundred dollars a week. These were the ones who had paid their bills inside of thirty days.

Is this practice on the part of the rich a common one? Is it general enough to be a really important factor in the business situation of the retail trade in cities where there is a millionaire element—something that the banker has to take into consideration in giving the retailer credit?

It is. And it is increasing rapidly.

A fancy grocer in a large city is located on the edge of a millionaire settlement. The most expensive and luxurious touring cars pass his door on their way home. His competitors regard his location as ideal and speak with envy of his swell trade. He is the aristocrat of the retail grocery trade and his place is visited by other men in his calling—even those from outside the city—who wish to see how things are done in the home grocery store of the very rich. They look with awe upon this establishment and its proprietor. He must "have things soft"—selling fancy stuff to folks who don't have to count the cost of anything, folks who are worth from one to fifty million dollars! No worry about bad debts or slow collections in that store: Of course not! What a trade to cater to!

That is the way it looks to the visiting grocer who sells his goods to day laborers, to factory hands, to other tradespeople, to lawyers and doctors and bookkeepers and "the common run of folks." But how does it look to the owner of that store? Let him speak for himself:

"Right now my bookkeeper is making up the European list!" he said. "That means the names of our customers who go abroad every year. Opposite each name is the amount owing us from that customer. I've got to know how much money I must borrow to tide me over until they return. Then the banker from whom I make my loans is interested in knowing that accounts on my books are good—so good that their final payment cannot be questioned. He knows who the real millionaires are—and he finds them on my list. That list is an asset when it comes to borrowing from my banker—but I have to pay the interest. I'd be almost ashamed to tell you how many thousand dollars that list totals. Any good business man seeing it and not understanding the human-nature element of the situation would be likely to say that I should have a guardian appointed to handle my affairs."

"But why don't you go after that money—in a nice way, of course—and get it in?" he was asked.

"I did—once," he answered. "The injustice of the thing got on me to a point where I felt I must do something soon. There were the Smiths—not their real name, by-the-way. Their bill amounted to about three hundred dollars when they left for Europe. For the larger part of it they had received several statements. They remained in Europe for about eight months. I knew the very steamer on which they were due to arrive in New York, for, depend upon it, a retail merchant with a European list the size and weight of mine reads the society column and the cabled sailing lists with a regularity and seriousness that is not beaten by the most ambitious social climber. It's a part of the game.

"The day the Smiths arrived home they found a fresh statement awaiting them. It was the regulation, formal thing. There was just a chance that it might catch the eye of the family purser and bring a check. I knew the Smiths to be worth a million dollars and better. No trick at all to count it up, for it is mainly in fashionable apartment buildings in this locality—property that brings in a splendid return in good, hard cash, and brings it as regularly as a new leaf in the calendar is turned up.

"Now it would seem as if a man who had practically unlimited money in the bank, who had gone to Europe and left an unpaid and overdue grocery bill behind, would just naturally reach for his checkbook when he turned up a statement of that account, on his return, eight months later. Wouldn't it strike you that way?"

Mrs. Smith's Revenge

"Well, nothing of the sort happened. If Mr. or Mrs. Smith found that statement it didn't stir the flicker of an eyelash. They started in to trade again, just as liberally as before—but no settlement, and not a word about any either. Finally the unfairness of the thing moved me to do just what you have suggested—'Go out after it in a nice way.' Mr. Smith was called on, at his office, and a polite request for a check was made. Being a business man, he was not grossly insulted by being asked if he'd mind paying the account which had of course escaped his attention in the press of important matters since his return from abroad.' Not a dollar had been paid on that account for eleven months.

"Our attitude was that it was a small detail that had escaped the attention of a man of large affairs. We received the check, and that night I was inclined to feel that in the course of my business career I had misjudged millionaire nature and paid out thousands of dollars needlessly in interest charges to carry my European list. I scored myself generously for my expensive timidity, and the next morning I told the same representative of the house to call on Mrs. Multi, who is worth not less than twenty-five million dollars, and ask her for a check to cover her long-neglected account.

"Before I heard from Mrs. Multi, Mrs. Smith's limousine stopped in front of the store and she came in. I can imagine that the head-lettuce, the hot-house cucumbers and the other green goods began to shrivel the instant she stepped inside the door. I certainly did. It was a scene. If the whole thing could be put on the stage it would be 'a scream.' I was told that I had offered her an unforgivable insult; that a common tradesman should presume to dun her was something that shocked and outraged her beyond expression; that while she could not at the moment find words adequate to her resentment, she would endeavor, in the course of time, to give me to understand its depth and force.

"And she did too! She pulled away six big accounts from the store in the next few weeks. Now, when an apartment in one of the Smith buildings is rented to a member of her social set—the highest in the city—she makes it a point to advise that friend and tenant not to trade at this store."

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Forrest Crissey. The second will appear in an early issue.

BEAVER ENGINEERS

By Enos A. Mills

BEAVERS become strongly attached to localities and especially to their homes. It is difficult to drive them away from these, but the exhaustion of the food supply sometimes compels an entire colony to abandon the old homesite, migrate and found a new colony. Some of the beavers' most audacious engineering works are undertaken for the purpose of maintaining the food supply of the colony. It occasionally happens that the food trees near the water by an old colony become scarce through excessive cutting, fires or tree diseases. In cases of this kind the colonists must go a long distance for their supplies or move. They prefer to stay at the old place, and will work for weeks and brave dangers to be able to do this. They will build a dam, dig a new canal, clear a difficult right-of-way to a grove of food saplings, and then drag the harvest a long distance to the water; and now and then do all these for just one more harvest—one more year in the old home.

Realizing that the supply of aspens near the waters of the Moraine colony close to my home was almost exhausted, I wondered whether it would be possible for the beavers to procure a sufficient supply downstream, or whether they would deem it best to abandon this old colony and migrate.

The Moraine colony had lost its former greatness. Instead of the several ponds and the eight houses of which it had consisted twenty-five years ago, only one house and a pond remained. The house was in the deep water of the pond about twenty feet above the dam. A vigorous brook, from Chasm Lake, three thousand feet above, ran through the pond and poured over the dam near the house. The colony was on a delta tongue of a moraine. Here it had been established for generations. It was embowered in a young pine forest and had ragged areas of willows round it. A fire and excessive cutting by beavers had left but few aspens near the water. These could not furnish food for more than two autumn harvests, and perhaps for only one. Other colonies had met similar conditions.

Out on the plains, where cottonwoods were scarce, the beavers first cut those close to the colony, then harvested those upstream, sometimes going a mile for them; then those downstream, but rarely were the latter brought more than a quarter of a mile. It would be, however, only a question of time until the scarcity of food supply, if enemies did not keep down the population of a colony so situated, would compel it to move either up or down stream and start anew in a place where food could be obtained.

Not far from my home in the mountains an old beaver colony, in order to reach a grove of aspens, dug a canal three hundred and thirty-four feet long, which had an average depth of fifteen inches and a width of twenty-six inches. It ended in a grove of aspens, which were in due time cut down and floated through this canal into the pond alongside the beaver house.

Burned Out and No Insurance

During the summer of 1900 an extensive forest fire on the northerly slope of Long's Peak wrought great hardship among beaver colonies along the streams in the fire district. This fire destroyed nearly all the aspens and some of the willows. In order to have food while a new growth of aspens was developing the beavers at a colony in the Bierstadt Moraine were compelled to bring their winter supply of aspens the distance of a quarter of a mile from an isolated grove of aspens that had escaped the fire. This stood on a bench of the moraine at an altitude about fifty feet greater than that of the beaver pond. Aspens from the grove were dragged about two hundred feet, then floated across a small waterhole, and from this taken up the steep slope of a ridge, then down to a point about one hundred feet from the pond. Between this place and the pond was a deep wreckage of fire-killed and fallen spruces. To cut an avenue through these was too great a task for the beavers; so, with much labor, they dug a canal beneath the wide heap of wreckage, and through this, beneath the gigantic fallen trees, the harvested aspens were dragged and piled in the pond for winter food. The gathering of these harvests, even by beavers, must have been almost a hopeless task. In going thus far from water many of the harvesters were exposed to their enemies, and it is probable that many beavers lost their lives.

The Moraine colonists mastered the situation in their place with the most audacious piece of work I have ever known beavers to plan and accomplish. About one hundred and thirty feet south of the old pond was a grove of aspens. Between these and the pond was a small, bouldery flat that had a scattering of dead and standing spruces and young lodgepole pines. A number of fallen spruces lay broken among the partly exposed boulders of the flat. One day I was astonished to find that a dam was being built across this flat and still more astonished to discover that this dam was being made of heavy sections of fire-killed trees. Under necessity only will beavers gnaw dead wood, and then only to a limited extent. Such had been my observations for years; but here they were cutting dead, fire-hardened logs in a wholesale manner. Why were they cutting this dead wood, and why a dam across the rocky flat—a place across which water never flowed? A dam of dead timber across a dry flat appeared to be a marked combination of animal stupidity—but the beavers knew what they were doing. After watching their activities and the progress of the dam daily for a month I realized that they were doing development work, with the intention of procuring a food supply. They completed a dam of dead timber.

The Luck of Deadwood Dam

At least two accidents happened to the builders of this deadwood dam. One of these occurred when a tree, which the beavers had gnawed off, pinned the beaver that had cut it between its buttress and another tree immediately behind the beaver. The other accident was caused by a tree falling in an unexpected direction. This tree was leaning against a fallen one that was held several feet above the earth by a boulder. When cut off, instead of falling directly to the earth it slid alongside the log against which it had been leaning and was shunted off to one side, falling upon and instantly killing two of the logging beavers.

The dam, when completed, was eighty-five feet long. It was about fifty feet below the main pond and sixty feet distant from the south side of it. Fifty feet of the new dam ran north and south parallel to the old one; then forming a right angle it extended thirty-five feet toward the east. It averaged three feet in height, being made almost entirely of large chunks—dead-tree cuttings from six to fifteen inches in diameter and from two to twelve feet long. It appeared a crude windrow of dead-timber wreckage.

The day it was completed the builders shifted the scene of activity to the brook, a short distance below the point where it emerged from the main pond. Here they placed a small dam across it and commenced work on a canal, through which they endeavored to lead a part of the waters of the brook into the reservoir which their deadwood dam had formed!

There was a swell or slight rise in the earth of about eighteen inches between the reservoir and the head of the canal that was to carry water into it. The swell, I suppose, was not considered by the beavers. At any rate, they completed about one-half the length of the canal, then apparently discovered that water would not flow through it in the direction desired. Other canal builders have made similar errors. The beavers were somewhat human. This part of the canal was abandoned and a new start made. The beavers now apparently tried to overcome the swell in the earth by an artificial work.

A pondlet was formed immediately below the old pond by building a sixty-foot bow-like dam, the ends of which were attached to the old dam. The brook, pouring from the old pond, quickly filled this new, narrow sixty-foot-long reservoir. The outlet of this was made over the bow dam at the point nearest to the waiting reservoir of the deadwood dam. The water, where it poured over the outlet of the bow dam, failed to flow toward the waiting reservoir, but was shed off to one side by the earth swell before it. Instead of flowing southward it flowed eastward. The beavers remedied this and directed the flow by building a wing dam, which extended southward from the bow dam at the point where the water overpoured. This earthwork was about fifteen feet long, four feet wide and two high. Along the upper side of this the water flowed and from its end a canal was dug to the reservoir.

About one-half of the brook was diverted and this amount of water covered the flat and formed a pond to the height of the deadwood dam in less than three days. Most of the leaky openings in this dam early became clogged with leaves, trash and sediment that were carried in by the water, but here and there were large openings which the beavers mudded themselves. The new pond was a little more than one hundred feet long and from forty to fifty feet wide. Its southerly shore flooded into the edge of the aspen grove which the beavers were planning to harvest.

The canal was from four to five feet wide and from eight to twenty inches deep. The actual distance that lay between the brook and the shore of the new pond was ninety feet. Though the diverting of the water was a task, it required less labor than the building of the dam.

With dead timber and the canal, the beavers had labored two seasons for the purpose of getting more supplies without abandoning the colony. If in building the dam they had used the green, easily cut aspens, they would have greatly reduced the available food supply.

A large harvest of aspen and willow was gathered for the winter. Daily visits to the scene of the harvest enabled me to understand and enjoy many of their methods and much of their work that otherwise would have gone on unknown to me. Early in the harvest an aspen cluster far downstream was cut. Every tree in this cluster and every near-by aspen was felled, dragged to the brook and in this, with wrestling, pushing and pulling, taken upstream through shallow water—for most mountain streams are low during the autumn. In the midst of this work the entrance or inlet of the canal was blocked and the bow dam cut. The water in the brook was almost doubled in volume by this closing of the canal, thereby making the transportation of aspens upstream less laborious.

When the downstream aspens at last reposed in a pile beside the house harvesting was briskly commenced in the aspens along the shore of the new pond. Then came another surprise. The bow dam was repaired, and the canal not only opened but enlarged so that almost all the water in the brook was diverted into the canal, through which it flowed into the new pond.

Mrs. Beaver's Pantry

The aspens cut on the shore of the new pond were floated across it, then dragged up the canal into the old pond. Evidently the beavers not only had again turned the water into the canal that they might use it in transportation, but had increased the original volume of water simply to make this transportation of the aspens as easy as possible.

Their new works enabled the colonists to procure nearly five hundred aspens for the winter. All these were taken up the new canal, dragged over the bow and the main dams, and piled in the water by the house. In addition to these, the aspens brought from downstream made the total of the harvest seven hundred and thirty-two trees; and with these went several hundred small willows. Altogether these made a large green brush-pile that measured more than one hundred feet in circumference and, after it settled, averaged four feet in depth. This was the food supply for the oncoming winter. The upper surface of this stood about one foot above the surface of the water.

Five years after the completion of this deadwood dam it was so overgrown with willows and grass that the original material—the dead tree trunks that formed the major portion of it—was completely covered over. The new pond was used but one season. All the aspens that were made available by the dam of the pond were cut in one harvest. The place is now abandoned—the old and the new ponds.

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HI TODD AND THE PANIC

(Continued from Page 11)

A tall, fresh, breezy girl gave Todd a hearty man's grip and informed them that supper was waiting. The two sat down to substantial fare and Pearl waited on them. Hi found pleasure in watching her, and once earned a pleased smile when Pearl detected him loosening his belt a notch under cover of the cloth.

Afterward Hi and the cowman drew up chairs on the front porch and smoked. It had been plain for an hour that the old man had something on his mind.

"Yes," he kept repeating in a low tone, and then he would sigh, "I'll have to turn 'em loose in the morning."

Hi would not notice the dangling bait; besides, he was listening to Miss Greenlaw remove the dishes from the supper table, wondering the while whether it would be polite to offer his help.

"Hem!" said Greenlaw with a preliminary cough. "Say, you ain't looking for some good cattle—ones and twos?"

Hi promptly assumed the standoffish, cautious expression he had seen on the manager's face when anybody tried to separate him from some money; if it were a case of selling, the manager was a different individual. The cowman knew the look of old. He had seen it in many buyers when they fenced for lower prices.

"I reckon I'll have to turn 'em loose," he said again. Then he added: "The skunk!"

"Times is awful hard," Todd observed.

Greenlaw agreed to this with a sad inclination of the head.

"Why, would you believe it, Mr. Greenlaw, I couldn't put up a thousand dollars right now to save my neck," said Hi. "It's got so that the only way we can get along is paying with clearing-house certificates."

Now Hi hadn't even a glimmering of what a clearing-house certificate might be; but if the Los Angeles buyer could make use of one, why shouldn't he? Greenlaw gave another dispirited nod and said that was his position also; he had plenty of money, but the bank wouldn't let him get it out.

"But," he said, "I'm not worrying about cash. I'd just like to get shet of these cattle. They're all gathered and grass is poor, and I hate to waste ——"

He paused, eying Todd anxiously.

"Perhaps that Los Angeles buyer you done spoke of will turn up," Hi suggested hopefully, whereat Greenlaw smote his knee in a great passion.

"I wouldn't sell 'em to that polecat now," he declared, "not if he was to raise his price two dollars a haid. No, suh!"

"You can claim his forfeit."

"Forfeit?" snorted the old man. "Who wants a forfeit? I ain't got no contract nor no writin'. His word and my word—that's the way I do business. I ain't never made no writin' and I don't aim to begin at my age."

"Well," said Hi, yawning, "it's a hard year. But them are likely cattle. They'd ought to bring you twelve and sixteen if you strike the right party."

"Yes," Greenlaw returned grimly, "you bet they'd ought."

He smoked savagely for a space. His guest tilted in his chair, with his feet on the railing, and speculated on how long it would be before the daughter put in an appearance.

"Perhaps," he remarked at last, "perhaps Miss Pearl would like to come out to get a look at the moon?"

"Gone to bed," said her father briefly.

They talked for a few minutes longer, then Hi pleaded fatigue and the old man conducted him to his room. He fell asleep with a childlike smile on his lips.

The first person Hi encountered when he emerged from his room next morning was Pearl. It takes a very pretty girl to appear radiant at six A. M. Not only was Pearl rosy, but her face positively glistened, for she had been cooking breakfast. She gave Todd a shy, boyish "How are you?"

"Your daughter's sure some cook," Hi remarked to the cowman as he finished his third helping of hot cakes smothered in syrup.

"Fair," Greenlaw assented, without interest. "She's fair."

"You can gamble she's fair," Hi replied in an unnecessarily loud voice—the kitchen door was ajar. "She's a wonder."

He quitted the vicinity of the cook with very evident reluctance, but the cowman was anxious to show the cattle to his guest and ordered a couple of horses saddled. They rode down to a wide draw where the herd was grazing under the eyes of two cowboys. For several minutes Hi remained on top of a knoll, surveying them. The cowman chewed on a straw.

"Twelve and sixteen—well, I should reckon so," he said disgustedly. As Hi made no response Greenlaw murmured: "Yes, I expect I'll have to turn 'em loose."

"Mr. Greenlaw," said Hi abruptly, "I'm not in the market just now. But if you'll take twelve twenty-five for the yearlings and sixteen twenty-five for the twos I'll take this herd off your hands."

There was a note in Hi's tone that told the cowman this was a real and a final offer. He had expected some dickering. Todd's suddenness threw him out of his reckoning, and instead of repeating "I reckon I'll have to turn 'em loose," as he had prepared to do, Greenlaw said: "Well, I shouldn't be surprised if we could strike a trade, Mr. Todd. Take 'em now?"

Hi did not even hesitate. "As soon as I can get cars. Ten per cent cut, of course."

Thus was a forty-three-thousand-dollar deal closed. They wended their way slowly through the cattle and turned back toward the house. Said Hi, in a burst of frankness: "Now I'm just taking a stab at these, Mr. Greenlaw, on my own hook. You understand I ain't authorized to buy 'em. But if you're not rushed for the money I'll fix it in thirty days, so ——"

"I reckon that's all right, young man," said Greenlaw, smiling comfortably. "We're all in the same boat for a while. You look like you could pay for them. Pshaw, I could tell you had money the minute I clapped eyes on you, Mr. Todd. You don't make no bluffs. No, suh; you're straight business. Besides, Patterson's word is good enough for me. I've traded with him before."

"Patterson? I didn't say anything about Patterson."

"No—no. I—I just suspicioned you was working for him."

The station agent came out to meet them, holding a telegram in his hand. He was grinning.

"For you," he said to Todd.

All right if you can deliver at once. Who are you anyhow? J. D. PATTERSON.

"They wouldn't let him put in a word there," the agent explained. "Against the rules. I'll bet his feelings was hurt."

The cowman, dying with curiosity, saw a faint smile come on Hi's face and followed him to the station. There Todd wrote a reply, which the agent accepted without question, marking a large "Chgd" on the corner:

J. D. PATTERSON, Kansas City, Mo.
I am your new buyer. HI TODD.

Greenlaw could not see the message, though he scouted round Hi's back to get a look at it. However, he watched the writing and perceived that it was very short.

Late in the afternoon another wire arrived for Todd:

Be there Thursday. Cars promised Friday.
PATTERSON

This telegram he showed to the cowman, who put on a pair of horn spectacles and read it with great care.

"Why," he said, "you didn't send him ten words, and he's closed the deal. I reckon maybe you're a partner, ain't you, Mr. Todd? Own up now."

"No-o-o," said Hi modestly, "but I hope to be."

On Thursday morning Patterson dropped off the westbound passenger train—a tall, iron-gray man, who could not slough the stamp of the range despite a rating of a million and credit A 1+.

"Where," said he in his brusque way, "is this man Todd?"

Before any one could utter a word Hi grabbed him by the sleeve and led the dumfounded Patterson along the track a few yards, talking earnestly. Greenlaw, watching everything, saw the commission merchant laugh and slap his leg. He grew very thoughtful, spat, opened his mouth as though to unburden himself to his range boss, thought better of it and picked up a fresh straw.

All day Saturday a smother of dust lifted above the shipping pens at the Spade.

The Business Girl

Needs a clear brain, strength and endurance.

Each day thinkers use up brain cells.

Each day active workers destroy cells in the nerve centres.

This waste must be replaced daily by proper food. Otherwise nervous prostration and brain-fag result.

Nature cannot rebuild gray matter in nerve centres and brain without Phosphate of Potash—not from the drug shop, but as grown in the field grains.

Phosphate of Potash is more than half the mineral salts in

Grape-Nuts

—a food made from choice wheat and barley.

It is perfectly cooked—easily digested—has fine flavour, and is especially adapted for brain workers.

You can replace each day the worn-out parts of yesterday.

The world pays well for efficiency.

"There's a Reason"

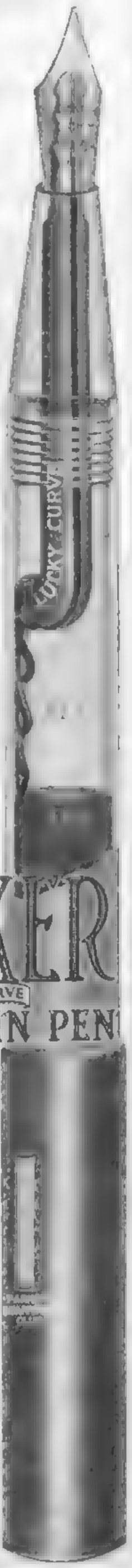
for

Grape-Nuts

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ontario, Canada

If Mercury and Air Didn't Go Up Fountain Pens Wouldn't *Leak*



WHEN mercury in a thermometer gets warm it goes up

When air in a fountain pen gets warm in your pocket it goes up too—up the feed tube.

Now, this "going up" habit of air is what makes all the ink-smearing trouble.

It happens like this: When you set an ordinary fountain pen in your pocket, point up, some lazy ink stays up in the feed tube—won't all run down.

Up goes the heated air through the inky feed tube, pushing the lazy ink up and out, all over the writing end of the pen.

Now, George S. Parker, of Janesville, Wisconsin, said: "I'll get all the ink down out before the heated air goes up."

So he invented a *curved feed tube*, which bends and touches the barrel wall. This touch sucks all ink out of the feed tube and drops it in the reservoir below the instant you set a Parker Pen in your pocket.

That is what makes it impossible for air to force ink out on the writing end of a Parker Pen.

The curved feed tube is called the Lucky Curve, and that queer force, Capillary Attraction, which makes a sugar lump suck coffee, is what sucks the ink out of the Lucky Curve.

Parker Pens write smooth as glass, for the 14k gold pens are pointed with polished Iridium. And the Parker Spear Head Ink Controller never allows any blotting or skipping

PARKER

LUCKY CURVE

FOUNTAIN PEN

Standard Style Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pens, $1.50 to $250.00, according to size and ornamentation.

New Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen

won't leak in any position. Carry it upside down in pocket of your white vest. Pen knife size for lady's purse. Prices $2.50 up

New Parker* Disappearing *Clip

grips like a snapping turtle, but slides back into its shell when you want to write

Dealers sell Parkers on 10 days' trial. If your dealer [illegible] it is easier than ever to [illegible] We send you catalog and fill your order direct. *Do it today.*

Parker Pen Company
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
New York Retail Store
31 Park Row, opposite Post Office

They echoed to the tumult of loading. Cowboys whooped and shoved; steers surged and bellowed; the long train jerked and creaked as car after car was filled; and Hi straddled a board above the swelter, taking tally.

The freight conductor went back to get his running orders; Patterson hurriedly shook hands with Greenlaw; and Hi paused a moment at the end of the platform to have a few words with Pearl.

"All right. Let her go," yelled Patterson, and the engineer sounded his piercing whistle.

Just as Hi was stepping aboard the caboose, old man Greenlaw approached him a bit shamefacedly.

"Say, Mr. Todd," he said, "I don't like to mention it, but I reckon you done forgot it. That dollar eighty-five you borrowed, you know."

"Well, I swan!" Hi replied, laughing. "I sure did. I'll send you a money order first place we stop at, Mr. Greenlaw. Much obliged."

The train began to move. The cowman kept pace beside it on the platform. It was plain something perplexed him.

"Say," he said again, "how much money did you have when you bought these cattle off me?"

"Thirty-one cents," was the answer. "Why? We're all in the same boat—the panic, you know."

The freight commenced to gather momentum and slowly pulled away from the station.

"I tell you what," said Greenlaw meditatively, [illegible] "I tell you what, Pearl—that young feller will either end up in the United States Senate or in jail. Maybe both."

"I'll keep him out of jail, paw," said Pearl.

Meanwhile Hi Todd sat comfortably on the platform of the caboose as they trundled eastward, bound for Pueblo. Some mental arithmetic he was engaged in was very consolatory. With a rake-off of twenty-five cents a head—a live man could do anything with seven hundred and seventy-five dollars in these brave days. It was more than he had earned in two years.

He rolled a cigarette. Just before applying the match he paused to address the country at large:

"A weak vessel, hey? Huh, I reckon Pearl don't think so."

J. D. Patterson, of Kansas City, Missouri, sticking his head out the door to ascertain what had become of his impressive new buyer, heard Hi Todd calmly crooning to himself:

A little brown cot,
A shady green spot,
No happier home could be,

THE HIGH SCHOOL AND THE CITIZEN

(Concluded from Page 9)

as a check upon the Legislature?" "What are the exclusive powers of the Senate and House of Representatives?" Instead, they are busying themselves with such commonplace queries as: "Why do school children have to be quarantined when they have the mumps, and what are the city regulations covering contagious diseases generally?" "Why may there be legally only seven seats between aisles in your assembly hall"—there are eight, by-the-way, in a few places!—"and what are the city ordinances about overcrowding, exits and fire-escapes?"

How dreadfully commonplace such subjects as these are! What a waste of time, when the pupils might be communing with that noblest product of political thinking, the Federal Constitution! The trouble with this viewpoint—held, unfortunately, by some teachers—is that in the old Constitution days the girls didn't commune, they revolted—in spirit, if not in action. On the other hand, they are taking a keen interest in this new type of civics. Starting with things that are vital to them, with questions they really want answered, they hunt anywhere and everywhere, even in the state or national Constitution, till their human interest is satisfied. And that is not all.

These girls become possessed by another motive—the true goal of the educational process. If they find that laws or ordinances passed for their protection are not enforced, or that further regulations are necessary, they feel a responsibility to see that these conditions are righted. At last they have learned to think civically.

One girl, after studying housing conditions, went to call on her washerwoman to see what life was like in one of the city's worst inclosed courts. She was taken about the neighborhood and shown all the things the landlord ought to have done, but had not. "And the owner of the buildings is a good church member too!" commented the girl indignantly.

How long will inclosed courts and narrow alleys and bad sanitary conditions prevail, once the citizens know the facts and learn to interpret those facts right? Even good church members will have to get busy if they are profiting in this unregenerate fashion.

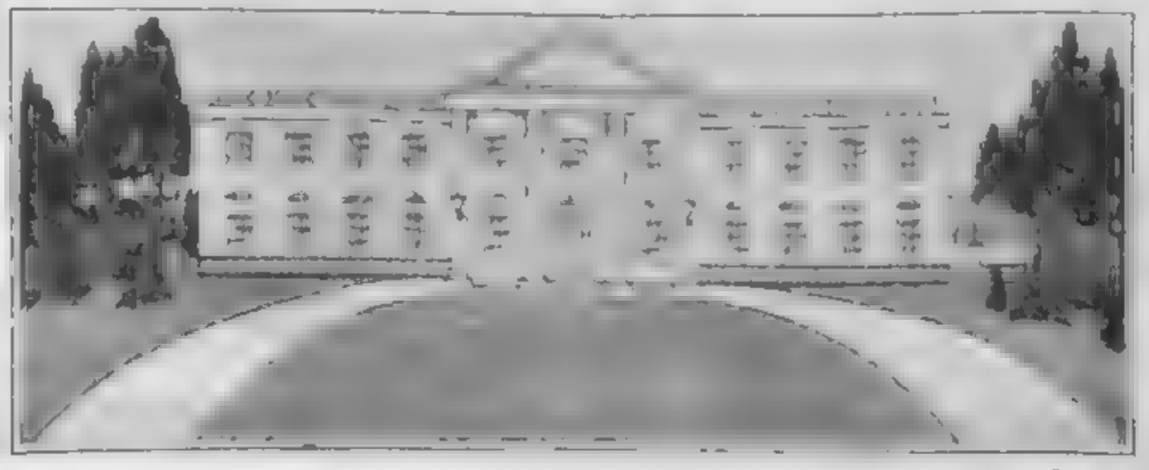
A second pupil spoke of the added interest she had in reading the daily papers. She said that since she had been studying civics she felt acquainted with the various officials and their work, whereas before the term "city controller," for instance, had meant nothing to her.

A third student had learned perhaps the most difficult lesson of all—the evil of indiscriminate giving, which pauperizes the recipient of the bounty. How long, think you, will the gay and festive hobo continue in business, once the back doors of generous but shortsighted women are closed to him and he is met by the unvarying rule, "No work, no food"? This condition of affairs will do far more good than the proposed labor colonies.

But there is no need of giving further illustrations. Training in civics is training for intelligent and conscientious participation in community life. This aim can be reached, so far as the high school is concerned—first, by socializing the history, so that it shall yield its treasures of political wisdom; and, second, by practical civics instruction that begins with the immediate environment of the child and radiates into ever-widening circles of interest.

The need for this training is most urgent; and in spite of tradition and the paralyzing fear of change that goes with it, many educators are coming to understand the educational value of a piece of instruction that is based on interest rather than on compulsion.

Most important of all, the great outside public—so helpless till it gets its bearings—is coming to appreciate the social significance of adequate instruction in citizenship; is coming to believe that for the welfare of the community the school and the citizen must sustain to each other a far more vital relation than ever before.



INTERLOCK INNER TIRES
Stop Tire Troubles

Investigate and learn why so many thousands of motorists are discarding inner shoes, reliners, and fillers for the practical Interlock Inner Tires—and why Interlocks are handled and recommended by the best supply dealers and tire houses all over the country.

One weak point of the automobile today is that you can't depend on its tires. **Interlocks** revolutionize this condition by making your tires so strong that blow-outs become practically impossible. **Interlocks** save half your tire expense—save repair bills—double your mileage—prevent punctures—and completely free you from all fear of blow-outs.

What Interlocks Are

The **Interlock** is a complete inner tire (not an inner shoe) which is placed between the outer casing and the inner tube to strengthen the outer casing and protect the tube. It is the only reinforcement which is locked by air pressure to the rim and which becomes an integral part of the tire, and, therefore, cannot heat or chafe. Even if the tire is broken the **Interlock** will hold.

Well Proved by Road Tests

4,500 miles cross country run, July 1911, without a blow-out. 56,000 miles from March 1911 to August 1912 (equal to twice around the world), on eight tires and fabric acknowledged in perfect condition by one of the largest tire companies. Four States Endurance Tour, July 9-24, 1912, with Interlocks in old tires used successfully against thirty other cars equipped with new tires. Attested by over 100 tire experts. Factory output doubled five times in two years.

Interlocks Insure Safety

You know that the sudden blowing out of a tire may easily ditch any car when going at fair speed—the safety of **Interlocks** should appeal to you.

Reduce Your Tire Expense

[illegible]

Send This Coupon

DOUBLE FABRIC TIRE CO.
800 W. 9th Street, Auburn, Ind.

Please send me more information about Interlocks.

Name
Street
City
Dealer's Name

Now Comes a Royal Rivalry in 40-Horsepower Cars

Some 72 makers now contend for your favor with cars around 40 horsepower. Six of these cars, backed by millions of money, are in a fierce race for supremacy. The Michigan "40" is one. Never in all the history of motoring were such splendid efforts made to capture trade.

The Middle Field

The situation is like this:

Among the lesser cars the leaderships are pretty well decided. So among the over-powered, or cars at high prices.

But there remains this mammoth middle field. There are more cars in it than in any other. And no car dominates as yet.

Here centers now the greatest contest Motordom has known. Here exists the fiercest struggle to outdo the rest. All of which accrues immensely to the purchaser's advantage.

The Wanted Type

As things look now, the car which leads the Forties will be this country's most successful car. Nearly every motorist, soon or late, comes to want this middle type. That's why so many make them.

Owners of small cars come to want something better—more power, more room, more appearance. Many owners of heavy, high-priced cars come to want something more economical.

So the trend of all classes is toward luxurious Forties. The demand for this type has become overwhelming. And the chiefest ambition of the ablest designers is now to build the favorite Forty.

Cameron's Car

In the vortex of this contest stands the Michigan "40," Cameron's latest car.

Behind this car stands an ideal organization—men, money, national repute—thirty years' experience in vehicle building.

To build it, there's a model factory, splendidly equipped. There are all the modern facilities, and the ablest men we can find.

For designer-in-chief we have W. H. Cameron, who for years was the chief engineer of the Willys-Overland Co.

For designer of bodies we have John A. Campbell, who has built the equipages of kings.

For the man in charge of each important detail we have sought the best expert available.

And we have, above all, modest ideas about profits. We have been building for years on an 8 per cent margin. Michigan vehicles, for thirty years, have been the despair of competitors.

The crux of this contest will lie mainly in price. That's the chiefest way in which high-grade cars differ in these days.

Four Years' Preparation 5,000 Cars Tried Out

This is no field for mediocre cars. There are several cars in it which can't be greatly excelled. All are well built—some are splendid cars.

In no other class is there such a fierce rivalry among able engineers. No other cars are built so luxuriously—equipped so expensively—as the leaders among the Forties. In no other class is there such competition to outdo rival cars.

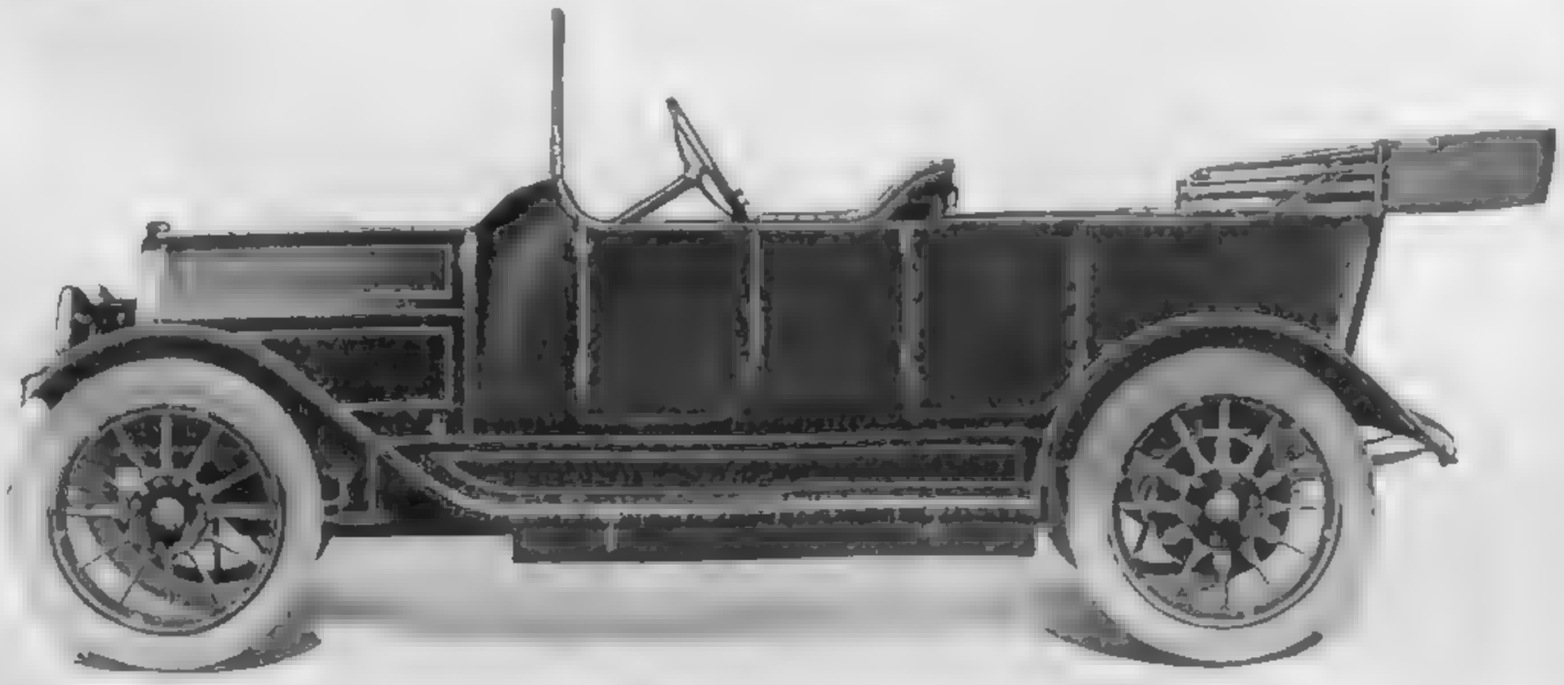
So we have spent four years in perfecting the Michigan before we entered this fight of the Forties.

We gathered around us the best motor car experts, and gave them ample time. They have built 5,000 Michigan cars, and have watched every car's performance. Since the start they have added some 300 improvements.

Last year the Michigan entered the front ranks. We could easily have sold twice our production. Yet this year's model shows seventy-one improvements.

So we have gone very slowly in this fight for supremacy. Now the Michigan "40," in every detail, measures up with the best of its rivals. And it outrivals all of them, in a conspicuous way, in the value it gives for the money. Any man who makes just comparisons is bound to agree with that.

Now we are ready to dispute this field with every maker in it.



Michigan "40"

Price $1,585

Completely Equipped

Specifications

Motor

From 40 to 46 horsepower. Cylinders 4½x5½. Three-bearing crank shaft with extra size bearings. Designed by W. H. Cameron.

Ignition

Dual system with Briggs magneto. The only magneto guaranteed for the life of the car. In case of any shortcoming at any time, magneto may be returned express collect, and it will be repaired or replaced with a new one, and returned express prepaid within 24 hours.

Rear Axle

Pressed steel, full floating type, easily adjustable. Timken roller construction, Kelly steel drive shafts, four-pitch driving gears. Possesses sufficient strength for a 60-horsepower car.

Radiator

Latest improved genuine cellular-type radiator.

Brakes

Extra efficient brakes, with drums 16x2½ inches—internal expanding and external contracting.

Springs

The extra wide, specially graded Michigan springs make this car unsurpassed in easy riding qualities. Front springs are semi-elliptic, 36x2½ inches; rear, three-quarter elliptic, 50x2½ inches. Believed to be the most comfortable springs ever used on a medium-priced car.

Frame

5-16-inch pressed steel, 4 1-16 inches deep, with 3½-inch flange.

Steering

Adjustable steering post, which can be easily raised or lowered. This feature, together with our adjustable clutch and brake pedals, insures perfect comfort to every driver. 18-inch corrugated steering wheel, with friction spark and throttle controls.

Wheels and Rims

No part of any vehicle is more important than the wheels. They *must* stand up. So we use genuine Shortsville wheels, known everywhere as best. 1⅛-inch spokes are used—twelve to each wheel.

Fitted with Firestone quick-detachable universal demountable rims including extra rim.

Body

Specially designed by J. A. Campbell, foremost body designer of this country. Straight-line body with extra room both in front and rear seats. Twenty-two coats of paint are required to get the lasting finish put on Michigan bodies.

Upholstering

Soft, hand-buffed leather of the finest grade, filled with best grade of curled hair. Cushions are 14 inches deep, the deepest upholstering, we believe, and the most comfortable used on any car. No car at any price offers greater luxury in this respect.

Dimensions

Wheel base 118 inches. Width of rear seat frame to frame, 60 inches. Width of rear seat inside upholstering, 50 inches. Ample room for three large people. Doors 20 inches wide. From dash to back of front seat 54 inches. From back of front seat to back of rear seat, 50 inches. Depth of rear seat 25 inches—front seat 21 inches.

Michigan "40"

Price $1,585

Completely Equipped

Special Features

Four-Forward-Speed Transmission

The M[illegible] is equipped with four-forward-speed transmission, the most perfect ever brought. Direct drive on fourth. Many American [illegible] are [illegible] four speeds, but the Michigan is the first car selling at the medium price to adopt this important feature. With this transmission one may secure much higher efficiency out of the motor at much less expense.

Four forward-speed transmissions are now found in 157 European makes of cars. It is the consensus of opinion among motor car engineers that in 1914 this is bound to be a feature in most of the leading medium-priced cars. You get it in 1913 in the Michigan "40."

Oversize Tires

According to the schedule issued by the Tire Manufacturers, very few cars are equipped with tires of sufficient capacity to carry their weight. According to this same schedule these tires give the Michigan about 20% over-capacity. The Michigan "40" is equipped with 35x4½ inch tires. Experienced motorists, more and more are insisting on having an extra-large tire.

Electric Lights

The Michigan has the [illegible] system of electric lights. No [illegible] necessary. The [illegible] are 12½ inches [illegible] and powerful. The lights are set in the dash and are flush with it. This lighting system on other cars as an extra equipment, usually costs $125.

Center Control Left-Side Drive

The Michigan follows the [illegible] practice, among many cars of the [illegible] grade, by adopting the left [illegible] drive. Thus the driver sits close to the cars which he passes, and on the high part of the road. No levers clog either front door. In high-grade cars this arrangement is fast becoming universal.

Nickel Mountings

The Michigan, of course, is equipped with white nickel mountings throughout. Experienced buyers now insist on this.

Self-Starter

There is such a difference of opinion about the various types of self-starters that we have not adopted any one type as regular equipment. We prefer to leave this selection to the buyer. We equip with either the gas or electric starter at a moderate extra price.

Over-Capacity

The driving parts of this car are all made sufficient for a 60 h. p. motor. This means, on the average, 50 per cent over-capacity. Few other cars in the world have so large a factor of safety.

The axles are extra strong. The transmission has sufficient strength for an 80 h. p. car. The tires are over-size. The frame is 3-16 inch steel. The brakes are extra large.

Equipment

Best grade [illegible] top with side curtains [illegible].

[illegible] Can be inclined at any angle.

Electric lights and dynamo.

[illegible] horn.

[illegible] Jones speedometer—four-inch dial.

Firestone quick-detachable universal demountable rims, with extra rim.

Special foot rail. Swing robe rail. Rear tire irons.

Complete tool equipment. Tool chests underneath running boards.

Four Speeds, Electric Lighted Over-Tired, 50% Average Over-Capacity Completely Equipped—for $1,585

In this war of the Forties you get amazing values. There are 72 makers trying to outdo each other. They are giving the best features ever put into cars. And the Michigan "40"—in addition to all else—is making a price which is wholly unmatchable. We defy any rival to meet it.

You Get the Benefits

Here's where this fight helps you.

Other cars are not so splendidly equipped as some cars in this middle field. Cars at twice the prices lack some of the costly features.

No cars are better built, for hundreds of the ablest engineers are doing their best on Forties. This is true of others in this Forty field—just as true as it is of the Michigan.

This royal rivalry among masterly makers is bringing out the finest cars ever created. And prices have been cut immensely. Some old-time prices have been cut in two.

You men who decide—you who buy these cars—are getting enormous benefits. You are getting Forties, splendidly equipped, at what stripped Thirties sold for but a short time back.

The Crux Is the Price

The Michigan "40" enters this contest with the best car Cameron can build. And no man has ever excelled him. We enter with a car which the ablest men have spent four years in perfecting.

A better-built car is impossible, and no maker, we think, will claim it.

To this car we have given extreme factors of safety. We have made it extra wide and roomy fitted it with extra-size tires. Special attention has been given to comfort. The equipment includes electric lights, and all else that anyone wants.

We are giving all this, yet we quote on this car a record price for cars of this class equipped. That is where the Michigan will win, with men who make comparisons.

Note the Specifications

Note carefully the Michigan specifications. Note how each compares with other cars in this class. Note the width of the seats—note the depth of the cushions. Note the wide springs—the big brake drums.

Note the size of the tires—the four-forward-speed transmission—the electric lights with dynamo. These are expensive features.

All of these details count for your good. The only way to know what our price means is to consider each fact in these specifications.

Be Fair With Yourself

It is up to you to make rigid comparisons. There is no other way to be fair with yourself. Go then and compare the cars. Examine every detail. Test the cars in actual operation.

There is nothing mysterious about good cars—nothing not easily analyzed. Pay no attention to any allurements outside of provable facts. Let neither name nor fame be used to cloud the vital issue. Cars which held the laurels last year may not hold them this.

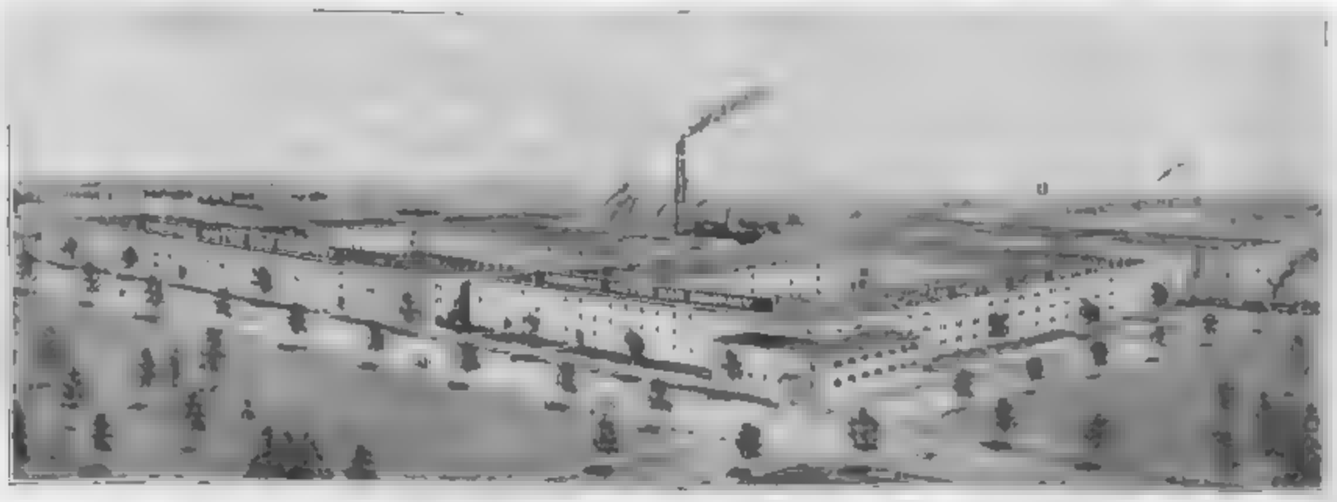
We are facing new conditions in this Forty field. There is warfare on, and the man who chooses wisely can get values never known before.

Write for Catalog

We have issued a remarkable catalog, covering all the facts in question. Send this coupon for it—send it now. Then we will tell you where to see the car.

Michigan Motor Car Company, 265 Lay Blvd., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Owned by the Owners of the Michigan Buggy Company



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The Family Favorite

Over sixty million packages of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes are made each year in the big Battle Creek factory.

No other ready-to-eat cereal ever enjoyed such a tremendous demand.

It's the flavor that has done it. Other brands have come and gone, but the demand for Kellogg's is growing every year.

Every package of Kellogg's goes direct from the ovens to the cars. They reach the most distant grocer in not more than three weeks from the time they are made. The grocer sells them so fast that they can't get stale on his shelves.

That's why Kellogg's is always fresh.

LOOK FOR THIS

W. K. Kellogg

THE BLACK SQUAD

(Continued from Page 19)

what he could do; he—Dick—was only coming back to fetch out his wife to the Colonies, and would be done for all time with firing when she tied up at Tilbury.

His firing mate, Walt, differed from him—all calamitously for the trimmer. It was a saying of Jim's that an honest day's work had never yet been done in the holds; that the best of them only wobbled on or off the mark like the indicator on the pressure gauge. Yet Walt, the cockney, never wobbled. He was a tall fellow, with narrow, sloping shoulders, a deep chest—he was in effect cylindrical as to trunk—and a face lined and furrowed like the face of an old man. His chin was underhung in profile, yet massive enough viewed straight on; his lips were always compressed. It was as if a weak character were to be ribbed and bolted by a transforming earnestness. Earnest he certainly was—he had made up his mind individually that the ship should move. His conscientiousness was grim and terrible and rode him like black care, the horseman. He cried out in his high-pitched voice against the slackness of others, and confirmed himself momently in his sense of justice toward those devouring fires. Not even in the hottest watches would he omit to slice them after pitching; and when the steam was in his hands his rattle sounded at the least lowering of pressure. I have seen him stoop and snatch out of a passing barrowful of ashes a solitary lump of coal in the interest of the company! What addition this might make to the four thousand tons that would be burned before we docked in Tilbury it was not for him to consider. It was coal—not ashes! Let it go where it should go! He would continue to shovel for a quarter of an hour after the shiftless Liverpool had stopped—Liverpool the while rolling cigarettes and regarding him with that deep disdain which your "swanker" has for men of solid parts. Then Walt would slam the door to his last fire, and those black, sweating mates would glower at each other, each persuaded that his own contempt was the better founded.

"I 'ad a trimmer once," said Walt, mopping himself with his sweatrag, "wot thought I 'ad it in for 'im. Farst as 'e'd wheel it out I'd pop it in. Larst of it was, 'e come at me proper. "'Ere, Gaw bli' me," 'e says, 'you're doin' this apurpose! You're goin' out of your way to do it! You want to tear me down—that's wot you want!' So I opened the door to the parse fire. "'Ere's the fires,' I says; 'if the coal's 'ere I got to put it in. You fill the fires,' I says, 'and I'll wheel out the coal.' So 'e keeps on," said Walt reflectively. "'E keeps on 'cos 'e was a game un; I'y-an'-by 'e does come down proper! 'E was a 'eavy man to get up those ladders" [illegible] that I eat it is not an easy business—"an' w'en I 'ad 'im laid out on deck an' 'e opened his eyes, Gaw bli' me, 'e wanted to fight! 'You're the man!' 'e says. 'Blarst you an' your fires!' . . . We gotter get the steam!" said Walt, as if the recital required a touch of self-justification.

"No trimmer of mine ever 'ad cause to reproach me," said Liverpool, dropping one heavy lid so that I alone might see.

"I guess you ain't ever broke a trimmer's back!" said Walt.

"Too much consideration for the feelin's of others," said Liverpool. He wiped the blade of his shovel clean with his handrag, drew out a lemon and halved it on that black edge. This lemon the cook had thrown down to the two trimmers in the forward hold, who in return hoisted his coal for him. These trimmers had hastened to lay the offering on Liverpool's altar.

"I 'ave me reward," he said sucking the blackened acid, "in the gratitoode of me mates."

At this moment, as I remember, there came a prolonged siren from above.

"Boat stations!" grunted Liverpool. "Wot's a pore sticker to do with boat stations, mate? We 'aven't split yet, anyhow."

"Practice, I suppose," I said.

"Maybe—an' maybe not," said Liverpool. "Maybe swimmin' practice—for them on deck! You an' me can watch the little boilers poppin', mate."

Before now I had not been guilty of thinking too precisely on this event but, at this whistle and this cheerful comment, it occurred to me to trace out what must ensue down here if "Boat Stations!" should ever sound in earnest. Supposing the strike to be against the side of her, I pictured a wild grapple with the chains of the bunker doors, in the attempt to shut these down and protect the great dusty boilers so long as might be from the fatal touch of the cold sea! I could make out these sweating men, with drawn faces, swaying together there in knots; then failure, perhaps; a savage rush for the long pass, where mayhap the door would have been jammed against however mighty and desperate an effort!

Then the tumultuous recoil down the steel ladder into the forward hold, heels smashing heads; the stirring and buckling and frightful upraising of iron plates; the grinding together of steel barrows; the thunderous roll of coal in the bunkers; some sharp command lost in a shrieking escape of steam from splintered water gauges; then the heavy detonation of exploding boilers in the afterhold; and finally the steam—the steam, in which nothing would live, and in the midst of which these huge receptacles of steel would move from their beds and tumble about in a tangle of chains, platforms and twisted ladders, amid a blackness filled only with steam, fiery soot and the raining out and extinguishment of white fires! Truly, one had better shrug one's shoulders with Liverpool and speak of swimming practice!

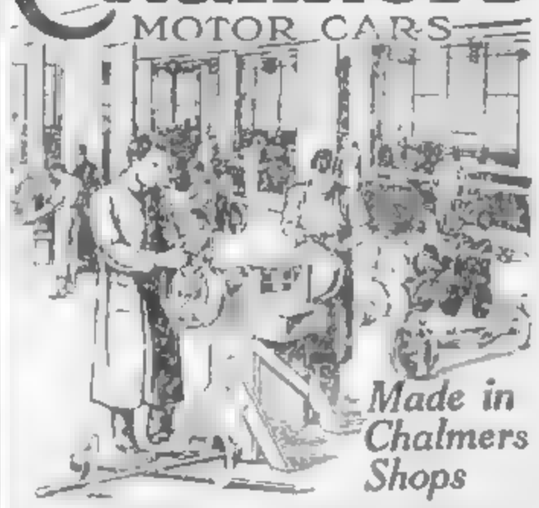
The hot run to Port Said began to draw to an end. Once, coming up to "blow," very black and wet, I saw stretching on the starboard side the awful coast of Arabia, gleaming with sand, so withdrawn from human resource that a liner will stop for the smallest boat putting out to plead for water and provisions. Again, I saw the red, cruel, pyramidal entrance to the Red Sea, one point of rock on each coast crowned with its lonely station. One glance round upon this ancient desolation and I must dive below again. The circulation of this monster was impaired. The coal was all gone aft and had to be run out of the forward bunkers. The eight trimmers, very sulky at this affront upon them, went dashing and colliding between the boilers. The screeching barrows had begun to jib; in other words, the wheel pressed against the steel underbody, moving us to imprecation. There was a swell here, too, which made even running impossible; and now and again a barrow would run amuck and bang about the holds with cunning velocity. Such a barrow will put Hugo's loosened cannon to the blush. We began to doubt whether the ship would have coal enough to crawl up the canal. "Serve 'em right if she don't," we muttered, "for driving her this way!"

She did, though, and to spare. I remember shoveling like one gone mad in the forward bunker toward eight bells to make up my final heaps. A great bulk of coal had just shifted, sending up a black fog, in the middle of which I thrust and thrust again, though I could not see the coal, or the shovel, or my own arm. All at once I became aware of a blur of light over my shoulder. I stepped back toward it, and as the dust fell I saw towering over me, queerly illumined in that gloom, an immense, black, pockmarked face, surmounted by a blue turban. Then I made out a gigantic pair of shoulders under a seedy English overcoat; and under the skirts of this again a red and very dirty drapery.

"This is it!" I thought to myself. "I've gone mad now, right enough!"

Then the figure moved—a knotted fist, glistening with sweat and dust, held up the lamp to my face; and this apparition plainly asked me if I had any tobacco! Then I saw we had reached Port Said and that I had before me an example of the foreign trimmer, who had come in through a coal port. In another moment the hold was full of these fantastic figures, uttering weird cries and crowding about me for tobacco. I leaped back out of the bunker, loosening the chain, which brought the door down on the run—sealing them up for six hours in a compartment wherein one not indurated to breathe in dust instead of air could hardly, I think, have held on for twenty minutes. As I went through the long pass I heard the coal pouring into the ship from every side, roaring and rattling into the black pockets; and I knew that inside were these foreign fiends directing the slide of coal, penned in that unbreathable blackness—ineluctably. Without, rafts clustered about the ship; lights burned and flared feebly in curious

Chalmers MOTOR CARS



300 men are employed in the Axle Department of the Chalmers factory, building Chalmers axles.

Why We Build Our Own Axles

(One of a series of talks on the care and accuracy with which Chalmers cars are built in the Chalmers shops)

Axles have played a great part in civilization. Savage man dragged his loads over the ground on some sort of rough sledge. After many ages, someone invented a wheel. A wheel was probably first used in a mill—one wheel at a time.

Finally someone had the *big* idea of joining two wheels together at opposite ends of a pole, fastening them in such a way that they could turn and carry a load between them. Civilization quit dragging along right then and there. It began to roll ahead. An axle did the trick.

There is nothing more important on an automobile than the axles. They must be strong—that the car may be perfectly safe. They must have weight—that the car may have a solid foundation under it.

They must be as nearly perfect in every way as human skill, applied to good materials, can make them. Because axles are so important, we do not trust them to be made outside our own factory.

Chalmers front and rear axles are built in our own plant, in a large four-story building devoted exclusively to that work. Over 300 men are employed in this department alone.

Here machines of microscopic accuracy cut from finest steel the differential and driving gears by which the motor's power is transmitted to the rear wheel. Here we build up the strong pressed steel casing which carries the weight of the car.

Here the big powerful brakes are made and the whole axle put together and tested before it is placed in a car. Timken bearings are used.

And this same painstaking care goes into the making of every other part of a Chalmers car. All this—and more—is described in a fascinating way in a book we have just issued. Send in the coupon for it.

Don't you want a car built like this? See the Chalmers at our dealers show rooms.

"Thirty-six," $1950; "Six," $2400.
(Fully Equipped)

This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

Please send "Story of the Chalmers Car" and 1913 catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

barred cressets; countless lines of figures passed and repassed with tiny baskets, stung into action by shrill exhortations—Egyptian, Arabian—I know not what the tongue. A glance at this tiny movement of coal and another at the huge, black, motionless side of the ship, and you would have thought they could not have coaled her before the pyramids should crumble! Yet, in the six hours before midnight, they had poured into her, with these same baskets, twelve hundred tons! Port Said, archaic though its method, is reputed to be the quickest coaling port in the world.

This coal was the long-anticipated Welsh—a coal dustier than the bulli, if that could be; but it burned with a hotter and steadier fire and kept the steam to the mark with fewer pitches. The Welsh burned, too, with a lesser residue of ashes; and what there was clung to the grate bars in solid masses—"old men"—which came up only to the prod of Jumbo, the giant slice, with two or three straining on his handle. Then, after some teasing and hectoring, a mighty fragment, bleeding red on its under side, glowing in fiery, chaotic scenes, would fall to the plates—to sputter and grow more thickly red. This was fitly called a "trimmer's tombstone," and he must worry it to the winch himself and set it up—for, after Port Said, the Blow-George blew himself no more, but was silent and smug, the deck swept clean round him. A steam winch hauled up the ashes to a little chamber full of dust and steam, where a man with shut eyes and straining lungs overturned the basket of them on a grating that communicated with a chute. This chute spouted them forth into the unregarding sea and they troubled us no more.

Now, too, the forward and forward-center starboard boilers and the single boilers aft were cold and drawn; we were proceeding under twenty-four fires for the city of Naples. It began to be deadly cold. Our backs, blistered but now by burning Arabian suns, were humped under the chill touch of the sunny South. Shivering, I saw the blue, uplifted coast of Crete hang in the sky, while a stray artist, bundled in a thick coat, strode the saloon deck, snapping life into his fingers and trying to sketch. Here were the very waters that had rolled the fair body of Venus toward that charmed coast; yet I must needs slink below, light my pipe and cower against the furnace doors. The baths were now a simple misery of cold, the bunks cheerless, the deck swept by bitter winds. There was but one warm place—the galley; where the cook, full of an enforced accommodativeness, turned his steaks with long black tongs, his hand shaking with rage at this invasion, his tongue full of threats. We hung towels to dry there; toasted bread at his ovens; reminded him how we daily toiled to keep him in coal—anything to prolong our footing in that steaming, not over-savory place. There was a boiling caldron at one end of it; we yearned to take our baths in that—and spoke of our yearning; whereupon the cook, from the bitterness of his soul, said that he would see us in a warmer place yet! He would have us on his griddle—and he opened and closed his tongs feverishly, and raved on.

In the holds there was no more bawling into ventilators. We deliberately closed them and sat on the coal heaps, disconsolate and cold, though we could hear the humming of the fans within and the sound of fires. The grog had stopped; the human engine needs this kind of oil only in the hot oceans and, be assured, will get it nowhere else.

Toulon! The Rock! Now we began to talk of doing things for the last time. We washed clothes for the last time—mustered for the last time—passed our last duff day. It seems necessary to consider this life not as continuous but as broken into voyages—and to think nothing of the next voyage. The mind is bent on finishing the one in hand. One might suppose a new life awaited us in Tilbury—a life of gladness, wherein no seven bells were mingled; a life not of dust and looming fires but of beer, of leisure everlasting. You spoke of getting up at noon to a plate of ham and eggs; of sauntering into the White Hart and ordering a foaming pot. And then more sleep! Out of uninterrupted slumber to awake to ham and eggs, with the prospect of a pint of beer—this is the desideratum of your stoker. In this will he smother unquiet memories of heat, dust and Tasmanian tiger. What recks he of it that in ten days he will be back to his furnaces, with the rattle in his ears, "Rake aft!" and the clang of bars and rakes on steel plates! For this fortnight he is free as air; free to stroll about and patronize and receive the homage of the fair—conquering in a whirlwind, for his time is short. The next voyage? Ah, in some other life!

One of us had a trade—a tinsmith, he thought, should make a comfortable wage ashore. Another had no trade; but he, too, would forswear this business. He who was leading stoker in the navy had visions of his wife, a competent and sympathetic woman, it would seem—a seamstress, whom he had set up in business at an expense of thirty pounds and who now made a great deal more money than he did himself. A good investment, to his way of thinking! She was a sensible woman too—never failing to lay in a dozen of stout against his homecoming; and once, to keep him by her longer, she had got him "proper drunk," so that he missed his ship. This was playing on his weakness to some purpose, if you liked. No danger of his ever waking up and finding his book of discharges on his plate for breakfast! They had a gray bird, brought from the West Coast—once a very profane creature—which she had broken of sea-habits of speech. Very seldom he burst off now. A great comfort to her. This trip was his last as well. The trip was everybody's last, a statement that served as a buffer to the shocking fact that it was nobody's last!

Back they will come to it—all of them; back to the rakes, and seven bells, and Tasmanian tiger. For this land they cherish, whose solid green so thrills them in the outer anchorage at Plymouth, will, after all, not tolerate them long. The White Hart will soon ingulf their payday; and then, unlike my friend of the gray bird and the incomparably profitable wife, they will find their "books" laid by their plates; and their sea-gear brushed and conspicuously got together for them near the door. So—one more pot on the credit of the next voyage! And perchance a last kiss on the strength of youth alone—this hard youth, moving great ships through trial by fire; full of the giant strivings of the humble—this youth which adventures and profits nothing, unless in the illusion of adventure. And then again the great cradle of the seas!

Now we are conning our deduction sheets in Tilbury dock—these sheets whereon the dusty god of figures has set down things that will not bear thinking of. Here is little Red, with drooping cigarette, who has been logged ten shillings, partly because he came aboard in drink at Colombo and punched a fat quartermaster in the stomach with a bottle; and partly because, when called into the inquisitorial chart-house, he doffed his black little stoker's cap respectfully in that stern presence and scattered dust over the resplendent floor and the Day's Work column. "A bit thick!" he calls it. Aye, Red, a bit thicker still, I am thinking, and blacker than thine offending cap! Five pound was too magnificent a payday to come to you in all its luster—they must chip it in the interests of discipline, to teach you to take your "'olidays" with less hilarity; but will you be any the less hilarious on four pound ten than on the more colossal five, poor Red?

And Bob Shilling, too, is having trouble with his sheet. Only two pound ten coming to Bob; but this is because he got ashore in Sydney and missed the boat, and had to go overland to Melbourne to pick her up, under the company's auspices. Better luck and a plumper payday next voyage, Bob Shilling—and your health too! James Irving Jones is wrongly charged with boots, and is in a state to fling the ones he has into the face of the fat storekeeper who has wronged him. Trust Jim to set this matter straight!

Now behold the comically smeared face of Sandy in the after pass! "She's tied up!" says he. "Draw fires!"

And out upon the plates tumble all the blazing heaps, roaring and burning blue and red, subsiding into the wet grays.

"Finish!"

The livid rakes clatter in behind the boilers; barrows go sliding and jumping into bunkers—all abandoned! Another moment and the holes are empty; nothing there—in that soft gray light, amid these dusty chains and pitted boiler fronts and chalkmarked boxheads—but a slight steaming and sputtering of drawn fires and the swish of water against the bunker doors! We are tied up!

(THE END)

You never tasted finer chicken soup.

NO finer could be made. Choice selected poultry is the basis of this perfect soup. And every material in it is of the highest grade. The most particular housewife could not exceed the care and daintiness we practice in making

Campbell's
CHICKEN
SOUP

The broth is rich and strong, and includes plenty of tender chicken-meat which has not been used for stock; beside crisp celery, parsley, leeks, creamery butter and imported Patna rice—the best that grows.

Every one of your family will enjoy the tempting flavor and extremely nourishing properties of this favorite Campbell kind.

You will save trouble by ordering at least half-a-dozen at a time. Try it *today*.

21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail
Beef	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bouillon	Consomme	Pepper Pot
Celery	Julienne	Printanier
Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
	Vermicelli Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label

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Model 30
Price $50

Warner
AUTO-METER

The High Esteem in Which the

THE above illustrates two sections of Fifth Avenue, New York City, probably the most cosmopolitan and at the same time most fashionable thoroughfare in the world. If you would stroll up this famous street, say from 23d Street to the Park, and carefully observe the speedometers on all of the cars you came in contact with, you would leave with the firm conviction that the Warner was the choice of those who could afford to buy—so scarce would all the other makes be.

You would find "Warners" on the French, German, English and Italian cars, for the American who buys his car abroad almost invariably equips it with a "Warner" as soon as he gets it on this side of the Atlantic. You would find "Warners" on the high priced American cars. You would find "Warners" on the high grade popular priced cars. Down town in the wholesale districts, where thousands of huge motor trucks haul merchandise every day in the year, you would again be impressed with the great number of "Warners" in use.

Nor is New York City any exception. Pick any of the great American thoroughfares, and you'll see almost universal recognition of the "Warner." Gowhere you will—on Michigan Boulevard or Lake Shore Drive in Chicago; on Tremont Street, in Boston, or among the wealthy Boston suburbs; on Broad Street, Philadelphia; on Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco; on the well known drive from Pasadena to Los Angeles; on Canal Street, in New Orleans; on Colfax Avenue, Denver; or on "The Boulevard" of Kansas City, and you'll find the Warner Auto-Meter the dominating speed indicator of America on high priced cars. In fact, wherever you find high grade cars, you'll find the Warner Auto-Meter the preferred speed indicator.

The Warner Auto-Meter has been rendering accurate speed and mileage service, on high grade cars, for a longer period of years than any other instrument made.

What happened when the big manufacturers of American automobiles decided to equip their 1913 cars with speedometers? Many of these big producers chose the Warner Auto-Meter.

Warner Instrument Company, Beloit, Wisconsin

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Warner Auto-Meter

Model K-2
Price $75

Warner Auto-Meter Is Held

They knew its guaranteed accuracy and dependability. They knew the high standard and unquestioned quality of the "Warner." And they further knew they could depend upon the invariable high quality of the Warner instrument. They chose the "Warner" in spite of the fact that it cost them more than any other speed and mileage indicator made. These big manufacturers knew they could best afford to equip their cars with an instrument that could measure up to the high standard of their product. A quality article must be quality all over—not in spots.

Watch the increasing number of "Warners" that will go into use with the coming season. This tells a great story and must prove the high esteem in which many of the biggest American producers hold this faultless instrument.

For the 1913 season over 100,000 new cars will leave their factories "Warner equipped." Watch the 1913 announcements of the different automobile manufacturers. See how often you see "Warner" mentioned in their equipment list. Notice, also, the character of these manufacturers—the biggest and best in the industry.

The Warner Auto-Meter is most simple in principle of operation, most accurate in registration and the finest in construction.

It is made in the most modernly equipped plants—by experts. The delicate and patented mechanism is thoroughly jeweled (with sapphires) the same as the very finest watches are, which insures correctness in all individual working parts and absolute precision as a whole working unit. It is as sensitive as the most expensive compass, can stand the most severe strains and jolts without the least bit of variation. It will accurately record the slightest increase or decrease in your speed.

Watch carefully the speedometer on the car you buy. Make sure it's a "Warner." It's a guide to making a safe automobile investment.

Warner Auto-Meters are priced at from $50 to $145. These prices are rigidly maintained. They are never "cut."

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DORSET—A square front Summer collar.
A style that is favored by men familiar with the trend of fashion.
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THERE'S an Arrow Shirt for everywhere and every man. Made so well that you will call for one bearing the same label whenever in need of shirts. *$1.50 and more*

Send for booklets. CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, 457 River Street, TROY, N. Y.

Why not save money when you repair an old roof or put on a new one

The General says:

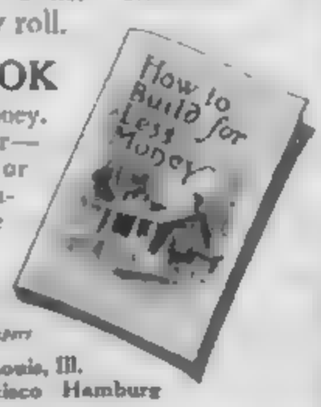
"THE users of modern, easy-to-lay *Certain-teed* Rubber Roofing are saving thousands upon thousands of dollars."

Certain-teed
Rubber Roofing
Quality Certified Durability Guaranteed

costs less—easy-to-lay—guaranteed 15 years—made in artistic shingles as well as rolls. Insist that the *Certain-teed* label is on every roll.

GET THIS FREE BOOK

Here is a book that will save you money. Everyone who intends to build or repair—every owner of a residence, cottage or bungalow—should send for this valuable book, B. Q. 5—it is free for the asking—write today.



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World's Largest Mfrs. of Roofing and Building Papers
York, Pa. Marseilles, Ill. East St. Louis, Ill.
Minneapolis Winnipeg, Man. San Francisco Hamburg

SOME CHARMING AFFAIRS

Continued from Page 8

The colonel, two mornings after the governor's reception, interrupted Cordelia's professional pursuit for his customary goodby kiss.

On the next Thursday, the nineteenth, was the laying of the cornerstone, and on the following Thursday, the twenty-sixth, was the Inglewood exhibit. These were public-progress affairs of great value to the community, but the public welfare really demanded more of such activities. Two Thursdays more of them, at any rate!

She roused herself to kiss Watt goodby, but he was already gone. She remembered she had kissed him. She turned to her paper again. An advertisement of Allerton & Company's big department store, she vaguely remembered, had been interesting, and she looked it up once more. Oh, yes; it was interesting—highly so! Allerton & Company were soon to open a series of French shops, where actual, genuine Parisian model bonnets, gowns and accessories would be displayed—exclusive things guaranteed not to be copied. What progressive people Allerton & Company were! Mr. Ben Allerton was such a nice man too. He loved to see pretty things tried on Cordelia—not just because she was certain to buy them if they were becoming, but because he took such a keen artistic pleasure in it. He ——

Cordelia suddenly threw down her paper and, rising from the table, began unhooking her negligee as she hurried to her boudoir. One hour later she was in the Allerton & Company store, talking to the most uniformly smiling man she knew.

"I was just thinking of you," declared Mr. Ben Allerton, who was a tall, pink-faced, rather youngish man, with the lower portion of his coat buttoned far into him. "I have a tremendous bargain for you in a sable coat, which was ordered for our Thanksgiving fur opening, but arrived too late. I know you will admire it."

"Please don't show it to me!" begged Cordelia. "I don't dare look at it—and I won't, because I adore sables! I saw this morning that you are to have some truly French models."

"Indeed, yes," agreed Mr. Allerton, his eye brightening. "We're cutting up the entire northeast corner of the fourth floor into beautiful little salons. I am seriously in earnest, Mrs. Blossom, when I tell you that you will find no such displays of exclusive articles this side of New York."

"Isn't that splendid!" applauded Cordelia. "You'll be ready for your opening in about three weeks, I think your advertisement said."

"Just about," he happily assured her. "Some of the frocks and bonnets are already on their way. I'm going to be very proud of this achievement, and I want my best customers to be proud of it also."

"I'm sure we shall," cooed Cordelia. "I know we have all been longing for just some such advantage. Are you quite sure you'll be ready for your opening in three weeks?—because, if you are not, four will do just as well if I know in advance. Could you set an exact date?"

"I figure it to be on the first of the month," he told her, immensely gratified with her interest; for Cordelia's account was well worth having. When she turned loose in that new Paris department, Colonel Watterson Blossom, well-to-do as he was, would probably split his bill into two monthly payments.

"The first," pondered Cordelia—"what day of the week will that be?"

Mr. Allerton consulted the calendar.

"Wednesday," he replied.

"Oh, that would never do for the plan I have to suggest!" protested Cordelia instantly. "Wednesday is my special day and I'm giving a very important series of classical musicales."

"I can't miss having you at the opening," he hastily returned.

"Oh, I wouldn't come to a public opening anyhow," she declared. "One is so jostled by queer people who don't intend to buy; and a day later the things are all picked over. You can't have a private view in your salons without offending some of your customers; but if you were to give a strictly invitation affair in the parlors of the Hotel Gilder, on a properly chosen day, just before your formal opening in the salons, I am quite sure you would find it very profitable. The exact people who would buy such extravagant things, all of whom know each other, would attend; and you could very easily give the affair all the importance of a swagger social function."

"Why, that's a brilliant idea!" exclaimed Mr. Allerton, his perpetually active mind already planning the details. "I wonder if I have enough goods on the way?"

"I hope so—and everything as different as possible," responded Cordelia. "You could have some pretty girls to wear your gowns; and you could serve tea, and have unobtrusive music, and whatever light effects you wanted, and liveried attendants, and distribute some pretty but really useful little souvenirs. Truly, Mr. Allerton, I do think you had better cable for some additional stock!"

"I must figure on having something left for the opening of the sales," he smiled. "Mrs. Blossom, I think I'll have to give you a private view in the morning of that day."

"I'll hold you to that promise," she dimpled. "However, so much depends on the day you choose."

"What day would you suggest?" he queried. "You deserve so much that I shall allow you to name the date."

"Let's see!" She figured on her fingers: "Five. We had the governor; next Thursday, the cornerstone; next the exhibit; then this. Make it Thursday, the second of next month."

"Would you rather look over your engagements and then telephone me?" he proposed. "I want you to be sure that this will not interfere with any of your other plans."

"Oh, it won't," she quickly insisted; "in fact, no day would suit me so well—only I must be positive of it now."

"Then it's settled," he heartily stated, making a memorandum of it. "I shall go right down to our engraving department and plan some unique invitations."

"How decisive you are!" admired Cordelia. "By-the-way, Mr. Allerton, it strikes me that the invitations should not be sent out too far in advance. I should think it would be so much better if they arrive on the Monday of the week in which you are to hold the private view." And the round-mouthed Cordelia looked up at him out of round eyes in which there was no fleck or trace of guile.

IX

CORDELIA, rushing to tell the news to Georgia, found Jim Fleecer at home, growling like a bear with the stomach ache. He had a touch of neuralgia in his ear, and his caustic comments on the world in general had kept Georgia in a semi-hysterical giggle all morning, though she kept moving.

"Hello, boss," he hailed Cordelia as she came bustling into the library. "What's good for the earache?"

"Hot sweet oil and laudanum," answered Cordelia promptly. "I always use it for the colonel, but it never helps him very much. He finishes with whisky."

Jim Fleecer was acutely savage in an instant.

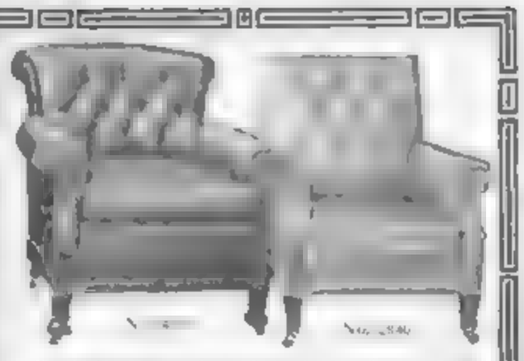
"I'm so sore at myself I ought to let myself suffer!" he grumbled. "Why didn't I have the colonel's healthy instinct? There's twelve gallons of whisky in the cellar, and nobody ever thought of it! Georgia ——"

Georgia, however, was already gone; and she came back in an incredibly short space of time with a pitcher and a goblet. Cordelia had utilized that time to telephone Clara Pikyune.

Jim grinned in relief at the mere sight of the sovereign remedy in the pitcher, and at the hint of unstintedness.

"Gee! What a hit I could make with this kind of an outfit in Ward E!" he observed. "Well, boss, what's the news?" he asked with a pleasantness that, this time, was not assumed.

"That you're going to create a terrible bill at Allerton's next month," she warned him. "I have just come from there. Mr. Allerton is importing some wonderful French bonnets and gowns—and, Georgia! he's going to have mannequins, and tea, and music, and souvenirs, and a grand private view, by invitation only, in the parlors of the Hotel Gilder on the second of next month! It will have all the importance of a very swagger social function, and nobody can possibly stay away from it! Isn't that glorious!"



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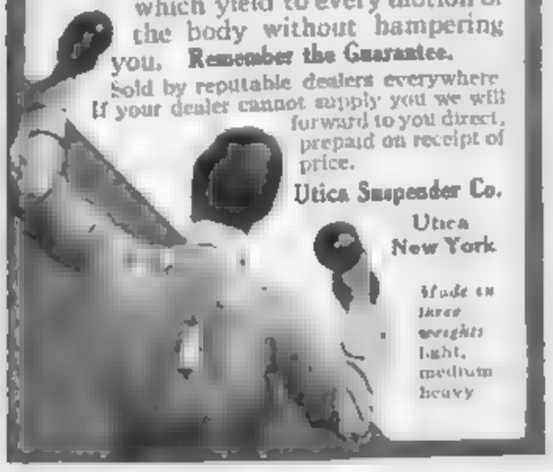

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"The second of next month," figured Georgia, starting over for the desk calendar. "Is that on Thursday?"

Cordelia did not answer—she only nodded her head; but her glistening eyes spoke for her. Jim Fleecer snorted.

"You certainly are the grand little fixer!" he chuckled.

"You're a dear!" cried Georgia. "What a brilliant piece of work! That's one event at least which will be absolutely irresistible! How is your earache, Jim?"

"Give me half an hour and I won't know anything about it," he decided, arranging on the couch the big red cushion Georgia called his snoring pillow.

"I'm so glad!" exulted Georgia. "I wanted you to think again about some tremendous big Thursday event for us about one more would do, I am sure, if it is as effective as Cordelia's latest."

"I'm not in Mrs. Blossom's class," humbly acknowledged Jim, stretching himself out on the couch. "I know what I'd do if it were my case and this Pendennis party was a man—I'd put him out of business."

"How?" asked both ladies in unison.

"I'd discourage him," responded Jim with a grin. "I'd either frame up some charge to send him to jail and pinch him again every time he got out or I'd beat his head off."

"How cruel men are!" pondered Georgia, shocked anew by the discovery.

"They're so very effective though," mused Cordelia. "No; that won't do, Mr. Fleecer."

"Why don't you start a scandal about her?" suggested Jim, burrowing his ear into the cushion. "It's easy!"

"It's such an ordinary method," objected Cordelia soberly.

"All right," drawled Jim, his eyes beginning to droop. "If you ladies don't want my sure-fire methods I'll dream something for you. Good night all!"

The last things of which he was conscious were a diminishing pain and the animated voice of Cordelia discussing the possibility of something or other which she was positive would not serve.

He woke in the late afternoon with an intense longing for water, but with no earache; and he was enough restored to interest in the world to inquire about dinner.

"Leave that to me," advised Georgia gayly. "Just you go ahead with your preparations for an appetite and I'll furnish the feast."

Well content with that arrangement, he sat down with the evening paper. In the course of half an hour he wandered about the house hunting her, with the paper in his hand, and found her in the kitchen, where she was preparing a surprise for him.

"Get right out!" she laughingly ordered him, attempting the absurd task of pushing his tall bulk away bodily.

"But I've got something important to tell you!" he protested, peering interestedly over toward the range.

"All right," she agreed, and gave up trying to push him, adopting the better plan, which women have always found so effective. She walked into the dining room—and he followed her.

"When, did you say you wanted another function?" he inquired, searching the sideboard for something to stay his hunger.

"Thursday, the ninth," she immediately informed him, instantly excited. "Oh, Jim, have you found an idea?"

"I've found the answer!" he exulted. "It isn't quite the date, but I can pull it round. You may telephone Cordelia to get ready for the big show. It's on."

Georgia's delighted countenance should have been recompense enough for any man. It undoubtedly was for Jim Fleecer.

"What is it?" she cried, clutching his arm.

"Leave that to me," advised Jim gayly. "Just you go ahead with your preparations for an appetite and I'll furnish the feast."

"Ah, Jim!" she protested in her most wheedling tone, cuddling close to him. "I'll tell you what I'm fixing for your dinner. It's ——"

"Hush!" He solemnly stopped her. "Let's surprise each other."

x

THE fact that Sculptor Gerald Stanton had elected to come for the laying of the Plaza cornerstone on Thursday, the nineteenth, was deeply distressing to Mrs. Judson Pendennis. If she had only known of it earlier she might have made some other arrangements for her party of legerdemain, but she did not learn of the dilemma until she read it in the Sunday paper.

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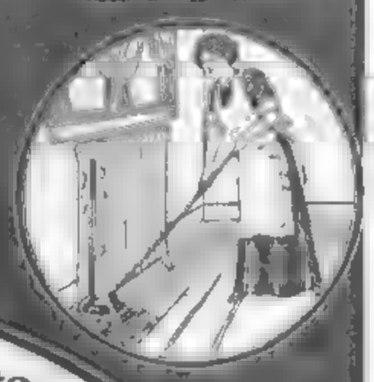

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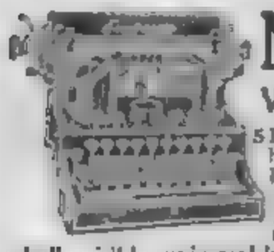

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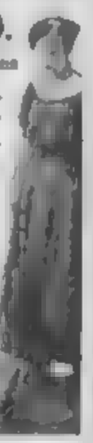

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"It's so unfortunate!" she complained to Mrs. Chalmers, who had been confidante and right bower to every energetic social aspirant except Cordelia Blossom. "Of course I shall have none of the Isis Club members here, and I really should attend the ceremony myself, since I was appointed a member of the receiving committee. I fear Cordelia Blossom may be offended, for I was compelled to send my regrets for the governor's reception last Thursday."

"She won't be offended," comforted Mrs. Chalmers, who had about the penetration of a drop of mercury. "She's perfectly dear and sweet about such things as that. I never have seen her ruffled."

"She is a dear," sweetly acknowledged Mrs. Pendennis, quite tolerant of the limitations of Cordelia. "I'm sure to have another failure!"

Mrs. Pendennis was quite right in her surmise. She turned her afternoon into a girls' party for Mildred's friends, and had her expensive professor of legerdemain perform amusing tricks for them.

Her discomfort was nowise lessened by the fact that she was compelled to send out announcements changing the day of her next week's affair from Thursday to Tuesday. It was utterly impossible to combat an affair in which the daughters of so many of the best families were interested; and, besides, there was Mildred. She lost much sleep over the selection of a substitute day, and finally decided that it would be better to take the Isis Club day than run counter to individual affairs with which that week was so crowded. Having thus decided, she began on Madame Nicolowski, and, by paying an outrageous bonus, arranged with that singer for the necessary change of date.

Her announcement of this alteration caused much disquiet among the excellent ladies of the Isis Club.

"Really, it seems bad form," declared Mrs. Plosson to Mrs. Drake. "We changed the club afternoons from Thursdays to Tuesdays in order to let Mrs. Pendennis have a clear field for her delightful parties, and it almost looks as if she were bent on disintegrating the club."

"I don't for a moment think she has an idea of that sort," defended Mrs. Drake, who made it a rule to speak well of the absent. "Mrs. Pendennis has scarcely any other course left open to her; but, after all, I feel that we have been neglecting the club, and I, for one, should feel disloyal if I attended her affair. I don't care much for this particular artist anyway—do you?"

"I adore her!" asserted Mrs. Plosson, with that always sweet pucker of her lips. "I've heard her in her last two concerts here, though, and I am undecided as to where my duty lies."

Many others were undecided and the result was unsatisfactory in both places. Everybody felt it. It was so uncomfortable to have all this unsettled condition, where one was compelled to do the disagreeable thing, no matter what one did. Conditions had not used to be like this. They had been so placidly content until here lately. The club afternoons did not seem quite the same on Tuesdays—did they?

Not even the faithful Mrs. Chalmers came to the party of jiu-jitsu instruction on the next Thursday afternoon, which was the second day of the month; and Mrs. Judson Pendennis had her three real Japs served with tea and rice cakes, which they despised, having become rabid meateaters in the past generation. True, the disconsolate Mildred helped her enjoy the jiu-jitsu experts. All the rosy-cheeked girl friends were at the dazzling private view of Allerton & Company in the Hotel Gilder parlors, where every last woman in town whom Cordelia had caused to be invited was going stark, staring mad over new color combinations, and line graces, and sympathetic fabrics!

Thank Heaven, there was nothing slated for the following Thursday! It was most fortunate, too, for the famous Isabelle Margaux had been secured to illustrate and lecture upon the poetry of motion in the Far Eastern dances, proving conclusively that the sensuous and suggestive movements—so thought—were religious symbolisms of the most uplifting character. Mrs. Pendennis was very anxious indeed that this affair should be well attended; for it takes a crowd to make enthusiasm, and she had begun to gather out of the atmosphere that her parties of late had been a trifle dull—scarcely any one coming, you know, and dreary when one got there!

On Monday the final blow fell. The entire town was agog with the glorious news that the President of the United States was to visit them for a day on Thursday. In the morning he was to review the police and fire departments, under the escort of the stately and dignified mayor, Colonel Watterson Blossom. At noon he was to lunch with the Business Men's Club. He was to dine with the affiliated organizations of his political party. At night he was to address a mass meeting in the Auditorium. In the afternoon he would talk to the ladies of the Isis Club on Feminine Influence in Civic Life!

Mrs. Judson Pendennis and her daughter Mildred went to New York on the train that carried the President's private car. She wished to see her milliner and her dressmaker, since she positively could not stand wearing bonnets and gowns imported by a department store. It was announced in the papers that, owing to the indefiniteness of her stay in the East, her Thursday afternoon affairs would be discontinued until further notice.

Jim Fleecer, with a grin, read that notice to Georgia at the breakfast table.

"Well, I guess you and Cordelia and Clara Pikyune chip in to buy old Jim a birthday present!" he exulted. "I guess my surprise was the final solar plexus for your little blonde friend, Pendennis."

"It truly was," laughed Georgia. "We're all three ready to give you the credit for it; but if we're going to buy you a testimonial it will have to be done right away, while Clara is on friendly terms with us. Honestly, though, Jim, I don't understand how you got us the President!"

"I didn't," grinned Jim. "He was coming out here on Friday anyhow. I only punched up his date. He had to come for a three-minute chat with a couple of the boys and we pulled it off in the Isis Club cloakroom. It was the only place in town we could lock ourselves in."

Naturally Mrs. Pendennis called on Mrs. Wiley Miles.

"Gracious, but you're looking wretched!" exclaimed the autocratic old society veteran. "The Middle West doesn't agree with you."

"It is most unhealthy," immediately acquiesced Mrs. Pendennis. "I really don't think I should keep Mildred out there. Besides, it isn't fair to rear her in so crude a social atmosphere."

"Didn't you find any social life out there?" inquired Mrs. Wiley Miles, studying her shrewdly.

"Not much, at first," returned Mrs. Pendennis wearily. "I inaugurated a series of Thursday afternoon affairs that bade fair to make the place quite lively, and they were immensely popular, growing in attendance and enthusiasm every week; but I ran into a most distressing succession of coincidences which utterly upset the last five of them. Think of it! Five in a row!"

"That's almost impossible!" wondered Mrs. Wiley Miles. "What were the coincidences?"

When Mrs. Pendennis had told her the coincidences in detail Mrs. Wiley Miles closed her eyes and laughed silently.

"And you call those coincidences!" she pityingly chided. "My dear woman, you wouldn't listen to me. I told you that Cordelia Blossom was a remarkably clever woman! You will have to accept her leadership or move."

"I'll move!" snapped Mrs. Pendennis. "However, Cordelia Blossom couldn't have done all those things," she insisted, not being clever enough to conceive of cleverness greater than her own. "Every circumstance—even the most trivial—has been against me; that's all. Why, even the Inglewood Pottery changed the idle day of the decorating class from Thursday to Tuesday, just before I left; and Mildred and her pretty young girl friends formed one of the most charming features of my affairs!"

"The Inglewood Pottery!" repeated Mrs. Wiley Miles, sitting bolt upright. "Why, Clara Pikyune runs that! You must have been undiplomatic to have made Clara Pikyune and Cordelia Blossom join forces against you! And, of course, they were helped by clever little Georgia Fleecer, who is the wife of the most influential politician in the West!"

"They couldn't enlist the services of the President of the United States!" Mrs. Pendennis indignantly declared.

Mrs. Wiley Miles glared at her.

"To tell you how high a personage Cordelia Blossom could enlist would be blasphemous!"

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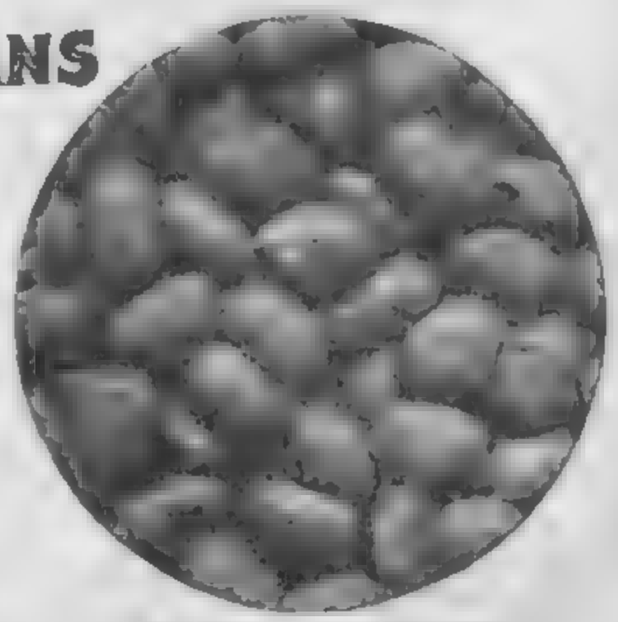

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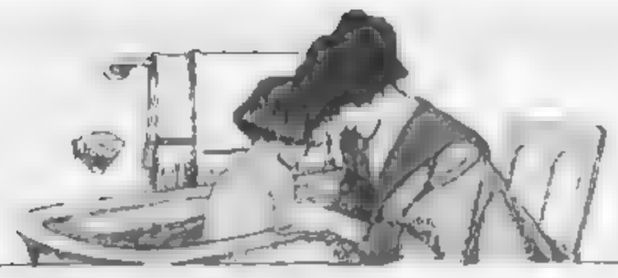

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SILVERSIDE

(Continued from Page 21)

"That would be tellin', me brave lad. Listen now to me there is wealth enough here for us both. The bottom is fair carpeted wi' the molluska. Never have I seen sharks swarm as here, and that is always a sign. Tomorrow my black gang will go swimmin' and we shall see. A man should not be unraysonable—nor a boy ——" and again his twinkling pig's eyes turned on Jean and the hairy depression that marked his mouth parted to disclose the yellow teeth and a tongue like that of a parrot. A curious leer shone from his face as he grinned and stared at Jean. He threw back his shaggy head and laughed noiselessly, then looked at me and winked. I was puzzled and angry, and as I glanced at the boy I saw that his face was crimson and his gray eyes shining dangerously.

But I was wet and tired and hungry, and wanted to be rid of the fellow, who obviously had the situation in his own hands. So I turned somewhat impatiently to Jean and was about to speak, when from the distance there rang out three rifle shots.

Cullom's hand flew to his revolver. "Now what is the meanin' o' that?" He glared at Jean. The savage irony of his face had undergone a lightning change and the man looked like a wolf. "How many folk have ye here?" he snarled.

Jean shrank back. "Only these two," said he, pointing at the Kanakas, who were loitering, ill at ease, and throwing furtive glances at the boat's crew.

Cullom shouted some order and three of the Melanesians sprang to their feet and ran off down the beach. We waited. There came a wild yell, followed by another distant report. There was a clamor of cries and a moment later two of the boat's crew came scuffling up the beach, carrying the body of a man in white clothes. The natives ran with their chins on their shoulders, looking back toward the mass of tangled vegetation that rose steeply behind the beach.

Snatching his revolver from the holster, Cullom sprang to meet them.

"What's this—what's this?" he roared, then stopped, turned and beckoned to us to follow.

"Silverside," I muttered to Jean. "He must have gone to the house and armed himself while you were away."

"What's this y'are sayin'?" bawled Cullom. "Here's my mate, Antonio, done for!" He stepped forward and gripped Jean by the shoulder. "Who fired yon shots?" he snarled.

I do not think that he meant more than to frighten the boy, but his weapon was half raised, his face murderous, and as his heavy grip fell on Jean's shoulder the lad shrank back with a sharp cry. The next instant a big, dark form hurtled past me and I saw one of our Kanaka paddlers leap for Cullom's throat. There was a violent report, a puff of bluish smoke, and the man plunged face downward on the sand, his body jerking spasmodically. The other native turned and bolted for the bush, when Cullom, as coolly as one would pot at a running goat, flung up his weapon, aimed and fired. The Kanaka screamed, threw wide both arms and fell backward, his knees buckling under him.

"Now here's a way o' treatin' peaceful folk!" he snarled. "Who is this ye've got back there in the bush? Answer me quick, Master Berdou! And you"—he turned on me—"what do ye here in drippin' rags and the chops of a drowned dog?" His face was blotchy and congested, and his small blue eyes were beginning to dance like those of a boar about to charge. "Who is that skulkin' in the bush, firin' on strangers and honest men?"

"Silverside," I answered.

"What say ye? Silverside?" The snarling voice rose in pitch and he cast a quick, furtive look toward the hillside. There was no mistaking the fright in his face. "Silverside, ye tell me? That hellhound that sailed wi' Fairfax?"

"Yes," I answered. "He is Berdou's man."

Cullom shot a glance toward the body of his mate. The natives had laid it down and a single look told me that the man was dead. Cullom stepped to the corpse, pushed it with his foot, then asked a few rapid questions. He was listening to their replies, gnawing at the side of his thumb, when there came from above us out of the tangle on the hillside the crack of a rifle

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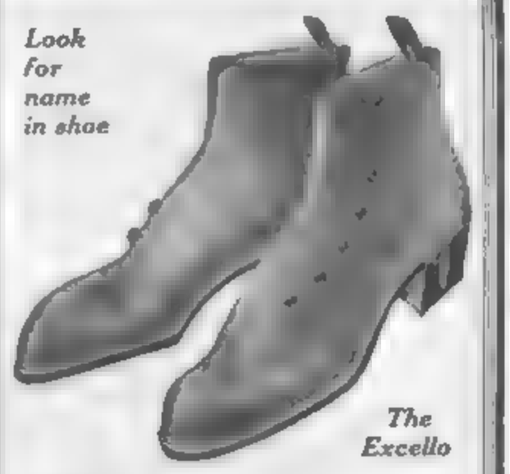

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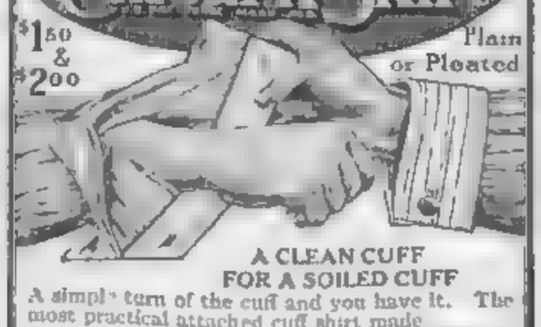

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and Cullom's hat went spinning to the sand. He cursed, snatched it up, then turned and grasped Jean by the arm.

"Come wi' me," he snarled—"and you too," and he waved the muzzle of his revolver in my direction.

There was nothing else to do, so we formed in a little knot and moved down to the boat, the cannibal crew clustering about us in obedience to a command from Cullom. The man was furious but frightened, and I could see the relief in his congested features as we gradually hauled clear of the shore.

"Silverside," he muttered, and stared back at the land, then looked at me, scowling and plucking at his beard.

"Tomorrow there'll be no divin'," said Cullom. "The orather o' the day, 'twill be a hunt—and Silverside the ould gray fox. I will offer a bounty for his pelt and I have hounds here will run him to earth." He grew silent, looking back often at the jungle-clad side of the hill.

We shot alongside and went aboard. Cullom ordered us below, and as I entered the schooner's cabin I was conscious of an odd and eerie feeling—that elusive sensation which sometimes comes over one of something familiar and accustomed. For some amazing reason I felt myself strangely at home in the place. Even before I had looked about I had the consciousness of knowing the arrangement of things, the size and proportions. I seemed to have been there before; and with Jean, who for some reason kept close to me, his shoulder almost touching mine.

The savagery of Cullom's mood seemed to abate on coming aboard; in fact, the knowledge that he had Silverside to reckon with appeared to have sobered him. Following us into the cabin, he went to a locker and got out a bottle of whisky and some glasses, which he set on the cabin table.

"A bad business, Misther Douglas," said he mildly enough and shaking his shaggy head. "Ye will obsairve, both o' ye, that I acted in self-defense. Take a drop wusky, man; you look as if ye needed it. And give some to the lad, though wusky is not good for boys ——" and he attempted a facetious wink.

I poured out some whisky, of which I stood badly in need. Cullom tossed off a tumblerful and leaned back with a deep breath; then smote his broad chest with his two hairy fists.

"Mind ye now," said he, "had I known 'twas Silverside pottin' at us from the bush I would have spared yon two Kanakas. I thought 'twas a general attack, not the workin' out of an ould grudge. Belike the scaly de'il was waitin' for me by the shell-heap. There'll be no divin' done till Silverside is laid by the heels—and that will no be so easy, I'm fearin'!" He scowled at his empty glass.

"Then you know him?" said I.

"Wi' good reason," growled Cullom. He swashed his tumbler half full again and drank the strong spirits without a blink. "I'll be askin' the two o' ye to stop aboard until this affair is settled. Ye may have the leeberty o' the vessel, but do not try to get ashore. Small danger that ye will, wi' the lagoon swarmin' as it does wi' sharks. My black boys will ferret out Silverside and ask no better sport. When I have the craychure where he can do no more mischief then we will consider the pearls—and other things." He shot a look at Jean Berdou. "No doubt brither Gaston and I can come to terms," said he.

Jean did not answer. Cullom hove himself to his feet, stepped to a stateroom door and flung it open.

"Ye may berth here," said he. "There are two bunks, and friend Antonio will not be needin' the one nor the other, thanks to that reptyle Silverside. Should ye not agree"—and he looked at Jean with his dog-toothed grin—"Master Berdou can curl up in a cozy berth off my own room. Perhaps that would be better."

"I will sleep near my friend," said Jean.

"As ye like. I'm hopin' we'll all be friends—good friends—when we get a bit acquaint' wi' one anither. I will now be goin' up to arrange for the takin' o' Silverside. Help yourself to the mate's clothes, Misther Douglas; I misdoubt ye need them more than he."

Cullom turned and went on deck. I looked at Jean. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes burning.

"Why did you tell him it was Silverside?" he asked.

"Why not?" I answered wearily. "It turned out well for us, and I certainly have

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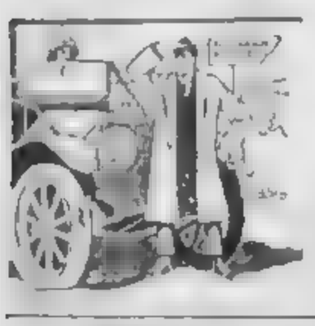

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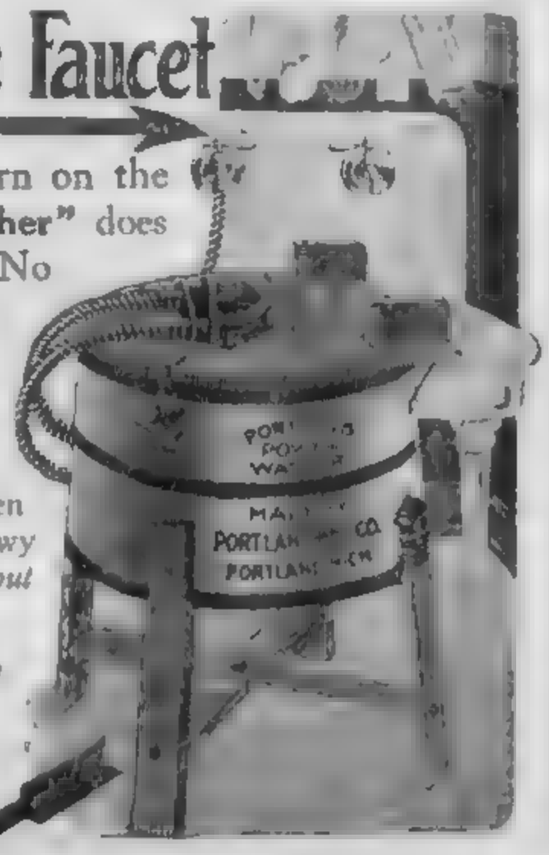

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no reason for wanting to spare Silverside. Heaven knows he hasn't spared me, though I got kidnaped by Sam Lung trying to rescue him," and in a few words I told Jean the story. He listened with his cheek in his hand.

"My brother owes everything to Silverside," he said.

"Your sister owes still more," I answered. "But for my part I loathe the man. He is a monomaniac."

"What is that?"

"A person with but a single idea. Outside of his devotion to Therese Fairfax he is scarcely human. He goes about getting his ends with no thought of mercy or conscience or compassion. He strangled Daniel Fairfax with his own hands when the man was dying ——"

"What?" cried Jean, starting up. "He did not do that!"

"There is no doubt of it," said I. "He told me so himself," and I went on to describe my meeting with Fairfax and what had happened afterward.

"But why did you do this?" asked Jean. "Are you paid for it?"

"I am very highly paid for it," I answered. "I am to receive a hundred thousand dollars if I succeed."

The dark lashes opened wider, then closed again. It seemed to me that there was the faintest expression of contempt in his expressive face.

"Ah," said he. "That explains why you took such a foolish chance with the coolies."

"Very likely," I answered wearily. I looked down at my damp, dirty, ragged "whites." "No wonder you took me for a beachcomber. This is an unfortunate affair, and I am sorry that your Kanaka boys had to be sacrificed."

I paused, cursing my unrestrained tongue, for Jean had gone suddenly white again. His eyes opened very wide and he looked at me with a peculiarly intent and staring gaze. As I watched him he caught his breath. The tears gushed between the long black lashes, and without a word he crossed his arms on the table in front of him and began to weep with the silent intensity of a brave but broken-hearted child.

I stood for a moment watching the bowed curly head and the heaving shoulders. I was too exhausted to feel much more emotion of any kind, but I realized what the youngster had been through and how bravely he had stood the ordeal, so when his sobbing threatened to grow more unrestrained, I leaned over, threw my arm across his shoulders and dropped my hand on his thick, dark chestnut hair.

"Come, old chap," said I. "It's awfully tough, I know; but we've all got to finish one day, and the two boys didn't suffer. Buck up, old fellow; it won't do to let this brute Cullom know that we're in danger of losing our nerve. Your brother will blow in here some day and then there's going to be something doing."

Gradually as I talked Jean's sobbing grew quieter and presently ceased. He looked up, and at something in the expression of his face I stared, puzzled and startled.

"Jean!" I cried.

He flung out both arms with a hopeless gesture.

"I am not Jean," said he in his low-pitched voice. "That is not my name. Berdou is not my name."

"Then who are you, in Heaven's name?"

"I am—I am ——" The answer came faintly between deep, sobbing breaths. "I am Delphine Fairfax."

I stepped back, staring down at the bowed head in amazement and dismay. Delphine Fairfax! I might have known. A young girl—and in the hands of the worst scoundrel in the Pacific! And did Cullom know? Had he guessed? Of course. Any ordinary fool could not have helped but guess. I thought of the leering stares, the dog-toothed grins.

"Delphine Fairfax!" I repeated. "And Gaston Berdou—your brother—what was he thinking of to leave you here alone?"

Delphine raised her pale, tear-stained face.

"Somebody had to stay. There is a fortune in that heap that is rotting out down the beach. And she had to go to meet Silverside."

"She?" I echoed. "Who?"

Delphine smiled faintly.

"Gaston Berdou is my mother," said she quietly.

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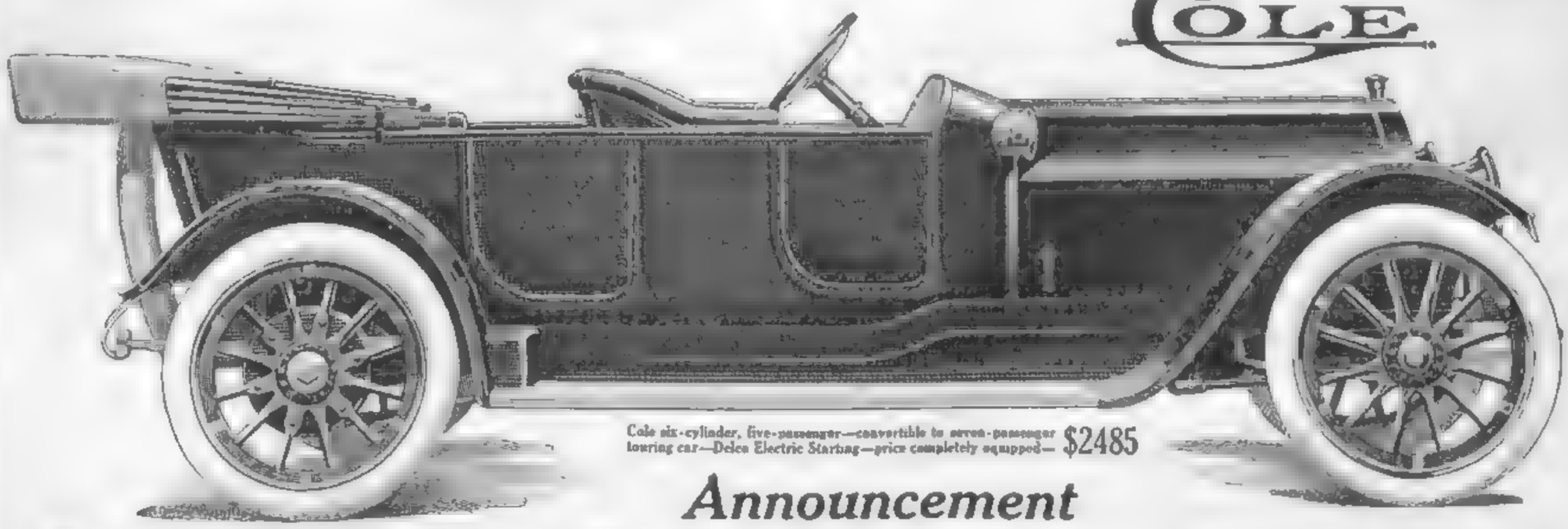

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THE ADVENTURES OF ANASTASIUS

(Continued from Page 16

in his chair. "Ever been in Gunthorne's block?" he asked. Moya shook her head.

Anastasius took a pencil and a sheet of notepaper.

"He has only two rooms," he explained—"the last two on the right hand, near the end of the passage. At the very end there is a third room with a door facing the passage, so that if it is left open any one inside can see everybody who approaches. There is no name on the door, and in nine cases out of ten anybody would imagine that the third room was part of Gunthorne's suite."

"Well?" queried Moya.

"I rented that room three weeks ago," remarked Anastasius. "I took it for a month in the name of Wilkes, paying the rent in advance; but hitherto I have not found occasion to use it."

"Well?" asked Moya impatiently, as Anastasius paused a second time.

"It occurred to me that a cablegram that arrived for Gunthorne might be taken in by the occupant of Mr. Wilkes' office," hazarded Anastasius.

"And I suppose you want me to get hold of it for you," she remarked.

"Not unless you can do so with absolute safety; and to do that it will be necessary to be prepared with a colorable imitation." He took up from his table a form such as used by the cable companies in sending out their messages and handed it to Moya. It contained merely several rows of figures, with the exception of the word "Friend" at the close.

"I don't understand," said the girl.

"No? And yet it is very easy," explained Anastasius. "You will notice the figures occur in groups of three. The first in a group refers to a page of this little book, the second to a line on that page, the third to a word in that line. Then if you look at the first group you will find that the third word on the eighth line of the fifth page is indicated, and that the word will be 'crosscut.' Now if you translate the whole message it will read: 'Crosscut through lode into country rock. 12 ft. traces only, 21 ft. assay 16s. ton. No good. Friend.'"

Moya still looked puzzled. Anastasius smiled.

"I'll make it clear, Moya," he said. "Gunthorne is working with the manager of Wangas, who is cabling him information of developments in advance of the cables sent to the company. It is really a most reprehensible proceeding, which I feel it my duty to punish. The manager, it would seem, expects very shortly to strike some rich stuff that will make the price of Wangas go up. Now I think it would be a fitting punishment that the cablegram should be of such a nature that Gunthorne will come to the conclusion when he reads it that the price of Wangas will go down. Thus will vice be punished and virtue—in the person of Anastasius Yorke—be rewarded! I propose to buy when Gunthorne sells," he concluded dreamily.

"But suppose they don't strike it rich?" objected Moya.

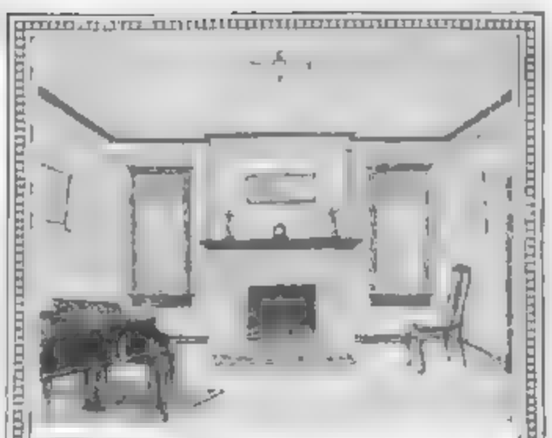
"I shan't be any worse off than I am now," replied Anastasius calmly.

"It will be a bit risky—getting hold of the real cable. What would happen if I were found out?" she asked, still hesitating.

"I don't see how you can be found out," replied Anastasius; and he entered into details of the scheme with such persuasive effect that, instead of returning after lunch to the office of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington, Moya proceeded alone to the building where Gunthorne carried on business, installed herself in the room at the end of the passage, which she unlocked with the key that had been given to Anastasius in the character of Mr. Wilkes, and, with a novel in her hand, placed herself in a position where she could command through the half-open door a view of any one coming along the passage.

By Monday night she had finished the volume, but no messenger from the cable company had put in an appearance.

Tuesday passed without the anticipated message. Gunthorne had waited in his office until the last of the clerks had gone, and Moya heard him muttering to himself as he hurried down the passage in an evident hurry to catch a train. She was putting on her own hat when arriving



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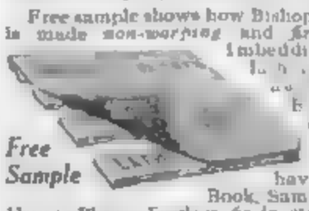

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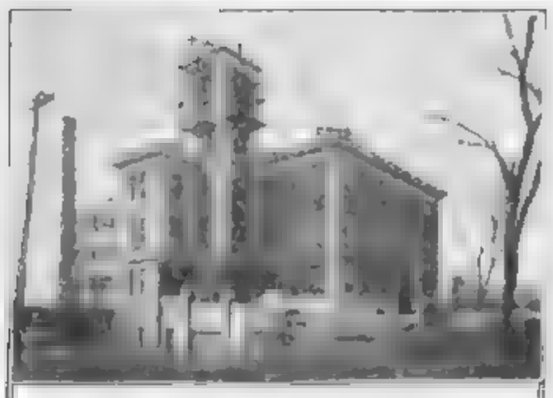

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footsteps caused her to alter her mind. A glance at the arrival made her realize that Fate had played into her hand, as she recognized the cable-company messenger's uniform. She hurried to meet the boy.

"Gunthorne?" she asked.

"Right you are, miss," he answered, producing an envelope from his wallet.

"Wish you had come an hour earlier instead of keeping me waiting," grumbled Moya.

"Not my fault, miss," said the boy as he turned and departed.

Moya waited until he was out of sight; then, dropping the faked cablegram which Anastasius had prepared into Gunthorne's letter box, she locked the door of her own office and hastened away with the genuine message.

"I only hope Anastasius has not gone home!" she murmured as she entered the portals of 199 Old Broad Street and saw that the clock marked seven.

"Mr. Yorke gone?" she asked of the lift attendant.

"Haven't seen him," replied the man as he whirled her up to the fourth floor.

A light in the office gave her renewed hope. The door of the outer office was locked however. She went to the door which led from Anastasius' private room into the other corridor. In the excitement of success she entered without knocking.

Anastasius was seated at his desk with a pile of papers before him. He looked up and, with a wave of his hand, motioned her to a chair.

"I've got it!" cried Moya.

Anastasius deliberately affixed his signature to two letters. Then he remarked calmly:

"I should wish you to observe, Miss Marston, that unannounced intrusions upon your employer's privacy are apt to awaken misconceptions as to the relations which exist between them."

Moya's lips pouted and her eyes flashed.

"There's nobody here," she said.

"You could not have been aware of that until you entered," said Anastasius; "and, as I have often pointed out to you, it is only by careful attention to detail one may hope to escape the remarks of the censorious."

"Oh, for goodness' sake——" began Moya.

"Please don't apologize," said Anastasius, and his eyes twinkled as he saw an angry flash in the girl's eyes, "but give me that cablegram and we'll translate it together. You know I was only chaffing, though the advice is well worth your consideration."

"I never shall know when you are getting at me," said Moya, recovering her temper and her smile together as she laid the envelope, which had remained tightly clutched in her hand, on her employer's blotting pad.

"No?" said Anastasius absently. He tore open the envelope, took up the little mining manual and became absorbed in the translation of Gunthorne's cable. There was no sound save the rustle of the pages as he swiftly turned them over. In five minutes he looked up.

"Like to know the result, Moya?" he asked.

"Should think it beastly mean of you if you didn't tell me," she answered frankly.

"Crosscut 300 ft. struck lode 60 ft. 7 ft. 30s. ton, 15 ft. average 240s. Not through. Must cable secretary Saturday. Dangerous delay longer. Friend," Anastasius read from his notes. "Poor Gunthorne!" he commented.

"That means?" asked Moya.

"It means that this batch of circulars must be posted tonight," replied Anastasius briskly. "Luckily they only require stamping."

Moya took one of the circulars up and read it. It announced Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington had so deep a sense of responsibility toward their clients that, in view of the sudden decrease in the value of the shares of the Wanga Gold Mine, they felt it their duty to offer to repurchase them at the price at which they had been sold, in spite of the fact that the market value was now considerably less.

"With Gunthorne selling we shall get most of my lot back," remarked Anastasius when, an hour later, he and Moya between them conveyed to the nearest post-office messages of hope, addressed to the eight or nine hundred disappointed investors in Wangas, before going to Anastasius' favorite little restaurant in Soho to dine.

Anastasius was right in his surmises. Most of the purchasers of Wangas took him

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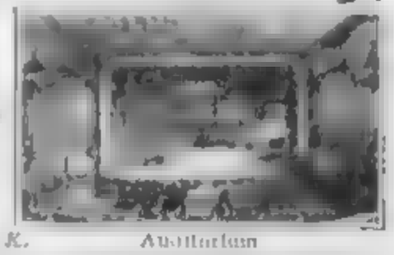

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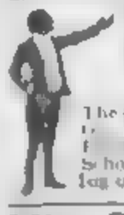

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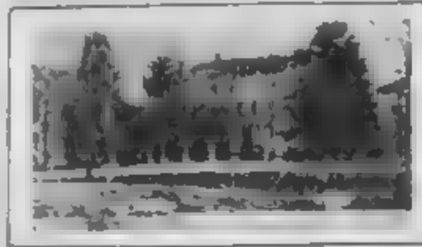

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Agency Division THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY *Philadelphia, Pa.*

at his word; but he was not content with what he could buy back from his clients. His broker was instructed to bid for Wangas on the Stock Exchange. He picked up a few hundreds at sixpence. He got a few thousands at a shilling, and at eighteen pence he found that he could tap Gunthorne to any extent. He availed himself of the opportunity.

The sensational cablegram from the Wanga Gold Mine, which announced the striking of a large body of ore assaying two hundred and forty shillings' worth of fine gold a ton, will be fresh in the minds of all speculators in mining shares; but, as in the case of most of such speculations, the disappointed speculators exceeded the others. Nearly all the clients of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington cursed that noble-minded firm for its magnanimity in offering to save them from loss. Gunthorne—but what Gunthorne said is unprintable; and it was fortunate for a mine manager in Rhodesia that a mining manual could not supply the words necessary to convey his opinions in cipher. As it was, there was a lively exchange of cablegrams in the vernacular. Gunthorne imagined that he had been fooled and the mine manager imagined that Gunthorne wished to rob him of his share in the joint deal. It made a very pretty quarrel and the tangle needed a lot of unraveling by mail. By the time that had been done any chance of finding out how the substitution of the bogus cablegram had been worked had long since gone, even if Gunthorne and his partner in iniquity had been in a position to pursue inquiries into the question publicly, which they were not.

Anastasius, however, was not among the disappointed ones. "Small profits and quick returns should be as much the motto of the speculator in stocks and shares as of the speculator in sugar or currants," he was wont to assert. So when Wangas reached ten shillings he began to unload, and by the time they had climbed giddily up to fifteen shillings he had disposed of his holding. They did go higher, but not much. Thereafter they dropped, and he had no reason to regret that he had averaged ten shillings a share clear profit on the whole of his holding.

Nor was Moya one of the disappointed ones. About this time she opened a bank account.

"The wise girl always provides for the future," said Anastasius to her gravely; "and there are occasions in life when she will find a balance at the bank more comforting than the best of husbands."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by G. Sidney Paternoster. The sixth and last will appear in an early issue.

Forest Magic

THE clinging habit of the cones of the lodgepole pine tree in rare cases causes numbers of them to be caught by the expanding tissues, held and finally overgrown and completely buried up in the tree like a knot. The cones born during youthful years commonly are the ones caught. These are stuck a few inches apart in two vertical opposite rows along the upper slender trunk. Each knoblike cone is held closely against the trunk by a short, strong pedicle.

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A few weeks later two-inch planks were sliced from the log of this tree in a sawmill. The fourth cut split the pith of the tree—and the startled sawyer beheld a number of imbedded cones stuck along the one-inch wood cylinder that enveloped and helped form the pithy heart of this aged pine!

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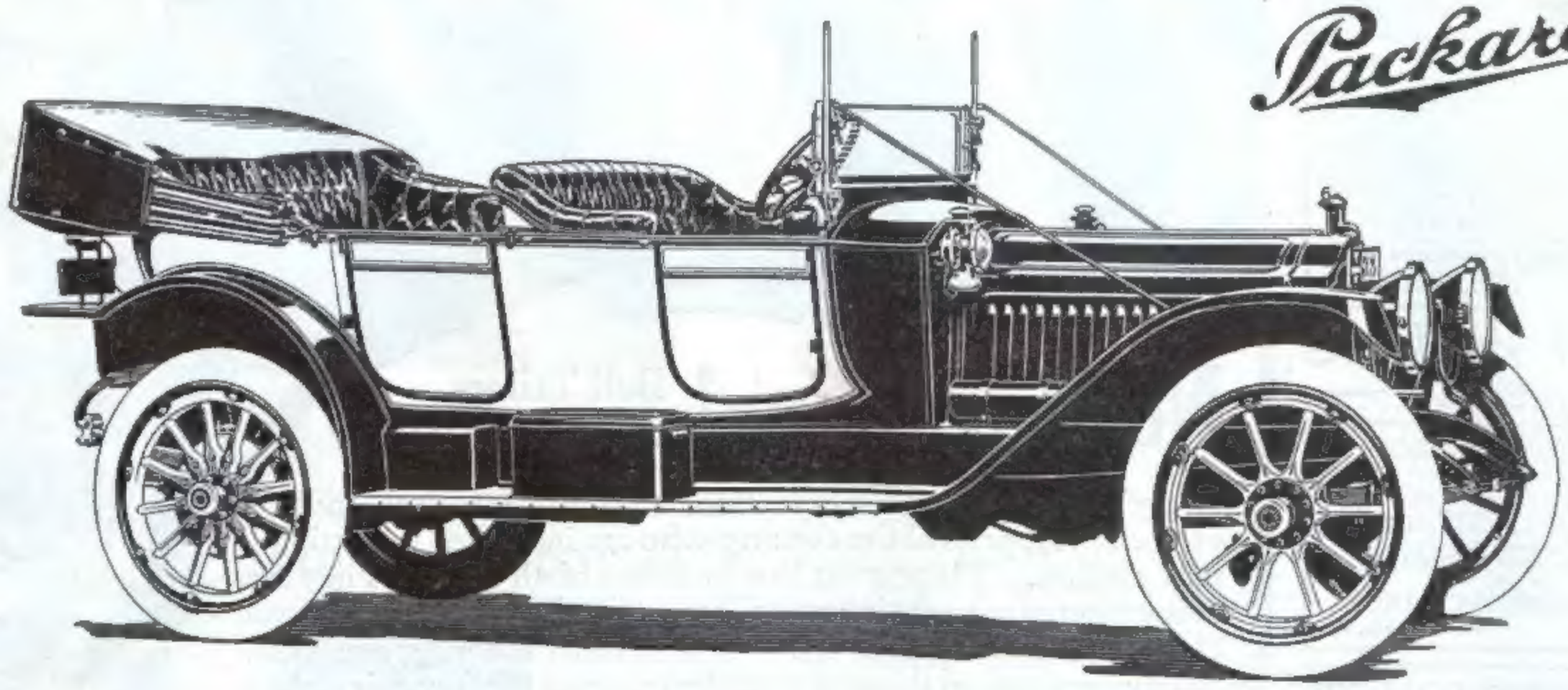

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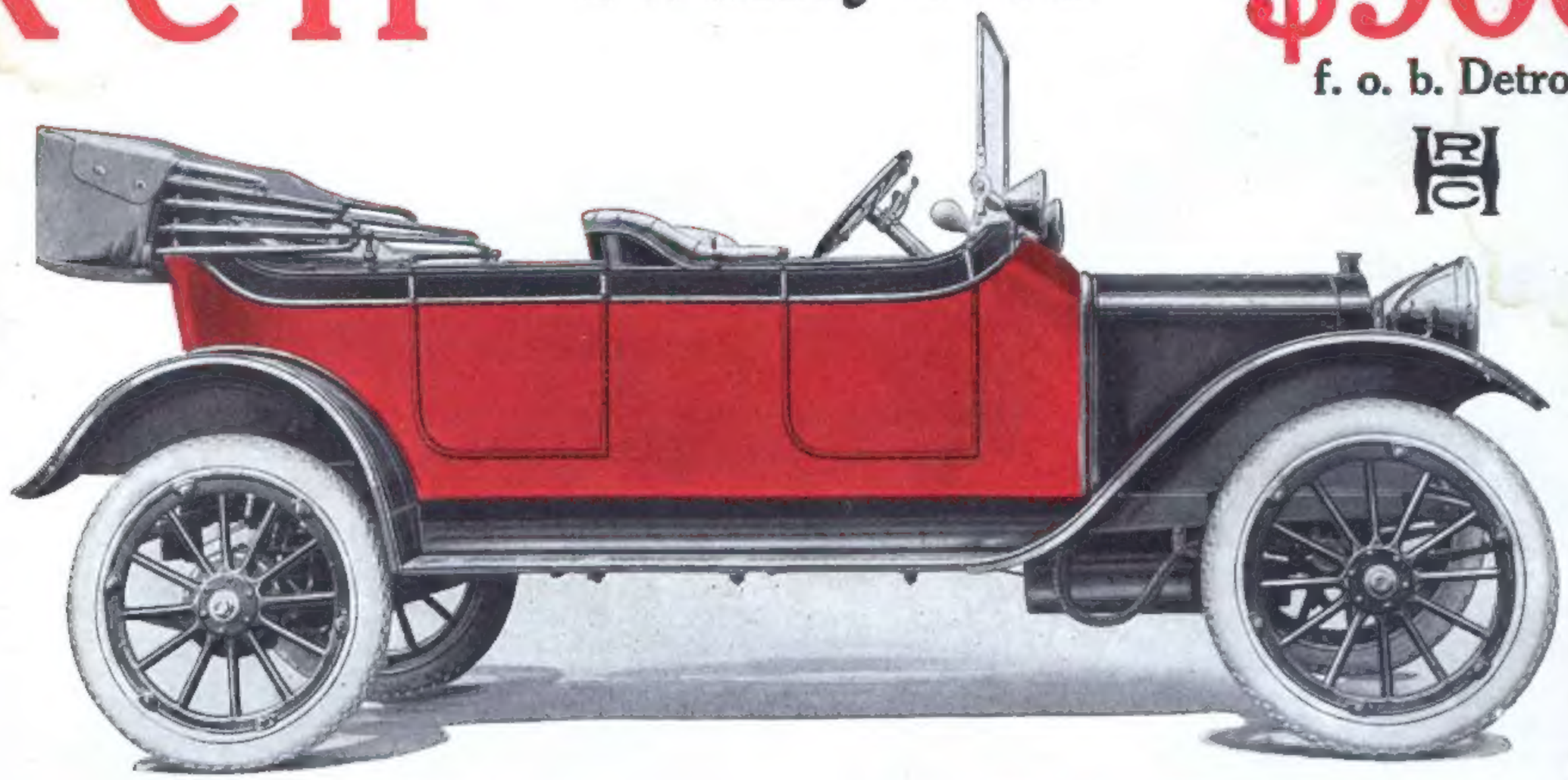

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